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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.

BASIL:

Printed and sold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCCC. I.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.*

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* TIMON OF ATHENS.] The ſtory of the Miſanthrope is told in almoſt every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakſpeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleaſure*, and the *Engliſh Plutarch*. Indeed from a paſſage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the ſtage. FARMER.

The paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Paſquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as ſociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the alluſion is ſo ſlight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconſiderable obligations, has in his poſſeſſion a MS. play on this ſubject. It appears to have been written, or tranſcribed, about the year 1600. There is a ſcene in it reſembling Shakſpeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Inſtead of *warm water* he ſets before them *ſtones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful ſteward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has diſguiſed himſelf to continue his ſervices to his maſter. Timon, in the laſt act is followed by his fickle miſtreſs, &c. after he was reported to have diſcovered a hidden treaſure by digging. The piece itſelf (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *perſonæ dramatis* are as follows:

"The actors names.

"Timon.
"Laches, his faithful ſervant.
"Eutrapelus, a diſſolute young man.
"Gelaſimus, a cittie heyre.
"Pſeudocheus, a lying travailer.
"Demeas, an orator.
"Philargurus, a covetous churliſh ould man.
"Hermogenes, a fidler.
"Abyſſus, a uſurer.
"Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus ſonne.
"Stilpo, } Two lying philoſophers.
"Speuſippus, }
"Grunnio, a lean ſervant of Philargurus.
"Obba, Tymon's butler.
"Pœdio, Gelaſimus page.
"Two ſerjeants.
"A ſailor.
"Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
"Blatte, her prattling nurſe.

"SCENE, Athens." STEEVENS.

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Shakſpeare undoubtedly formed this play on the paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the firſt volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*; becauſe he is there merely deſcribed as "a man-hater, of a ſtrange and beaſtly nature," without any cauſe aſſigned; whereas Plutarch furniſhed our author with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forſook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—ſaying, that he would lead Timon's life, becauſe he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulneſs of thoſe he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would truſt no man.*"

To the manuſcript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author I have no doubt, was alſo indebted for ſome other circumſtances. Here he found the faithful ſteward, the banquet-ſcene, and the ſtory of Timon's being poſſeſſed of great ſums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumſtance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no tranſlation of the dialogue that relates to this ſubject.

Spon ſays, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

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PERSONS represented.

Timon, *a noble* Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Timon,

Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*

Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*

Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.

Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*

Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenſius, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*

Two Servants of Varro, *and the Servant of* Iſidore; *two of* Timon's *Creditors.*

Cupid *and Maſkers. Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. *A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,* } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.
Timandra, }

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods adjoining.*

* *Phrynia*,] (or, as this name ſhould have been written by Shakſpeare, *Phryne*,) was an Athenian courtezan ſo exquiſitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a ſight of her boſom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) diſarmed the court of its ſeverity, and ſecured her life from the ſentence of the law. STEEVENS.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,[a] *and Others, at ſeveral doors.*

POET. Good day, ſir.[3]
PAIN. I am glad you are well.
POET. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?
PAIN. It wears, ſir, as it grows.
POET. Ay that's well known:
But what particular rarity?[4] what ſtrange,

[a] —— *Jeweller, Merchant,*] In the old copy: *Enter &c. Merchant and* Mercer, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[3] Poet. *Good day, ſir.*] It would be leſs abrupt to begin the play thus:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, ſir: *I am glad you're well.* FARMER.

The preſent deficiency in the metre alſo pleads ſtrongly in behalf of the ſupplemental words propoſed by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[4] *But what particular rarity?* &c.] I cannot but think that this paſſage is at preſent in confuſion. The poet aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer, nor has his queſtion any apparent drift or conſequence. I would range the paſſage thus:

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
That *manifold record not matches?*
Pain. *See!*
Poet, *Magick of bounty!* &c.

It may not be improperly obſerved here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty muſt be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

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Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

PAIN. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

MER. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

JEW. Nay, that's most fix'd.

MER. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness: [4]
He passes. [5]

Johnson supposes that there is some error in this passage, because the Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer; and therefore suggests a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than questions asked in that manner. And with respect to his proposed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it; for as the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as *a particular rarity*, *which manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. M. MASON.

The poet is led *by what the painter has said*, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened: —and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

[4] —— breath'd, *as it were*,
To an untirable and continuate *goodness:*] *Breathed* is *inured by constant practice*; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*
"It is the *breathing* time of day with me." STEEVENS.

—— *continuate* —] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the fourth book of the *Odyssey:*
"Her handmaids join'd in a *continuate* yell."
STEEVENS.

[5] *He* passes,] i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
"Why this *passes*, master Ford." STEEVENS.

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JEW. I have a jewel here.[6]

MER. O, pray, let's ſee't: For the lord Timon, ſir?

JEW. If he will touch the eſtimate:[7] But, for that——

POET. *When we for recompenſe*[8] *have prais'd the vile,*
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.

MER. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look you.

PAIN. You are rapt, ſir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great lord.

POET. A thing ſlipp'd idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which oozes[9]
From whence 'tis nouriſhed: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be ſtruck; our gentle flame

[6] *He paſſes.——*
I have a jewel here.] The ſyllable wanting in this line, might be reſtored by reading:
He paſſes.—Look, *I have a jewel here.* STEEVENS.

[7] —— *touch the eſtimate:*] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

[8] *When we for recompenſe* &c.] We muſt here ſuppoſe the poet buſy in reading his own work; and that theſe three lines are the introduction of the poem addreſſed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

[9] —— *which* oozes—] The folio copy reads — which *uſes*. The modern editors have given it—which *iſſues*. JOHNSON.
Gum and *iſſues* were inſerted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

The two oldeſt copies read:
Our poeſie is as a gowne *which* uſes. STEEVENS.

Provokes itſelf, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.[a] What have you there?

[a] —— *and, like the current, flies*
Each bound it chafes.] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chafes.* WARBURTON.

This ſpeech of the poet is very obſcure. He ſeems to boaſt the copiouſneſs and facility of his vein, by declaring that verſes drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itſelf without the violence neceſſary to elicit ſparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itſelf notwithſtanding all obſtructions: but the images in the compariſon are ſo ill-ſorted, and the effect ſo obſcurely expreſſed, that I cannot but think ſomething omitted that connected the laſt ſentence with the former. It is well known that the players often ſhorten ſpeeches to quicken the repreſentation: and it may be ſuſpected, that they ſometimes performed their amputations with more haſte than judgement. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the ſenſe is, that having *touch'd on one ſubject, it flies off in queſt of another.* The old copy ſeems to read:

Each bound it chaſes.

The letters *ſ* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed from each other, eſpecially when the types have been much worn, as in the firſt folio. If *chaſes* be the true reading, it is beſt explained by the "—— *ſe ſequiturque fugitque*—" of the Roman poet. Somewhat ſimilar occurs in *The Tempeſt*:

"Do *chaſe* the ebbing Neptune, and do *fly* him
"When he purſues." STEEVENS.

The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes merely from the miſtake of the editors, who have joined in one, what was intended by Shakſpeare as two diſtinct ſentences.— It ſhould be pointed thus, and then the ſenſe will be evident:

—— *our gentle flame*
Provokes itſelf, and like the current flies;—
Each bound it chafes.

Our gentle flame animates itſelf; it flies like a current; and every obſtacle ſerves but to increaſe its force. M. MASON.

In *Julius Cæſar*, we have—

"The troubled Tyber *chafing* with her ſhores,—"

Again, in *The Legend of Pierce Gaveſton*, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

"Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his *bounds*,
"With raging billowes *flies* againſt the rocks,
"And to the ſhore ſends forth his hideous ſounds," &c.
MALONE.

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PAIN. A picture, ſir. — And when comes your book forth?[3]

POET. Upon the heels[4] of my preſentment,[5] ſir. Let's ſee your piece.

PAIN. 'Tis a good piece.[6]

POET. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.[7]

This jumble of incongruous images, ſeems to have been deſigned, and put into the mouth of the Poetaſter, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore ſhould not be conſidered in the abſtract. HENLEY.

[3] —— And *when comes your book forth?*] *And* was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to perfect the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[4] *Upon the heels* &c.] As ſoon as my book has been preſented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *preſentment*] The patrons of Shakſpeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, becauſe *forty ſhillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will beſtow on theſe matters." Preface to *A Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It ſhould however be remembered, that forty ſhillings at that time were equal to at leaſt ſix, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

[6] *'Tis a good piece.*] As the metre is here defective, it is not improbable that our author originally wrote —

'Tis a good piece, indeed.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"'Tis grace *indeed*." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *this* comes off *well and excellent.*] The meaning is, the figure riſes well from the canvas. *C'eſt bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applauſe I do not exactly know. It occurs again in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It *comes off* very fair yet."

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1608: "Put a good tale in his ear, ſo that it *comes off cleanly*, and there's a horſe and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the firſt part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"*Fla.* Faith, the ſong will ſeem to *come off* hardly.

"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you ſeem to *come off* quickly." STEEVENS.

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PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding![8] what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.[9]

[8] ——— *How this* grace
Speaks his own ſtanding!] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it ſtands judiciouſly on its own centre. And not only ſo, but that it has a graceful ſtanding likewiſe. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of another picture, ſays:

"A *ſtation* like the herald, Mercury
"New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill."

which lines Milton ſeems to have had in view, where he ſays of Raphael:

"At once on th' eaſtern *cliff of Paradiſe*
"He *lights*, and to his proper ſhape returns.
"—— *Like Maia's ſon he ſtood.*". WARBURTON.

This ſentence ſeems to me obſcure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace ſpeaks his own ſtanding*, is only, *The graceſulneſs of this figure ſhows how it ſtands.* I am inclined to think ſomething corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

——— *How this* ſtanding
Speaks his own graces! ——

How this poſture diſplays its own *graceſulneſs.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propoſe to read:

——— *How this grace*
Speaks underſtanding! *what a mental power*
This eye ſhoots forth! JOHNSON.

The paſſage, to my apprehenſion at leaſt, *ſpeaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it ſtands firm on its center, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witneſs to *propriety*. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. iv:

"——— never ſaw I figures
"So likely to *report themſelves.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —*to the dumbneſs of the geſture*
One might interpret.] The figure, though dumb, ſeems to have a capacity of ſpeech. The alluſion is to the puppet-ſhows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The perſon

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PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?
POET. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature: artificial ſtrife [4]
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.

who ſpoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. v. MALONE.

Rather—one might venture to ſupply words to ſuch intelligible action. Such ſignificant geſture aſcertains the ſentiments that ſhould accompany it. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *artificial* ſtrife —] *Strife* for action or motion. WARBURTON.

Strife is either the conteſt of art with nature:

Hic ille eſt Raphael, *timuit, quo ſoſpite vinci*
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.

or it is the contraſt of forms or oppoſition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

" Faithorne, with nature at a noble *ſtrife*,
" Hath paid the author a great ſhare of life." &c.
STEEVENS.

And Ben Jonſon, on the head of Shakſpeare by Droeſhout:

" This figure which thou here ſeeſt put,
" It was for gentle Shakſpeare cut:
" Wherein the *graver* had a ſtrife
" With *nature*, to *out-doo* the *life*." HENLEY.

That *artificial ſtrife* means, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, the *conteſt of art with nature*, and not *the contraſt of forms* or *oppoſition of colours*, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the ſame thought is more clearly expreſſed:

" Look, when a *painter* would *ſurpaſs* the *life*,
" In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
" His *art* with *nature's workmanſhip* at *ſtrife*,
" As if the *dead* the *living* ſhould exceed;
" So did this horſe excell," &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Baron's Wars*,) there are two lines nearly reſembling theſe:

" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*,
" As *art* therein *with nature* were *at ſtrife*." MALONE.

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Enter certain Senators, *and paſs over.*

PAIN. How this lord's follow'd!
POET. The ſenators of Athens; — Happy men![3]
PAIN. Look, more!
POET. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors.[4]
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world[5] doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly,[6] but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax:[7] no levell'd malice[8]

[3] —— *Happy* men!] Mr. Theobald reads — happy *man*; and certainly the emendation is ſufficiently plauſible, though the old reading may well ſtand. MALONE.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the ſenators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty. RITSON.

[4] —— *this confluence, this great flood of viſitors,*]
Mane ſalutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *this* beneath *world* —] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, we have — "This *under* generation;" and in *King Richard II*: "—the *lower* world." STEEVENS.

[6] *Halts not particularly,*] My deſign does not ſtop at any ſingle character. JOHNSON.

[7] *In a wide ſea of wax:*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtile. HANMER.

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an alluſion to the Roman practice of writing with a ſtile on waxen tablets; but it appears that the ſame cuſtom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shakſpeare. It ſeems alſo to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate eſtabliſhments. See Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Aſtle obſerves in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progreſs of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on

Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How ſhall I underſtand you?

POET. I'll unbolt to you.[9]
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and ſlippery creatures,[2] as
Of grave and auſtere quality,) tender down
Their ſervices to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts;[3] yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer[4]
To Apemantus, that few things loves better

table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aſide till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakſpeare, I believe, was not a very profound Engliſh antiquary, it is ſurely improbable that he ſhould have had any knowledge of a practice which had been diſuſed for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Tranſlation of the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes:*

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie *waxe*," &c. MALONE.

[8] —— *no* levell'd *malice* &c.] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the ſhot at a mark. Shakſpeare's meaning is, my poem is not a ſatire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any ſingle perſon; I fly like an eagle into the general expanſe of life, and leave not, by any private miſchief, the trace of my paſſage. JOHNSON.

[9] *I'll unbolt* —] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *glib and ſlippery creatures,*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read —*natures. Slippery* is *ſmooth*, unrefiſting. JOHNSON.

[3] Subdues ——
All ſorts of hearts;] So, in *Othello:*
"My *heart's ſubdued*
"Even to the very quality of my lord." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *glaſs-fac'd flatterer* —] That ſhows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

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Than to abhor himſelf: even he drops down
The knee before him,[5] and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

PAIN. I ſaw them ſpeak together.[6]

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts,[7] all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates:[8] amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady[9] fix'd,
One do I perſonate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

[5] —— *even he drops down* &c.] Either Shakſpeare meant to put a falſehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the enſuing ſcenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

The Poet, ſeeing that Apemantus paid frequent viſits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other gueſts. RITSON.

[6] *I ſaw them ſpeak* together.] The word — *together*, which only ſerves to interrupt the meaſure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being occaſionally omitted by our author, as unneceſſary to ſenſe, on ſimilar occaſions. Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "—— Bring me to hear them ſpeak;" i. e. to ſpeak together, to converſe. Again, in another of our author's plays: "When ſpoke you laſt?" Nor is the ſame phraſeology, even at this hour, out of uſe. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *rank'd with all deſerts*,] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

[8] *To* propagate *their ſtates:*] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

[9] *Feign'd* Fortune *to be thron'd:* ——
—— *on this* ſovereign lady &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt:*
"—— bountiful *fortune*,
"Now *my dear lady*," &c. MALONE.

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PAIN. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope.[2]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition.[3]

POET. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear,[4]
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.[5]

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

[2] —— *conceiv'd to ſcope.*] Properly imagined, appoſitely, to the purpoſe. JOHNSON.

[3] *In our* condition.] *Condition* for art. WARBURTON.

[4] *Rain* ſacrificial *whiſperings in his ears,*] The ſenſe is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him.* The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumſtance of its being offered up in *whiſpers:* which ſhows it was the calumniating thoſe whom Timon hated or envied, or whoſe vices were oppoſite to his own. This offering up, to the perſon flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakſpeare, with the utmoſt beauty of thought and expreſſion, calls *ſacrificial whiſp'rings,* alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

Whiſperings attended with ſuch reſpect and veneration as accompany ſacrifices to the gods. Such, I ſuppoſe, is the meaning. MALONE.

[5] —— *through him*
Drink the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected fondneſs. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour:* "By this air, the moſt divine tobacco I ever *drank!*" To *drink,* in both theſe inſtances, ſignifies to *inhale.* STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
"His noſtrils *drink the air:*"
Again, in *The Tempeſt:*
"I *drink the air* before me." MALONE.

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POET. When Fortune, in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down,[6]
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhow,[7]
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune[8]
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To ſhow lord Timon, that mean eyes[9] have ſeen
The foot above the head.

[6] —— *let him* ſlip *down*,] The old copy reads:
—— *let him* ſit *down*.
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[7] *A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhow*,] Shakſpeare ſeems to intend in this dialogue to expreſs ſome competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himſelf to have ſhown, the painter thinks he could have ſhown better. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *theſe quick blows of* fortune —] [Old copy — *fortune's* —] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time, as I have already obſerved in a note on *King John*, Vol. XI. p. 322, n. 3. The modern editors read, more elegantly, — of *fortune*. The alteration was firſt made in the ſecond folio, from ignorance of Shakſpeare's diction. MALONE.

Though I cannot impute ſuch a correction to the ignorance of the perſon who made it, I can eaſily ſuppoſe what is here ſtyled the phraſeology of Shakſpeare, to be only the miſtake of a vulgar tranſcriber or printer. Had our author been conſtant in his uſe of this mode of ſpeech (which is not the caſe) the propriety of Mr. Malone's remark would have been readily admitted. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *mean eyes* —] i. e. inferior ſpectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the laſt, 1613: "Before their majeſties, and almoſt as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.

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Trumpets ſound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* Ventidius *talking with him.*

TIM. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?[a]

VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtrait:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up; which failing to him,[3]
Periods his comfort.[4]

TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he muſt need me.[5] I do know him
A gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

VEN. SERV. Your lordſhip ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him; I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

[a] *Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?*] Here we have another interpolation deſtructive to the metre. Omitting—*is he*, we ought to read:
Impriſon'd, ſay you? STEEVENS.

[3] —— *which failing to him,*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits—*to him*, and conſequently mutilates the verſe. STEEVENS.

[4] Periods *his comfort.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakſpeare's introduction into the Engliſh language. I find it, however, uſed by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Loſt*, 1634:
"How eaſy could I *period* all my care."
Again, in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:
"To *period* our vain-grievings." STEEVENS.

[5] —— muſt *need me.*] i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my aſſiſtance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily explained the phraſe,—"cannot but want my aſſiſtance." STEEVENS.

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'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.[6]—Fare you well.
VEN. SERV. All happineſs to your honour![7]
[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.
TIM. Freely, good father.
OLD ATH. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.
TIM. I have ſo: What of him?
OLD ATH. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.
TIM. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

LUC. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.
OLD ATH. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift!
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
TIM. Well; what further?

[6] *'Tis not enough* &c.] This thought is better expreſſed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbiſhop Boulter:*

"More than they aſk'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
"Only to help the poor—to beg again." JOHNSON.

It has been ſaid that Dr. Johnſon was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *your honour!*] The common addreſs to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently uſed with your lordſhip. See any old letter, or dedication of that age; and Vol. XV. p. 366, where a Purſuivant, ſpeaking to *Lord* Haſtings, ſays,—"I thank *your honour.*" STEEVENS.

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OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honeſt.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon: [8]

[8] *Therefore he will be, Timon:*] The thought is cloſely expreſſed, and obſcure: but this ſeems the meaning: "If the man be honeſt, my lord, for that reaſon he will be ſo in this; and not endeavour at the injuſtice of gaining my daughter without my conſent."
WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation neceſſary, and read;
Therefore well be him, *Timon:*
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf.
That is, "If he is honeſt, *bene ſit illi*, I wiſh him the proper happineſs of an honeſt man, but his honeſty gives him no claim to my daughter." The firſt tranſcriber probably wrote—*will be with him*, which the next, not underſtanding, changed to,—*he will be.* JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is beſt, becauſe it exacts no change. So, in *K. Henry VIII:*
"—— May he continue
"Long in his highneſs' favour: *and do juſtice*
"*For truth's ſake and his conſcience.*"
Again, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline:*
"This hath been
"Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour
"*He will remain ſo.*" STEEVENS.

Therefore he will be, *Timon:*] Therefore he will continue to be ſo, and is ſure of being ſufficiently rewarded by the conſciouſneſs of virtue; and he does not need the additional bleſſing of a beautiful and accompliſhed wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to ſay that Lucilius will ſtill continue to be virtuous, what occaſion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakſpeare write *by the card.* The

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His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.[9]

TIM. Does ſhe love him?

OLD ATH. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIM. [*to* LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

OLD ATH. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chooſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

TIM. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?[a]

OLD ATH. Three talents, on the preſent; in future, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,

words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honeſt in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE.

[9] —— bear *my daughter.*] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Othello*:
"What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
"If he can *carry* her thus!" STEEVENS.

[a] *And diſpoſſeſs her all.*
Tim. *How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,*
If ſhe be *mated with an equal huſband?*] The players, thoſe avowed enemies to even a common ellipſis, have here again diſordered the metre by interpolation. Will a ſingle idea of our author's have been loſt, if, omitting the uſeleſs and repeated words—*ſhe be*, we ſhould regulate the paſſage thus:
How ſhall ſhe be
Endow'd, if mated with an equal huſband? STEEVENS.

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For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you![2]

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and old* Athenian.

POET. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

TIM. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: Theſe pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out.[3] I like your work;

[2] ——— *Never may*
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd *to you!*] The meaning is, let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *owed* or due to you: held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

So Lady Macbeth ſays to Duncan:

"Your ſervants ever
"Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
"To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
"Still to return *your own.*" MALONE.

[3] —— *pencil'd figures are*
Even ſuch as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocriſy; they are what they profeſs to be. JOHNSON.

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And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

PAIN. The gods preſerve you!

TIM. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

JEW. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?

TIM. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.[4]

JEW. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their maſters:[5] believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.[6]

TIM. Well mock'd.

MER. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.

TIM. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

[4] —— unclew *me quite.*] To *unclew* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole maſs of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Therefore as you *unwind* her love from him,—
"You muſt provide to bottom it on me."

See Vol. IV. p. 246, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[5] *Are prized by their maſters:*] Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *by wearing it.*] Old copy—*by* the *wearing it.* STEEVENS.

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Enter APEMANTUS.[7]

JEW. We will bear, with your lordſhip.
MER. He'll ſpare none.
TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
APEM. Till I be gentle, ſtay for[8] thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog,[9] and theſe knaves honeſt,
TIM. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

[7] *Enter* Apemantus.] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philoſophers*; and how well Shakſpeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

[8] —— *ſtay for* —] Old copy — *ſtay* thou *for*—. With Sir T. Hanmer I have omitted the uſeleſs *thou*, (which the compoſitor's eye might have caught from the following line,) becauſe it diſorders the metre. STEEVENS.

[9] *When thou art Timon's dog*,] When thou haſt gotten a better character, and inſtead of being Timon as thou art, ſhalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindneſs and ſalutation. JOHNSON.

This is ſpoken δειικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton ſays ſomewhere:—ſtriking his hand on his breaſt.

"Wot you who named me firſt the kinge's dogge?" ſays Ariſtippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Apemantus, I think, means to ſay, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that ſhall happen which never will happen; till Timon is tranſformed to the ſhape of his dog, and his knaviſh followers become honeſt men. Stay for thy good morrow, ſays he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the ſame time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has juſtly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where, Ulyſſes, deſirous to avoid a kiſs from Creſſida ſays to her; give me one

"When Helen is a maid again," &c. STEEVENS.

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APEM. Are they not Athenians?[7]

TIM. Yes.

APEM. Then I repent not.

JEW. You know me, Apemantus.

APEM. Thou know'ſt, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

TIM. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEM. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.

TIM. Whither art going?

APEM. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

TIM. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likeſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEM. The beſt, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

APEM. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAIN. You are a dog.[8]

APEM. Thy mother's of my generation; What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEM. No; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

[7] *Are they not Athenians?*] The very imperfect ſtate in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether ſeveral ſhort ſpeeches in the preſent ſcene were deſigned for verſe or proſe. I have therefore made no attempt at regulation. STEEVENS.

[8] Pain. *You are a dog.*] This ſpeech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones muſt have been tranſferred to the *Poet* by miſtake: it evidently belongs to the former. RITSON.

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APEM. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

TIM. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

APEM. So thou apprehend'ſt it: Take it for thy labour.

TIM. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEM. Not ſo well as plain-dealing,[9] which will not coſt a man a doit.

TIM. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

APEM. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

POET. How now, philoſopher?

APEM. Thou lieſt.

POET. Art not one?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIM. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

APEM. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyſelf?

[9] *Not ſo well as plain-dealing,*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*, but they that uſe it die beggars."

STEEVENS.

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APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*—Art not thou a merchant?

* *That I had* no angry *wit to be a lord.*] This reading is abſurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have reſtored the text,

That I had ſo hungry a wit *to be a lord*,

it is ſatirical enough of conſcience, viz. I would hate myſelf, for having no more wit than to covet ſo inſignificant a title. In the ſame ſenſe, Shakſpeare uſes *lean-witted* in his *King Richard II:*

"And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool." WARBURTON.

The meaning may be,—I ſhould hate myſelf for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* This is ill enough expreſſed. Perhaps ſome happy change may ſet it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath reads:

That I had ſo wrong'd my *wit to be a lord.*

But the paſſage before us, is, in my opinion, irremediably corrupted. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compoſitor has tranſpoſed the words, and they ſhould be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit. BLACKSTONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

That I had an *angry* wiſh *to be a lord;*

meaning, that he would hate himſelf for having wiſhed in his anger to become a lord.—For it is in anger that he ſays:

"Heavens, that I were a lord!" M. MASON.

I believe Shakſpeare was thinking of the common expreſſion—*he has wit in his anger;* and that the difficulty ariſes here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt ſentences. Our author, I ſuppoſe, wrote:

That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!

Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is aſked, why after having wiſhed to be a lord, he ſhould hate himſelf. He replies,—For this reaſon; that I *had no wit* [or diſcretion] *in my anger*, but was abſurd enough to wiſh myſelf one of that ſet of men, whom I deſpiſe. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not ſo much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this paſſage has been hitherto exhibited.

MALONE.

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MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

MER. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Servant.

TIM. What trumpet's that?

SERV. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horſe, all of companionſhip.[3]

TIM. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt ſome* Attendants.
You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,[4]
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Moſt welcome, ſir! [*They ſalute.*

APEM. So, ſo! there!—
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love 'mongſt theſe ſweet knaves,
And all this court'ſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.[5]

[3] —— *all of companionſhip.*] This expreſſion does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all ſuch as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and ſets on a level with himſelf.* STEEVENS.

[4] —— and, *when dinner's done,*] *And*, which is wanting in the firſt folio, is ſupplied by the ſecond. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *The ſtrain of man's bred out*
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhauſted and degenerated; his *ſtrain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON.

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ALCIB. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungrily on your ſight.
TIM. Right welcome, ſir:
Ere we depart,[5] we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1. LORD. What time a day is't, Apemantus?
APEM. Time to be honeſt.
1 LORD. That time ſerves ſtill.
APEM. The moſt accurſed thou,[6] that ſtill omit'ſt it.
2. LORD. Thou art going to lord Timon's feaſt.
APEM. Ay; to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
2. LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
APEM. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.
2. LORD. Why, Apemantus?
APEM. Shouldſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

[5] *Ere we* depart,] Who *depart*? Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common ſenſe favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald propoſes—*do part*. Common ſenſe may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakſpeare would not have been quite ſo propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the ſame meaning. So, in *King John:*

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in queſtion. See Vol. XI. p. 355, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[6] *The* moſt *accurſed thou*,] Read:

The more *accurſed thou*,——. RITSON.

So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"The *more* degenerate and baſe art thou——." STEEVENS.

1. LORD. Hang thyſelf.

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

2. LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the aſs. [*Exit.*

1. LORD. He's oppoſite to humanity. Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindneſs.

2. LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed,[7] but he repays
Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.[8]

1. LORD. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. LORD. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —— *no* meed,] *Meed*, which in general ſignifies reward or recompence, in this place ſeems to mean *deſert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave."

i. e. deſerves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

"Thou ſhalt be rich in honour, full of ſpeed;
"Thou ſhalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

See Vol. XV, p. 45, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[8] *All uſe of quittance.*] i. e. all the cuſtomary returns made in diſcharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

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SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of State in Timon's *Houſe.*

Hautboys playing loud muſick. A great banquet ſerved in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* VENTIDIUS *and* Attendants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *diſcontentedly,*[8]

VEN. Moſt honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember[9]
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius: you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay, he gives, if he receives:

[8] —— *diſcontentedly.*] The ancient ſtage-direction adds—*like himſelf.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Moſt honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember*—] The old copy reads—to *remember.* But I have omitted, for the ſake of metre, and in conformity to our author's practice on other occaſions, the adverb—*to.* Thus in *King Henry VIII.* Act IV. ſc. ii. Vol. XVI. p. 158:

" —— Patience, is that letter
" I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?"

Every one muſt be aware that the particle—*to* was purpoſely left out, before the verb—*write.* STEEVENS.

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If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.[a]

[a] *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare*
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.] Theſe two lines are abſurdly given to Timon. They ſhould be read thus:

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not.*
Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*'

This is ſaid ſatirically, and in character. It was a ſober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the ſame obſervance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this ſentiment; as if Timon had ſpoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largeſt returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot ſee that theſe lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whoſe character of generoſity and condeſcenſion they are very ſuitable. To ſuppoſe that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harſh, becauſe to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the higheſt pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modeſty. If I would make any alteration, it ſhould be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we muſt not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. JOHNSON.

The faults of rich perſons, and which contribute to the increaſe of riches, wear a plauſible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithſtanding. HEATH.

Dr. Warburton with his uſual love of innovation, transfers the laſt word of the firſt of theſe lines, and the whole of the ſecond to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved that this cannot have been Shakſpeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to addreſs Timon perſonally, who muſt therefore have ſeen and heard him; whereas it appears from a ſubſequent ſpeech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he ſalutes him with ſome ſurprize—

"O, Apemantus!—you are welcome."

The term—*our betters*, being uſed by the inferior claſſes of men when they ſpeak of their ſuperiors in the ſtate, Shakſpeare uſes theſe words, with his uſual laxity, to expreſs perſons of high rank and fortune. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*, A& III. ſc. vi. Edgar ſays, (referring to the diſtracted king):

"When we *our betters* ſee bearing our woes,
"We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes." STEEVENS.

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VEN. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremonioufly looking on* TIMON.

TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at firſt, to ſet a gloſs
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They ſit.*

1. LORD. My lord, we always have confeſs'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?[2]

TIM. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

APEM. No,
You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

TIM. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, that[3] *ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond' man's ever angry.[4]
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

APEM. Let me ſtay at thine own peril,[5] Timon;

[2] —— *confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*] There ſeems to be ſome alluſion here to a common proverbial ſaying of Shakſpeare's time: "Confeſs and be hang'd." See *Othello*, A&t IV. ſc. i. MALONE.

[3] *They ſay, my lords*, that —] *That* was inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[4] *But yond' man's ever angry.*] The old copy has—very *angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read—But yon man's very *anger*; i. e. anger itſelf, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *at thine* own peril,] The old copy reads—*at thine* apperil.

I come to obſerve; I give thee warning on't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myſelf would have no power: [6] 'pr'ythee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

APEM. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter thee. [7]—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he ſees them not!
It grieves me, to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one man's blood; [8] and all the madneſs is,

I have not been able to find ſuch a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Apperil, the reading of the old editions, may be right, though no other inſtance of it has been, or poſſibly can be produced. It is, however, in actual uſe in the metropolis, at this day. RITSON.

[6] —— *I myſelf would have no* power:] If this be the true reading, the ſenſe is,— *all Athenians are welcome to ſhare my fortune:* I would myſelf have no *excluſive right* or power *in this houſe.* Perhaps we might read,— *I myſelf would have no* poor. I would have every Athenian conſider himſelf as joint poſſeſſor of my fortune. JOHNSON.

I underſtand Timon's meaning to be: *I myſelf would have no power* to make thee ſilent, but I wiſh thou would'ſt *let my meat make thee ſilent.* Timon, like a polite landlord, diſclaims *all power* over the meaneſt or moſt troubleſome of his gueſts." TYRWHITT.

Theſe words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being maſter of the houſe: I wiſh not by my commands to impoſe ſilence on any one: but though I myſelf do not enjoin you to ſilence, let my meat ſtop your mouth.* MALONE.

[7] *I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhould*
Ne'er flatter thee.] The meaning is,—I could not ſwallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would ſtick in my throat. JOHNSON.

For has here perhaps the ſignification of *becauſe.* So, in *Othello*:
" —— Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

[8] —— *ſo many dip their meat*
In one man's blood;] The alluſion is to a pack of hounds

He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;[8]
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals;
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my windpipe's dangerous notes:[9]
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs [a] on their throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart;[3] and let the health go round.

trained to purſuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chaſe. JOHNSON.

[8] *Methinks, they ſhould invite them* without knives;] It was the cuſtom in our author's time for every gueſt to bring his own knife, which he occaſionally whetted on a ſtone that hung behind the door. One of theſe whetſtones may be ſeen in Parkinſon's Muſeum. They were ſtrangers, at that period, to the uſe of *forks*. RITSON.

[9] —— *windpipe's dangerous* notes:] The notes of the windpipe ſeem to be only the indications which ſhow where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of making uſe of muſical terms, when he is ſpeaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* ſavour ſtrongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *with* harneſs —] i. e. armour. See Vol. XI. p. 255, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[3] *My lord, in heart;*] That is, *my lord's health with ſincerity*. An emendation has been propoſed thus:

My love *in heart;* ——

but it is not neceſſary. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I will be never more *in heart* to you."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. A& IV. ſc. i:

"—— *in heart* deſiring ſtill
"You may behold," &c.

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2. LORD. Let it flow this way, my Good lord.
APEM. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Thoſe healths[4] will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS's GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin,[5] *and I eat root.*
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:
"—— Doſt thou not wiſh *in heart*,
"The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?"
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Timon*,
Thoſe healths—] This ſpeech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as proſe in the copy; nor could it be exhibited as verſe but by tranſferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its preſent place. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and ſo have been miſplaced. Yet, after all, I ſuſpect many of the ſpeeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a looſe kind of metre, were intended by the author as proſe; in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

[5] *Rich men ſin,*] Dr. Farmer propoſes to read—*ſing*. REED.

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TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a feaſt.

APEM. 'Would all thoſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. LORD. Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.[6]

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?[7] I

[6] —— *for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happineſs JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" Then comes my fit again; I had elſe been *perfect;* —."

STEEVENS.

[7] *How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that* charitable *title from thouſands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart!*] *Charitable* ſignifies, dear, endearing. So, Milton:

" Relations dear, and all the *charities*
" Of father, ſon, and brother——."

Alms, in Engliſh, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our anceſtors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving conſiſted; not in the *act*, but in the *diſpoſition*.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this: — Why are you diſtinguiſhed from thouſands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourſe of tenderneſs between you and me? JOHNSON.

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have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.[8] O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and[9] would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born![a] Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:[3] to forget their faults, I drink to you.

[8] *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and* —] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

[a] *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"These violent delights have violent ends,
"And in their triumph die."

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:*] In the original edition the words stand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this: *Mine eyes cannot hold out;* they *water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

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APEM. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink,[4] Timon.

2. LORD. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that inſtant, like a babe[5] ſprung up.

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3. LORD. I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

APEM. Much![6] [*Tuckct ſounded.*

[4] ——*to make them drink,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads: — *to make them drink* thee; and is followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without ſufficient reaſon. The covert ſenſe of Apemantus is, *what thou loſeſt, they get.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *like a babe*] That is, a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare meant the propriety of alluſion to be carried quite ſo far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expreſſion.

So, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, by Heywood, 1636:

"Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"She makes him ſing ſongs to her, looks fortunes in his fiſts, and *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragicall diſcours of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

"Men will not *looke for babes* in hollowd eyen."

STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumſtances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and ſprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception*, in the preceding line, ſhows, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this paſſage is the true one. We have a ſimilar imagery in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——and, almoſt like the gods,
"Does *thoughts* unveil *in their* dumb *cradles.*" MALONE.

[6] *Much!*] Apemantus means to ſay, — That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expreſſion of admiration. See Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 3. MALONE.

Much! is frequently uſed, as here, ironically, and with ſome indication of contempt. STEEVENS.

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TIM. What means that trump ?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies? What are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to ſignify their pleaſures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ;—and to all
That of his bounties taſte!—The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous boſom: The ear,
Taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe;[7]

[7] *The ear*, &c.] In former copies:
There *taſte*, *touch*, *all pleas'd from thy table riſe*,
They *only now*——.
The *five* ſenſes are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and thoſe in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we ſhould read:
Th'ear, *taſte*, *touch*, ſmell, *pleas'd from thy table riſe*,
Theſe *only now*, &c.
i. e. the five ſenſes, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing*, *taſte*, *touch*, and *ſmell*, are all feaſted at thy board; and theſe ladies come with me to entertain your *ſight* in a maſque. Maſſinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the paſſage from Shakſpeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where ſpeaking of a banquet, he ſays:
" —— all that may be had
" To pleaſe the *eye*, the *ear*, *taſte*, *touch*, or *ſmell*,
" Are carefully provided." WARBURTON.
Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors omit the word—*all*; but omiſſion is the moſt dangerous mode of emendation. The

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They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

TIM. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Muſick, make their welcome.[8] [*Exit* CUPID.

1. LORD. You ſee, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Muſick. Re-enter CUPID, *with a maſque of* Ladies *as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

APEM. Hey day! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance![9] they are mad women.

Like madneſs is the glory of this life,

As this pomp ſhows to a little oil, and root.[10]

corrupted word—*There*, ſhews that—*The ear* was intended to be contracted into one ſyllable; and *table* alſo was probably uſed as taking up only the time of a monoſyllable. MALONE.

Perhaps the preſent arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monoſyllabification needleſs. STEEVENS.

[8] *Muſick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Muſick, make known *their welcome.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

"We will require her welcome,—

"*Pronounce* it for me, ſir, to all our friends."

STEEVENS.

[9] *They dance!*] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we ſhould read:

Theſe *are mad women.* TYRWHITT.

[10] *Like madneſs in the glory of this life,*

As this pomp ſhows to a little oil, and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots.* When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not expreſs *reſemblance*, but *equality.* Apemantus does not mean to ſay that the glory of this

We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift?[3]
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to ſhow their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a loſty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

TIM. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,[4]
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,[5]
And entertain'd me with mine own device;[6]
I am to thank you for it.

life was like madneſs, but it was *juſt as much madneſs* in the eye of reaſon, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repaſt of a philoſopher. M. MASON.

[3] —— *of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

[4] —— fair *ladies,*] I ſhould wiſh to read, for the ſake of metre—*faireſt ladies.* STEEVENS.

[5] —— lively *luſtre,*] For the epithet—*lively*, we are indebted to the ſecond folio: it is wanting in the firſt. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *mine own device;*] The maſk appears to have been deſigned by Timon to ſurprize his gueſts. JOHNSON.

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1. LADY. My lord,[7] you take us even at the beſt.[8]

APEM. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy; and would not hold taking,[9] I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you:[a] Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

ALL LAD. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID, *and* Ladies.

TIM. Flavius,——

FLAV. My lord.

TIM. The little caſket bring me hither.

[7] 1. Lady. *My lord*, &c. In the old copy this ſpeech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as well as Dr. Johnſon, concur in the emendation. STEEVENS.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves, that *L.* only was probably ſet down in the MS. is well founded; for that abbreviation is uſed in the old copy in this very ſcene, and in many other places. The next ſpeech, however coarſe the alluſion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

[8] —— even *at the beſt*.] Perhaps we ſhould read:

—— ever *at the beſt*.

So, Act III. ſc. vi:

"*Ever* at the beſt." TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the beſt, I believe, means, you have ſeen the beſt we can do. They are ſuppoſed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in ſuch a confeſſion. Mr. Malone's ſubſequent explanation, however, pleaſes me better than my own. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, "You have conceived the faireſt of us," (to uſe the words of Lucullus in a ſubſequent ſcene;) you have eſtimated us too highly, perhaps above our deſerts. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, Book VI. c. ix:

"He would commend his guift, and *make the beſt*."

MALONE.

[9] —— *would not* hold taking,] i. e. *bear handling*, words which (if my memory does not deceive me) are employed to the ſame purpoſe in another of our author's plays. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *there is an idle banquet*
Attends you:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"We have a *foolish trifling* ſupper towards." STEEVENS.

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FLAV. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no croſſing him in his humour;[3] [*Aſide.*
Elſe I ſhould tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, an he could.[4]
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind:[5]
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.[6]
[*Exit, and returns, with the caſket.*

1. LORD. Where be our men?
SERV. Here, my lord, in readineſs.
2. LORD. Our horſes.
TIM. O my friends, I have one word
To ſay to you:—Look you, my good lord, I muſt

[3] *There is no croſſing him in his humour;*] Read:
There is no croſſing him in this *his humour.* RITSON.

[4] —— *he'd be* croſs'd *then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *croſs'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old ſilver penny, uſed before K. Edward the Firſt's time, which had a *croſs* on the reverſe with a creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expreſſion derived,— *I have not a* croſs *about me;* i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

So, in *As you like it:* "—— yet I ſhould bear no *croſs*, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe."
STEEVENS.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the ſenſes intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wiſh that it were poſſible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*croſs* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality.
MALONE.

[5] —— *had not eyes behind;*] To ſee the miſeries that are following her. JOHNSON.
Perſius has a ſimilar idea, Sat. 1:
—— *cui vivere fas eſt*
Occipiti cæco. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *for his mind.*] For nobleneſs of ſoul. JOHNSON.

Entreat you, honour me ſo much, as to
Advance this jewel;[7]
Accept, and[8] wear it, kind my lord.

1. LORD. I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate
Newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beſeech your honour,
Vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

TIM. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided[9]
To ſhow them entertainment.

FLAV. I ſcarce know how.
[*Aſide.*

[7] ——— *to*
Advance *this jewel;*] To prefer it; to raiſe it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

[8] *Accept*, and *&c.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, unmetrically—*Accept* it——. STEEVENS.

So, the Jeweller ſays in the preceding ſcene:
"Things of like value, differing in the owners,
"Are prized by their maſters: believe it, dear lord,
"You *mend the jewel* by wearing it" M. MASON.

[9] *I pr'ythee, let us be provided* —] As the meaſure is here imperfect, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe our author to have written:
I pr'ythee let us be provided ſtraight.—
So, in *Hamlet:*
"Make her grave *ſtraight.*"
i. e. immediately. STEEVENS.

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Enter another Servant.

2. Serv. May it pleaſe your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath preſented to you
Four milk-white horſes, trapp'd in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3. Serv. Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has ſent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aſide.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.[a]—
Nor will he know his purſe; or yield me this,
To ſhow him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is ſo kind, that he now
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!

[a] *And all out of an empty coffer.*] Read:
And all the while *out of an empty coffer.* Ritson.

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Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

TIM. You do yourſelves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. LORD. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. LORD. O, he is the very ſoul of bounty!

TIM. And now I remember me,[3] my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courſer
I rode on: it is yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2. LORD. I beſeech you,[4] pardon me, my lord, in that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.[5] I'll call on you.

[3] —— *remember* me,] I have added—*me*, for the ſake of the meaſure. So, in *King Richard III:*

" I do remember *me*,—Henry the ſixth
" Did prophecy ——." STEEVENS.

[4] *I beſeech you*,] Old copy, unmetrically,
O, *I beſeech you*,——.
The player editors have been liberal of their tragick *O's*, to the frequent injury of our author's meaſure. For the ſame reaſon I have expelled this exclamation from the beginning of the next ſpeech but one. STEEVENS.

[5] I'll *tell you true.*] Dr. Johnſon reads,— I *tell you* &c. in which he has been heedleſsly followed; for though the change does not affect the ſenſe of the paſſage, it is quite unneceſſary, as may be proved by numerous inſtances in our author's dialogue. Thus, in the firſt line of *King Henry V:*

" My lord, *I'll* tell you, that ſelf bill is urg'd—."

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ALL LORDS. None ſo welcome.
TIM. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms [6] to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.
ALCIB. Ay, defiled land,[7] my lord.
1. LORD. We are ſo virtuouſly bound,——
TIM. And ſo
Am I to you.
2. LORD. So infinitely endear'd,——
TIM. All to you.[8]—Lights, more lights.

Again, in *King John*:
" *I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power, this night—."
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms* —] Thus the paſſage ſtood in all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who reſtored—*My thanks.*
JOHNSON.

I have diſplaced the words inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, ſays Timon, is not ſufficient on the occaſion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could diſpenſe them on every ſide with an ungrudging diſtribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

[7] Ay, *defiled land,*] *I*, — is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his eſtate lies in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch*, as Falſtaff ſays, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, that his eſtate lies *in defiled land.* This, as it happened, was not underſtood, and all the editors publiſhed:
I defy land, ——. JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the ſecond folio made the abſurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnſon.
MALONE.

[8] *All to* you.] i. e. all good wiſhes, or all happineſs to you. So, *Macbeth*:
" All to all." STEEVENS.

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1. LORD. The beſt of happineſs,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends.[9]

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, *&c.*

APEM. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks,[a] and jutting out of bums!

[9] *Ready for his friends.*] I ſuppoſe, for the ſake of enforcing the ſenſe, as well as reſtoring the meaſure, we ſhould read:
Ready ever *for his friends.* STEEVENS.

[a] *Serving of* becks,] *Beck* means a ſalutation made with the head. So, Milton;
" Nods and *becks*, and wreathed ſmiles."
To *ſerve a beck*, is to offer a ſalutation. JOHNSON.
To *ſerve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.* Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
" And with a low *beck*
" Prevent a ſharp check."
Again, in *The play of the Four P's*, 1569:
" Then I to every ſoul again,
" Did give a *beck* them to retain."
In *Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611, I find the ſame word:
" I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe."
Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
" —— wanton looks,
" And privy *becks*, ſavouring incontinence."
Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:
" And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."
It happens then that the word *beck* has no leſs than four diſtinct ſignifications. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *ſmall ſtreams of water.* In Shakſpeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—*a ſign of invitation made by the hand.* In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lyly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*; as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
" Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck."
Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:
" For what, O Lord, is ſo poſſible to man's judgment
" Which thou canſt not with a *beck* perform incontinent?"
STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:
" And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete."
TYRWHITT.

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I doubt whether their legs [3] be worth the ſums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I'd be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'ſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly: [4]
What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM. Nay,
An you begin to rail on ſociety once,
I am ſworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

APEM. So;——
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou ſhalt not then,
I'll lock [5]
Thy heaven [6] from thee. O, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

[3] *I doubt whether their* legs *&c.*] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it ſignifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeiſance*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 286, n. 6. MALONE.

[4] —— *I fear me, thou,*
Will give away thyſelf in paper *ſhortly:*] i. e. be ruined by his ſecurities entered into. WARBURTON.

[5] *Thou'lt not hear* me *now*, — thou *ſhalt not then, I'll lock* —] The meaſure will be reſtored by the omiſſion of an unneceſſary word—*me*:

Thou'lt not hear now,—thou ſhalt not then, I'll lock——.

STEEVENS.

[6] *Thy heaven* —] The pleaſure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in a Senator's *Houſe.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

SEN. And late, five thouſand to Varro; and to Iſidore
He owes nine thouſand; beſides my former ſum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy twenty [6] more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to Timon,
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,
And able horſes: [7] No porter at his gate;

Apemantus never intended, at any event, to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By *his heaven* he means *good advice*, the only thing by which he could be ſaved. The following lines confirm this explanation. M. MASON.

[6] —— *twenty*—] Mr. Theobald has—*ten*. Dr. Farmer propoſes to read—*twain*. REED.

[7] *Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,*
And *able* horſes:] M. Theobald reads:
Ten *able horſes*. STEEVENS.

"If I want *gold* (ſays the ſenator) let me ſteal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold*. If I would ſell my *horſe*, and had a mind to buy *ten* better inſtead of him; why, I need but give my horſe to Timon, to gain this point; and it preſently fetches me *an horſe*." But is that gaining the point propoſed? The firſt folio reads:
And *able* horſes:——

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But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites[8]
All that paſs by. It cannot hold; no reaſon

Which reading, joined to the reaſoning of the paſſage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

The paſſage which Mr. Theobald would alter, means only this: "If I give my horſe to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces *more*, but *able* horſes." The ſame conſtruction occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—— and men are only turned into tongue, *and trim ones too*."

Something ſimilar occurs alſo in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

"—— ſome twenty, young and handſome,
"As alſo able maids, for the court ſervice."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were tranſpoſed at the preſs; Shakſpeare might have written:

—— *it foals 'em ſtraight*
And able horſes.

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is underſtood here after *me*.

We have had this ſentiment differently expreſſed in the preceding act:

"—— no meed but he repays
"Seven-fold above itſelf; no gift to him,
"But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding
"All uſe of quittance." MALONE.

[8] —— *No porter at his gate;*
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites —] I imagine that a line is loſt here, in which the behaviour of a ſurly porter was deſcribed. JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion to ſuppoſe the loſs of a line. *Sternneſs* was the characteriſtick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth caſtle, [1575] "a *porter*, tall of perſon, big of lim, and *ſtearn* of *countinaunce*." FARMER.

So alſo, in *A Knight's Conjuring* &c. by Decker: "You miſtake, if you imagine that Plutoes *porter* is like one of thoſe big fellowes that ſtand like gyants at Lordes gates &c.—yet hee's as *ſurly* as thoſe key-turners are." STEEVENS.

The word—*one*, in the ſecond line, does not refer to porter, but means a perſon. He has no ſtern forbidding porter at his gate, to keep people out, but a perſon who invites them in.

M. MASON.

Can found his ſtate in ſafety.[9] Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I ſay!

Enter CAPHIS.

CAPH. Here, ſir; What is your pleaſure?
SEN. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd[8]
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when—
Commend me to your maſter—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, ſirrah,[9]
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,

[9] —— *no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*] [Old copy — *found.*] The ſuppoſed meaning of this muſt be,—*No reaſon*, by ſounding, fathoming, or trying, *his ſtate*, can find it *ſafe*. But as the words ſtand, they imply, that *no reaſon can* ſafely *found his ſtate*. I read thus:

—— *no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*—

Reaſon cannot find his fortune to have any *ſafe* or ſolid *foundation*.
The types of the firſt printer of this play were ſo worn and defaced, that *ſ* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed.
JOHNSON.
The following paſſage in *Macbeth* affords countenance to Dr. Johnſon's emendation:
" Whole as the marble, *founded* as the rock;——."
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *be not* ceas'd—] i. e. ſtopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:
" Why ſhould Tiberius' liberty be *ceaſed*."
Again, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:
" —— pity thy people's wrongs,
" And *ceaſe* the clamours both of old and young."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *ſirrah*,] was added for the ſake of the metre by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

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And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Muſt not be toſs'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[4]
Which flaſhes [5] now a phœnix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, ſir.

SEN. I go, ſir? [6]—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.[7]

CAPH. I will, ſir.

SEN. Go.

[*Exeunt,*

[4] —— *a naked* gull,] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is ſuppoſed to be for the richneſs of its plumage. STEEVENS.

[5] Which *flaſhes* &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently uſed, as in this inſtance, by Shakſpeare, inſtead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *perſons*. The uſe of the former inſtead of the latter is ſtill preſerved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

[6] Caph. *I go, ſir.*

Sen. *I go, ſir?*] This laſt ſpeech is not a captious repetition of what *Caphis* ſaid, but a further injunction to him to go. *I*, in all the old dramatic writers, ſtands for—*ay*, as it does in this place M. MASON.

I have left Mr. M. Maſon's opinion before the reader, though I do not heartily concur in it. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *take the bonds along with you,*

And have the dates in compt.] [Old copy—*And have the dates in.* Come.] Certainly, ever ſince bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and theſe bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapſed. The Senator's charge to his ſervant muſt be to the tenour

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SCENE II.

The ſame. A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

FLAV. No care, no ſtop! ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor reſumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.[9]
What ſhall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the intereſt due upon them.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be ſupported by the following inſtance in *Macbeth*:

"Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Never mind*
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.] Nothing can be worſe, or more obſcurely expreſſed: and all for the ſake of a wretched rhyme. To make it ſenſe and grammar, it ſhould be ſupplied thus:

—— *Never mind*
Was [made] *to be ſo unwiſe,* [in order] *to be ſo kind.*]

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuſe mind, never before endowed any man with ſo large a ſhare of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expreſſion, converſation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened."—"I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

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Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* Iſidore *and* Varro.

CAPH. Good even, Varro: [9] What,
You come for money?

VAR. SERV. Is't not your buſineſs too?

[9] *Good even, Varro:*] It is obſervable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again, as ſoon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repaſt. I do not ſuppoſe the paſſage corrupt: ſuch inadvertencies neither author nor editor can eſcape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Iſidore ſink a few lines afterwards into the ſervants of Varro and Iſidore. Whether ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it ſtands: "*Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.*" STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth ſcene of the next act the ſervant of Lucius is called by his maſter's name; but our author's intention is ſufficiently manifeſted by the ſtage-direction in the fourth ſcene of the third act, where we find in the firſt folio, (p. 86, col. 2.) "*Enter Varro's* man, *meeting others.*" I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the maſter. MALONE.

Good even, or, as it is ſometimes leſs accurately written, *Good den*, was the uſual ſalutation from *noon*, the moment that Good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv:

"*Nurſe.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

"*Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.

"*Nur.* Is it *good den*?

"*Merc.* 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the..... hand of the dial is now upon the..... of *noon*."

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. ſc. i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I preſume, of this wide ſenſe of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any neceſſity, as from the courſe of the incidents, precedent and ſubſequent, the day may well be ſuppoſed to be turn'd of *noon*. TYRWHITT.

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CAPH. It is;—And yours too, Iſidore?
ISID. SERV. It is ſo.
CAPH. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
VAR. SERV. I fear it.
CAPH. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords &c.*

TIM. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,[3]
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?
CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
TIM. Dues? Whence are you?
CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord.
TIM. Go to my ſteward.
CAPH. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,[4]

[3] —— *we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diverſion, we find by Flavius's ſpeech, he was juſt returned. It may be here obſerved, that in our author's time it was the cuſtom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle*, we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highneſs kept in 'till *five a clok* in the evening; what time it pleaz'd her to ryde forth into the chaſe, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after fore chaſed," &c. Again, "Munday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her highneſs kept the caſtle for coolneſs 'till about *five a clok*, her majeſty in the chaſe hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

"He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

[4] *That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occaſion in a manner conſiſtent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

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In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord, ——

TIM. Contain thyſelf, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord, —

ISID. SERV. From Iſidore;
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment, [5] ——

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants, ——

VAR. SERV. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks,
And paſt, ——

ISID. SERV. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord;
And I am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.

TIM. Give me breath: ——
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and Lords.*
I'll wait on you inſtantly. — Come hither, pray you.
[*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, [6]

[5] *He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,*] As our author does not appear to have meant that the ſervant of Iſidore ſhould be leſs civil than thoſe of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at preſent imperfect, originally ſtood thus:

He humbly prays your lordſhip's *ſpeedy payment.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *of* date-*broke bonds,*] The old copy has:

—— *of* debt, *broken bonds.*

Mr. Malone very judiciouſly reads — *date-broken.* For the ſake of meaſure I have omitted the laſt letter of the ſecond word. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I have *broke* [i. e. broken] with her father." STEEVENS.

To the preſent emendation I ſhould not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that ſome change is abſolutely neceſſary,

And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

FLAV. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do ſo, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON.

FLAV. I pray, draw near.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and* a Fool.[7]

CAPH. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How doſt, fool?

APEM. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

VAR. SERV. I ſpeak not to thee.

APEM. No, 'tis to thyſelf.—Come away.
[*To the* Fool.

and this appears to be eſtabliſhed beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding ſcene:

"And my reliances on his *fracted dates.*"

The tranſcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word,—*debt.* MALONE.

[7] *Enter* Apemantus *and a* Fool.] I ſuſpect ſome ſcene to be loſt, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by ſome introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or ſome other courteſan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the enſuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

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ISID. SERV. [*To* VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where's the fool now?

APEM. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.—Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want![8]

ALL. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Aſſes.

ALL. SERV. Why?

APEM. That you aſk me, what you are, and do not know yourſelves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL. SERV. Gramercies, good fool: How does your miſtreſs?

FOOL. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch

[8] *Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds* &c.] This is ſaid ſo abruptly, that I am inclined to think it miſplaced, and would regulate the paſſage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.*
All. *What are we, Apemantus?*
Apem. *Aſſes.*
All. *Why?*
Apem. *That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak* &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the paſſage tranſpoſed was forgot in the copy, and inſerted in the margin, perhaps a little beſide the proper place, which the tranſcriber wanting either ſkill or care to obſerve, wrote it where it now ſtands. JOHNSON.

The tranſpoſition propoſed by Johnſon is unneceſſary. Apemantus does not addreſs theſe words to any of the others, but mutters them to himſelf; ſo that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compoſe a part of it. M. MASON.

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chickens as you are. [8] 'Would, we could ſee you at Corinth. [9]

APEM. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

FOOL. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs' page. [a]

[8] *She's e'en ſetting on water to* ſcald *&c.*] The old name for the diſeaſe got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a ſenſe of *ſcalding* is one of its firſt ſymptoms. JOHNSON.

The ſame thought occurs in *The Old Law*, by Maſſinger:

" —— look parboil'd,
" As if they came from Cupid's *ſcalding* houſe."

STEEVENS.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps ſtill continues, to ſcald off the feathers of poultry, inſtead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his *Romaunt of the Roſe*, 6820:

" Without *ſcalding* they hem *pulle*." HENLEY.

[9] *'Would, we could ſee you at* Corinth.] A cant name for a bawdyhouſe, I ſuppoſe, from the diſſoluteneſs of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has theſe words: "*Et* CORINTHI *ſupra mille proſtitutas in templo Veneris aſſidue degere & inflammata libidine quæſtui meretricio operam dare, & velut ſacrorum miniſtras Deæ famulari.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, ſays: "Or ſearching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has loſt himſelf, and raps up, without pity, the ſage and rheumatick old prelateſs, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for ſuch a one." WARBURTON.

See Vol. XII. p. 256, n. 4. MALONE.

[a] —— *my* miſtreſs' *page.*] In the firſt paſſage this Fool ſpeaks of his *maſter*, in the ſecond [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *miſtreſs*. In the old copy it is *maſter* in both places. It ſhould rather, perhaps, be *miſtreſs* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding paſſage:

" *All.* How does your *miſtreſs?*" ——
" *Fool.* My *miſtreſs* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

I have not heſitated to print *miſtreſs* in both places. *Maſter* was frequently printed in the old copy inſtead of *miſtreſs*, and *vice verſa*, from the ancient mode of writing an *M* only, which ſtood in the MSS. of Shakſpeare's time either for the one or the other; and the

PAGE. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe compaṅy?— How doſt thou, Apemantus?

APEM. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

PAGE. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

APEM. Canſt not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

PAGE. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone.

[*Exit* Page.

APEM. Even ſo thou out-run'ſt grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

FOOL. Will you leave me there?

APEM. If Timon ſtay at home.— You three ſerve three uſurers?

ALL SERV. Ay; 'would they ſerved us!

APEM. So would I,— as good a trick as ever hangman ſerved thief.

copyiſt or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

"Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him?"

Again, more appoſitely, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

"What ho, M. [*Maſter*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Miſtreſs*] Lorenzo."

In Vol. IX. p. 245, n. 9, and Vol. XIV. p. 194. n. 5. are found corruptions ſimilar to the preſent, in conſequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the MS. improperly. MALONE.

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FOOL. Are you three uſurers' men?

ALL. SERV. Ay, fool.

FOOL. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my miſtreſs' houſe[3] merrily, and go away ſadly: The reaſon of this?

VAR. SERV. I could render one.

APEM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

VAR. SERV. What is a whoremaſter, fool?

FOOL. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, it appears like a lord; ſometime, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than his artificial one:[4] He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

VAR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

[3] —— *my* miſtreſs' *houſe* —] Here again the old copy reads — *maſter's*. I have corrected it for the reaſon already aſſigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had ſilently made the ſame emendation; but in ſubſequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again reſtored. MALONE.

[4] —— *his artificial one:*] Meaning the celebrated philoſopher's ſtone, which was in thoſe times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of thoſe who loſt conſiderable ſums in ſeeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the laſt eminent men who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in this purſuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden houſe. STEEVENS.

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APEM. That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL. SERV. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

FLAV. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Serv.

TIM. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

FLAV. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

TIM. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[5]
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

[5] —— *made* your *minister*,] So the original. The second folio and the later editions have all:
—— *made* you *minister*. JOHNSON.
The construction is:—*And made that unaptness your minister*.
MALONE.

Return ſo much,[7] I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,[8]
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,[9]
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.
TIM. Let all my land be ſold.[a]

[7] *Return* ſo much,] He does not mean ſo *great* a ſum, but a certain ſum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uſes this kind of expreſſion. See a note on the words—"with *ſo many* talents," p. 77, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] —— *My* dear-*lov'd lord*,] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the epithet—*dear*, and conſequently vitiates the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[9] *Though you hear now, (too-late!) yet now's a time*,] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the aſſiſtance of your friends, your future miſeries. Had the Oxford editor underſtood the ſenſe, he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.

WARBURTON.

I think Sir T. Hanmer right, and have received his emendation. JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. "Though I tell you this (ſays Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any ſervice to you, yet late as it is, it is neceſſary that you ſhould be acquainted with it." It is evident, that the ſteward had very little hope of aſſiſtance from his maſter's friends. RITSON.

Though you now *at laſt* liſten to my remonſtrances, yet now your affairs are in ſuch a ſtate that the whole of your remaining fortune will ſcarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wiſe too late. MALONE.

[a] The *greateſt* of *your having lacks a half*
To pay your preſent debts.
TIM. *Let all my land be ſold.*] The re-

FLAV. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues: the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?[3]

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a word;[4]
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſe-
hood,
Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,

dundancy of meaſure in this paſſage perſuades me that it ſtood originally thus:

Your greateſt having lacks a half to pay
Your preſent debts.
Tim. *Let all my land be ſold.* STEEVENS.

[3] —— *and at length*
How goes *our reckoning?*] This ſteward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have aſked, what a lord ſeldom knows:
How goes our reckoning?
But the ſteward was too well ſatisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:
Hold good *our reckoning?* WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propoſe, interrogatively, that of which neither the ſpeaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The preſent reading may therefore ſtand. JOHNSON.

How will you be able to ſubſiſt in the time intervening between the payment of the preſent demands (which your whole ſubſtance will hardly ſatisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatſoever; and finally on the ſettlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

[4] *O my good lord, the world is but a* word;] The meaning is, as the *world* itſelf may be compriſed in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

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When all our offices [5] have been oppreſs'd
With riotous feeders; [6] when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock, [7]
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

[5] —— our offices —] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purpoſes, the reception of domeſticks, &c. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

"Sent forth great largeſs to your *offices*."

Would Duncan have ſent *largeſs* to any but *ſervants*? See Vol. XI. p. 83, n. 8. It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houſes of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, v. 8146, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

"*Houſes of office* ſtuffed with plentee
"Ther mayſt thou ſee of deinteous vittaile."

STEEVENS.

[6] *With riotous feeders;*] *Feeders* are ſervants, whoſe low debaucheries are practiſed in the *offices* of a houſe. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. xi: "—— one who looks on *feeders*." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *a waſteful cock,*] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *waſteful cock*, ſignifies a garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently miſtaken. A *waſteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning ſtopple *running* to *waſte*. In this ſenſe, both the terms have their uſual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever uſed for *cockloft*, or *waſteful* for *lying in waſte*, or that lying in waſte is at all a phraſe. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the preſent paſſage, it is certain, that *lying in waſte* is ſtill a very common phraſe. FARMER.

A *waſteful cock* is what we now call a *waſte pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of ciſterns and other reſervoirs, by carrying off their ſuperfluous water. This circumſtance ſerved to keep the idea of Timon's unceaſing prodigality in the mind of the ſteward, while its remoteneſs from the ſcenes of luxury within the houſe, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *waſteful cock*, that editor reads — *lonely room*. MALONE.

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TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.
FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?[8]
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.
TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.[9]
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[a] of hearts by borrowing,

[8] *Who is not Timon's?*] I suppose we ought to read, for the sake of measure:
Who is not lord *Timon's?* STEEVENS.

[9] *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflecting that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

[a] *And try the* argument —] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly published himself, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his use of the word. If I would, says Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are *composed*, what they

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.[3]

FLAV. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

TIM. And, in ſome ſort, theſe wants of mine are crown'd,[4]
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends; You ſhall perceive, how you
Miſtake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho![5] — Flaminius![6] Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

SERV. My lord, my lord, —

TIM. I will deſpatch you ſeverally. — You, to lord Lucius, —
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day; — You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, ſay,

have in them, &c. The old copy reads — *argument*, not, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed — *arguments*. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "Have you heard the *argument*? Is there no offence in it?" Many more inſtances to the ſame purpoſe might be ſubjoined. STEEVENS.

[3] *As I can bid thee ſpeak.*] Thus the old copy; but it being clear from the overloaded meaſure that theſe words are a playhouſe interpolation, I would not heſitate to omit them. They are underſtood, though not expreſſed. STEEVENS.

[4] — *crown'd*,] i. e. dignified, adorned, made reſpectable. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"And yet no day without a deed to *crown* it."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Within there, ho!*] *Ho*, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The frequency of Shakſpeare's uſe of this interjection, needs no examples. STEEVENS.

[6] — *Flaminius!*] The old copy has — *Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably aroſe from *Flam.* only being ſet down in the MS. MALONE.

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That my occaſions have found time to uſe them
Toward a ſupply of money: let the requeſt
Be fifty talents.

FLAM. As you have ſaid, my lord.

FLAV. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus?[7] humph! [*Aſide.*

TIM. Go you, ſir, [*To another* Serv.] to the ſenators,[8]
(Of whom even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing,) bid 'em ſend o'the inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt general way,[9])
To them to uſe your ſignet, and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true? can it be?

FLAV. They anſwer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,[2] want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry — you are honourable, —
But yet they could have wiſh'd — they know not — but[3]
Something hath been amiſs — a noble nature

[7] —— lord *Lucullus?*] As the ſteward is repeating the words of Timon, I have not ſcrupled to ſupply the title *lord*, which is wanting in the old copy, though neceſſary to the metre. STEEVENS.

[8] *Go you, ſir, to the ſenators,*] To complete the line, we might read, as in the firſt ſcene of this play:

—— *the ſenators* of Athens. STEEVENS.

[9] — *I knew it the moſt* general *way,*] *General* is not ſpeedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *at fall,*] i. e. *at an ebb.* STEEVENS.

[3] — — *but* —] was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verſe. STEEVENS.

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May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis
pity —
And so, intending[4] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,[5]
With certain half-caps,[6] and cold-moving nods,[7]
They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods, reward them! —
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:[8]
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

[4] —— *intending* —] is *regarding, turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning: So, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" Good sir, *intend* this business."

See Vol. VII. p. 145, n. 6. STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595:

" Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I cannot now *intend* his tittle-tattle."

Again, in Pasquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623;

" For we have many secret ways to spend,
" Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*."

MALONE.

[5] —— *and these* hard fractions,] Flavius, by *fractions*, means *broken* hints, *interrupted* sentences, *abrupt* remarks. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *half-caps*,] A *half-cap* is a *cap* slightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

[7] —— cold-moving *nods*,] By *cold-moving* I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as coldly-moving. So — *perpetual sober* gods, for *perpetually* sober; *lazy-pacing* clouds, — *loving-jealous* — *flattering sweet*, &c. — Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

[8] *Have their ingratitude in them* hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

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And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.[9] —
Go to Ventidius. — [*To a* Serv.] 'Pr'ythee, [*To* Flavius,] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously[2] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee: — [*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend,[3] which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: that had, — [*To* Flavius,] give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

[9] *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,*
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.] The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
"Which shows all honour is departed from us,
"And we are earth again." Steevens.

[2] —— *ingeniously* —] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:
"A course of learning and *ingenious* studies." Reed.

[3] *Bid him suppose, some good necessity*
Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness: — or, some *honest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning. Malone.

So afterwards:
"If this occasion were not *virtuous*,
"I should not urge it half so faithfully." Steevens.

FLAV. I would, I could not think it;[4] That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free[5] itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Lucullus's *Houſe.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a* Servant *to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, ſir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aſide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewer[6] to-night. Flaminius,

[4] I *would, I could not* think it; *&c.*] I concur in opinion with ſome former editors, that the words — *think it*, ſhould be omitted. Every reader will mentally inſert them from the ſpeech of Timon, though they are not expreſſed in that of Flavius. The laws of metre, in my judgement, ſhould ſuperſede the authority of the players, who appear in many inſtances to have taken a deſigned ellipſis for an error of omiſſion, to the repeated injury of our author's verſification. I would read:

I would, I could not: That thought's bounty's foe —.

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *free* —] is *liberal*, not parſimonious. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *a ſilver* baſon and ewer —] Theſe utenſils of ſilver being much in requeſt in Shakſpeare's time, he has, as uſual, not ſtruple

honeſt Flaminius; you are very reſpectively welcome, ſir.[7]—Fill me ſome wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

FLAM. His health is well, ſir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, ſir: And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

FLAM. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

LUCUL. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming. Every

to place them in the houſe of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" ——— my houſe within the city
" Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
" *Baſons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands."

See Vol. IX. p. 819, n. 8. MALONE.

Our author, I believe, has introduced *baſons and ewers* where they would certainly have been found. The Romans appear to have had them; and the forms of their utenſils were generally copied from thoſe of Greece. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *very* reſpectively *welcome, ſir.*] i. e. reſpectfully. So, in *King John*:

" 'Tis' too *reſpective*," &c.

See Vol. XI. p. 309, n. 5. STEEVENS.

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man has his fault, and honeſty is his;[8] I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

SERV. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

LUCUL. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

FLA. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

LUCUL. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful-gentleman: but thou art wiſe; and thou know'ſt well enough, although thou comeſt to me, that this is no time to lend money; eſpecially upon bare friendſhip, without ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares[9] for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

FLAM. Is't poſſible, the world ſhould ſo much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd?[a] Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

LUCUL. Ha! Now I ſee, thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

[8] *Every man has his fault, and honeſty is his;*] *Honeſty* does not here mean *probity*, but *liberality*. M. MASON.

[9] ——*three* ſolidares.—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

[a] *And we alive, that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to ſay, *in ſo ſhort a time*. WARBURTON.

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FLAM. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,[3]
Thou disease of a friend,[4] and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights?[5] O you gods,
I feel my master's passion![6] This slave
Unto his honour,[7] has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

[3] *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."

Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, *The Dead Man's Song:*

"And ladies full of *melted gold*
"Were poured downe their throates."

Mr. M. Mason thinks that Flaminius mere "probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice." STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou* disease *of a friend,*] So, in *King Lear:*

"——————— my daughter;
"Or rather, a *disease*" &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *It* turns *in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the *turning* or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *passion!*] i. e. suffering. So, in *Macbeth:*

"You shall offend him, and extend his *passion.*"

i. e. prolong his *suffering.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Unto his* honour,] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,— This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read—Unto *this hour*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

I should have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, *unto this hour*, as it is by far the stronger expression, so probably the right one. M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson is of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O, may diſeaſes only work upon't!
And, when he is ſick to death,[8] let not that part of nature[9]
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour![a] [*Exit.*

[8] —— *to death,*] If theſe words, which derange the metre, were omitted, would the ſentiment of Flaminius be impaired? STEEVENS.

[9] —— *of* nature —] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*nurture.* JOHNSON.

Of nature is ſurely the moſt expreſſive reading. Flaminius conſiders that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as conſtituting a great part of his animal ſyſtem. STEEVENS.

[a] —— his *hour!*] i. e. the hour of ſickneſs. *His* for *its.* STEEVENS.

His in almoſt every ſcene of theſe plays is uſed for *its*, but here I think "*his* hour" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life.*

If my notion be well founded, we muſt underſtand that the Steward wiſhes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpoſe of his being miſerable; that ſickneſs may "play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall," and "have him nine whole years in killing." — "Live loath'd and *long!*" ſays Timon in a ſubſequent ſcene; and again:

"Decline to your confounding contraries,
"And yet confuſion *live!*"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we underſtand *his hour* to mean *the hour of ſickneſs:* and it muſt be owned that a line in *Hamlet* adds ſupport to his interpretation:

"This phyſick but *prolongs thy ſickly days.*" MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further ſupport from a paſſage in *Coriolanus*, where Menenius ſays to the Roman ſentinel: "Be that you are, *long;* and your miſery increaſe with your age." STEEVENS.

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SCENE II.

The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

LUC. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. STRAN. We know him for no leſs,[3] though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done[4] and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

LUC. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. STRAN. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow ſo many talents; [5] nay, urged

[3] *We know him for no leſs,*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no leſs* than you repreſent him, though we are ſtrangers to his perſon. JOHNSON.

To *know*, in the preſent, and ſeveral other inſtances, is uſed by our author for—*to acknowledge*. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. v:

" ——— You are to *know*
" That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
" With bloody paſſage led your wars—" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *are* done —] i. e. conſumed. See Vol. XIV. p. 123, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] —— *to borrow* ſo many *talents;*] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily—*fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expreſſion for an indefinite number. The ſtranger might not know the exact ſum. STEEVENS.

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: " And for me, it ſhall be ſufficient that a marble ſtone declare that a queen having

extremely for't, and ſhow'd what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How?

2. STRAN. I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the gods, I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhow'd in't. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he miſtook him, and ſent to me,[6] I ſhould ne'er have denied his occaſion ſo many talents.[7]

reigned *ſuch a time*, [i. e. the time that ſhe ſhould have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be,] lived and died a virgin."

So, Holinſhed: "The biſhop commanded his ſervant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his ſtudy, *in ſuch* a place." We ſhould now write—in a *certain* place.

Again, in the Account-book, kept by Emſon in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his Hiſtory of that king:

"*Item*, Received of *ſuch a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not paſs, the money to be repaid."

"He ſold *ſo much* of his eſtate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his eſtate,) is yet the phraſeology of Scotland.

MALONE.

[6] ——*yet, had he* miſtook *him, and ſent to me*,] We ſhould read: *miſtook'd* him; i. e. overlooked, neglected to ſend to him.

WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he* not *miſtook him, and ſent to me.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes to read—*yet had he* miſſed *him*. Lucius has juſt declared that he had had fewer preſents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the firſt to aſſiſt him. Yet, ſays he, had Timon *miſtook him*, or overlooked that circumſtance, and ſent to me, I ſhould not have denied &c.

STEEVENS.

That is, "had he (Timon) miſtaken himſelf and ſent to me, I would ne'er" &c. He means to inſinuate that it would have been a kind of miſtake in Timon to apply to a perſon who had received

Enter SERVILIUS.

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have ſweat to ſee his honour.— My honour'd lord,— [*To* LUCIUS.

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

SER. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent——

LUC. Ha! what has he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending: How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

SER. He has only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many talents.[8]

ſuch trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that miſtake, he ſhould no have denied him ſo many talents. M. MASON.

Had he miſtook him means, had he by miſtake thought him under leſs obligations than me, and ſend to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *miſtook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

[7] —— *denied his occaſion ſo many talents.*] i. e. a certain number of talents, ſuch a number as he might happen to want. This paſſage, as well as a former, (ſee n. 5, p. 77,) ſhews that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

[8] —— *with ſo many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy ſupplies us. Probably the exact number of *talents wanted* was not expreſsly ſet down by Shakſpeare. If this was the caſe, the player who repreſented the character, ſpoke of the firſt number that was uppermoſt in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouſe books, put down an indefinite for the definite ſum, which remained unſpecified. The modern editors read again in this inſtance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the ſervant brought a note with him which he tendered to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

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Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,[9]
I ſhould no urge it half ſo faithfully.[1]

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhown myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?[3]—

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraſeology in many books of Shakſpeare's age. In *Julius Cæſar* we have the phraſe uſed here. Lucilius ſays to his adverſary:

"There is *ſo much*, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight."

MALONE.

[9] *If his occaſion were not* virtuous,] *Virtuous* for ſtrong, forcible, preſſing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be—If he did not want it for a good uſe. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

"Some *good neceſſity* touches his friend." MALONE.

[1] —— *half ſo* faithfully.] *Faithfully* for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have ſeen, that Shakſpeare uſed *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the ſentence he had uſed *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* uſually attending *fidelity*. MALONE.

[3] —— *that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*] Though there is a ſeeming plauſible antitheſis in the terms, I am very well aſſured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence. How much is the antitheſis improved by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I ſhould purchaſe for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!"

THEOBALD.

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Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay:—I was ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind;—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

LUC. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in ſuſpecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchaſe the day before for a little* park.

JOHNSON.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading, which is ſufficiently in our author's manner. By purchaſing what brought me but little honour, I have loſt the more honourable opportunity of ſupplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, ſuſpects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordſhip* of a place,) in a legal ſenſe. See Jacobs's Dictionary.

STEEVENS.

I am neither ſatisfied with the amendments propoſed, or with Steevens's explanation of the preſent reading; and have little doubt but we ſhould read "purchaſe for a little *port*," inſtead of *part*, and the meaning will then be—"How unlucky was I to have purchaſed, but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means diſabled myſelf from doing an honourable action." *Port* means *ſhow*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's reading is the true one. I once ſuſpected the phraſe "purchaſe *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our author's works and thoſe of his contemporaries, has ſhewn me the folly of ſuſpecting corruptions in the text, merely becauſe it exhibits a different phraſeology from that uſed at this day.

MALONE.

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True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly ſpeed.

[*Exit* Lucius.

1. STRAN. Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?[4]

2. STRAN. Ay, too well.

1. STRAN. Why this
Is the world's ſoul; and juſt of the ſame piece
Is every flatterer's ſpirit.[5] Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the ſame diſh?[6] for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

[4] *Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?*] I am willing to believe, for the ſake of metre, that our author wrote:

Obſerve you this, Hoſtilius?

Ay, too well. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*flatterer's* ſpirit.] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read:

Why, this is the world's ſoul;
And juſt of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily tranſpoſed the two final words, thus:

Why, this is the world's ſport;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſoul.

The paſſage is not ſo obſcure as to provoke ſo much enquiry. *This*, ſays he, *is the ſoul* or ſpirit *of the world: every flatterer* plays the ſame game, makes *ſport* with the confidence of his friend. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the tranſpoſition of Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

The emendation, *ſpirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one ſyllable, and ſometimes, I think, written *ſprite*. Hence the corruption was eaſy; whilſt on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words ſo diſtant from each other as *ſoul* and *ſport* [or *ſpirit*] ſhould change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *ſoul* and *ſport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the ſubſequent editions, took it for granted they held the ſame ſituation in the original edition, which we ſee was not the caſe. I do not believe this ſpeech was intended by the author for verſe. MALONE.

[6] —— *that dips in the ſame diſh?*] This phraſe is ſcriptural. "He that dippeth his hand with me in the diſh." *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 23. STEEVENS.

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And kept his credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks.
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!)
He does deny him, in reſpect of his,[7]
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. STRAN. Religion groans at it.

1. STRAN. For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,[8]

[7] —— *in reſpect of his,*] i. e. conſidering Timon's claim for what he aſks. WARBURTON.

In reſpect of his fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius poſſeſſes, leſs than the uſual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

Does not *his* refer to the *lip of Timon*?—Though Lucius himſelf drink from a ſilver cup which was *Timon's* gift to him, he refuſes to *Timon*, in return, drink from any cup. HENLEY.

[8] *I would have put my wealth into* donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd *to him,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the beſt half ſhould have attorn'd *to him,*——.

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, ſince he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be uſed but in a very low and licentious meaning. JOHNSON.

Had his neceſſity made uſe of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the beſt half of what I had gained myſelf, or received from others, ſhould have found its way to him. Either

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So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe;
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

ſuch licentious expoſition muſt be allowed, or the paſſage remain in obſcurity, as ſome readers may not chooſe to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

The following lines, however, in *Hamlet*, A& II. ſc. ii. perſuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is ſomewhat doubtful:

" *Put* your dread pleaſures more *into* command
" Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, A& III. ſc. iv:

" And mad'ſt me *put into contempt* the ſuits
" Of princely fellows," &c.

Perhaps the ſtranger means to ſay, I would have treated my wealth as a preſent originally received from him, and on this occaſion have returned him the half of that whole for which I ſuppoſed myſelf to be indebted to his bounty. Lady Macbeth has nearly the ſame ſentiment:

" ——————— in compt
" To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
" Still to *return your own*." STEEVENS.

The difficulty of this paſſage ariſes from the word *return'd*. Warburton propoſes to read *attorn'd*; but that word always relates to perſons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this:—" Though I never taſted of Timon's bounty, yet I have ſuch an eſteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I ſhould have conſidered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have *returned* half of it to him again." To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to ſuppoſe it a donation.

M. MASON.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. Though (ſays the ſpeaker) I never taſted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *ſuppoſed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c. So, in the common phraſe,—*Put* yourſelf [i. e ſuppoſe yourſelf] in my place. The paſſages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the phraſe—*into* donation.

" *Return'd* to him"—neceſſarily includes the idea of having *come from* him, and therefore can not mean ſimply—*found its way*, the interpretation firſt given by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

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SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Sempronius's *Houſe.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* Timon's.

SEM. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon: [9] All theſe three [a]
Owe their eſtates unto him.
SERV. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, [3] and found baſe metal; for
They have all deny'd him?
SEM. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius [4] and Lucullus deny'd him?

[9] *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*
Whom he redeem'd from priſon:] This circumſtance likewiſe occurs in the anonymous unpubliſhed comedy of *Timon:*
"O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee
"From bonds in priſon, to requite me thus,
"To trample ore mee in my miſery?" MALONE.

[a] —— *theſe* three—] The word *three* was inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the meaſure; as was the exclamation *O*, for the ſame reaſon, in the following ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[3] *They have all been* touch'd,] That is, *tried*, alluding to the *touchſtone.* JOHNSON.
So, in *King Richard III:*
"O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,
"To try, if thou be current gold, indeed." STEEVENS.

[4] *Has Ventidius* &c.] With this mutilated and therefore rugged ſpeech no ear accuſtomed to harmony can be ſatisfied. Sir T. Hanmer thus reforms the firſt part of it:
Have Lucius, and *Ventidius, and Lucullus,*
Deny'd him all? *and does he ſend to me?*

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And does he ſend to me? Three? humph!—
It ſhows but little love or judgement in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? His friends, like phyſicians,
Thrive, give him over;[5] Muſt I take the cure upon me?

Yet we might better, I think, read with a later editor:

Deny'd him, ſay you? *and does he ſend to me?*
Three? humph!
It ſhows &c.

But I can only point out metrical dilapidations which I profeſs my inability to repair. STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *His friends, like phyſicians,*
Thrive, *give him over;*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plauſibly enough. Inſtead of *three* propoſed by Mr. Pope, I ſhould read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*ſhriv'd*. They *give him over ſhriv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by ſhrift*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following paſſage in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, is the beſt comment after all:

" ——— Phyſicians thus
" *With their hands full of money*, uſe to *give o'er*
" Their patients."

The paſſage will then mean: — "His friends, like phyſicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquiſh, and forſake him*, or give his caſe up as deſperate." *To give over* in *The Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but ſimply means to leave, to forſake, to quit:

" And therefore let me be thus bold with you
" *To give you over* at this firſt encounter,
" Unleſs you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, the firſt and principal corrupter of theſe plays, for *Thrive*, ſubſtituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, is a ſtrong confirmation of the old reading; for Webſter appears both in that and in another piece of his [*The White Devil*] to have frequently imitated Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, we find:

" —— Uſe me well, you were beſt;
" What I have done, I have done; I'll confeſs nothing."

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He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,

Apparently from *Othello:*

"Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
"From this time forth I never will speak word."

Again the Cardinal, speaking to his miſtreſs Julia, who had importuned him to diſcloſe the cauſe of his melancholy, ſays:

"——— Satisfy thy longing;
"The only way to make thee keep thy counſel,
"Is, not to tell thee."

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"——— for ſecrecy
"No lady cloſer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know."

Again, in *The White Devil:*

"Terrify *babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*."

So, in *Macbeth:*

"——— 'tis the eye of *childhood*
"That fears a *painted devil*."

Again, in *The White Devil:*

"——— the ſecret of my prince,
"Which I will *wear* i'th' *inſide of my heart*."

Copied, I think, from theſe lines of *Hamlet:*

"——— Give me the man
"That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will *wear* him
"*In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart."

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See alſo another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. ii.; and the laſt ſcene of the fourth act of *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, which ſeems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

The Dutcheſs of Malfy had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonſon's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year:

"To make a child new-ſwaddled to proceed
"Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webſter's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it firſt appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the preſs, but our author's original word, which Webſter imitated, not from the printed book, but from the repreſentation of the play, or the Mſ. copy.

It is obſervable, that in this piece of Webſter's, the dutcheſs, who, like Deſdemona, is ſtrangled, revives *after long ſeeming* dead, ſpeaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

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That might have known my place: I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have woo'd me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the reſt,
And I amongſt the lords be thought a fool. [6]
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I had ſuch a courage [7] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

SERV. Excellent! [8] Your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear. [9] How fairly this lord ſtrives to ap-

[6] *And I amongſt* the *lords be thought a fool.*] [Old copy — *and 'mongſt lords be thought a fool.*] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

I have changed the poſition of the perſonal pronoun, and added *the* for the ſake of metre, which, in too many parts of this play, is incorrigible. STEEVENS.

[7] *I had ſuch a courage*—] Such an ardour, ſuch an eager deſire. JOHNSON.

[8] *Excellent!* &c.] I ſuppoſe the former part of this ſpeech to have been originally written in verſe, as well as the latter; though the players having printed it as proſe (omitting ſeveral ſyllables neceſſary to the metre) it cannot now be reſtored without ſuch additions as no editor is at liberty to inſert in the text. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion whatſoever here. MALONE.

[9] *The devil knew* not *what he did, when he made man politick; he* croſs'd *himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him* clear.] I cannot but think that the negative

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pear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like

not has intruded into this paſſage, and the reader will think ſo too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words.

JOHNSON.

—— *will ſet him clear.*] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* muſt be ſuppoſed *to know what* he did; but it ſignifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, ſhould be *ſet clear* by being *puzzled* and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we ſay, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With ſome affinity to this uſe, though not without great harſhneſs, to *ſet clear*, may be to *ſet aſide*. But I believe the original corruption is the inſertion of the negative, which was obtruded by ſome tranſcriber, who ſuppoſed *croſs'd* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The uſe of *croſſing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakſpeare's time. The ſenſe of *ſet clear* is now eaſy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To *croſs himſelf* may mean, in a very familiar ſenſe, *to clear his ſcore*, *to get out of debt*, *to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himſelf. There is no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or ſo uſed; and Dr. Johnſon's Dictionary obſerves that *to ſet* means, in Addiſon, to embarraſs, to diſtreſs, to perplex.—If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own intereſt, becauſe the ſuperior cunning of man will at laſt puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is nearly right; but I don't ſee how the inſertion of the negative injures the ſenſe, or why that ſhould be conſidered as a corruption. Servilius means to ſay, that the devil did not foreſee the advantage that would ariſe to himſelf from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himſelf by it; for men will, in the end, become ſo much more villainous than he is, that they will ſet him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnſon has rightly explained the words, "he croſſed himſelf by it."—So, in *Cymbeline*, Poſthumus ſays of himſelf:

"——————— It is I
"That all the abhorred things o'the earth *amend*,
"By being worſe than they." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he*

thoſe that, under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire.[2]
Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,

was about, [how much his reputation for wickedneſs would be diminiſhed] *when he made man crafty and intereſted; he thwarted himſelf by it*; [by thus raiſing up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to ſurpaſs him;] *and I cannot but think that at laſt the enormities of mankind will riſe to ſuch a height, as to make even Satan himſelf, in compariſon, appear* (what he would leaſt of all wiſh to be) *ſpotleſs and innocent.*

Clear is in many other places uſed by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— nothing but heart's ſorrow,
" And a *clear* life enſuing."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

——————This Duncan
" Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
" So *clear* in his great office,—".

Again, in the play before us:

" Roots, ye *clear* gods!"

Again, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

" ———— I know myſelf am *clear*
" As is the new-born infant." MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will, at the long run be too many for his old maſter, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to ſet himſelf clear, not the devil, to whom he is ſuppoſed to be in thraldom. RITSON.

Concerning this difficult paſſage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myſelf am, in the ſtate of Dr. Warburton's devil,—*puzzled*, inſtead of being *ſet clear* by them.

[2] —— *takes* virtuous copies *to be wicked; like thoſe* &c.] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. Theſe people were then ſet upon the project of new-modelling the eccleſiaſtical and civil government according to ſcripture rules and examples; which makes him ſay, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would ſet whole realms on fire*. So, Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealouſy of friendſhip, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At beſt the ſimilitude is an aukward one: but it fitted the *audience*, though not the *ſpeaker*. WARBURTON.

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Save the gods only:[3] Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe.[4]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter two ſervants of Varro, *and the ſervant of* Lucius, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other ſervants to* Timon's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

VAR. SERV. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortenſius.
TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.
HOR. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
LUC. SERV. Ay, and, I think,
One buſineſs does command us all; for mine
Is money.
TIT. So is theirs and ours.

[3] *Save the gods only:*] Old copy — *Save only the gods.* The tranſpoſition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *keep his houſe.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act III. ſc. ii: "You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will *keep the houſe.*" STEEVENS.

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Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. SERV. And sir
Philotus too!
PHI. Good day at once.
LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
PHI. Labouring for nine.
LUC. SERV. So much?
PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?
LUC. SERV. Not yet.
PHI. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
LUC. SERV. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's;[5] but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.[6]
PHI. I am of your fear for that.

[5] ——— *a prodigal course*
Is like the sun's;] That is, like him in blaze and splendor. "*Soles occidere & redire possunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.
Theobald and the subsequent editors, elegantly enough, but without necessity, read—a *prodigal's* course. We have the same phrase as that in the text in the last couplet of the preceding scene: "And this is all a *liberal course* allows." MALONE.

[6] —— *reach deep enough, and yet*
Find little.] Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow. STEEVENS.

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TIT. I'll ſhow you how to obſerve a ſtrange event.
Your lord ſends now for money.
HOR. Moſt true, he does.
TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
HOR. It is againſt my heart.
LUC. SERV. Mark, how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.
HOR. I am weary of this charge,[7] the gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.
1. VAR. SERV. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns:
What's yours?
LUC. SERV. Five thouſand mine.
1. VAR. SERV. 'Tis much deep: and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.[8]

[7] *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commiſſion*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Elſe, ſurely, mine had equall'd*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of the paſſage is evidently and ſimply this: *Your maſter, it ſeems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwiſe his* (i. e. my maſter's) *debt* (i. e. the money due do him from Timon) *would certainly have been as great as your maſter's* (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your maſter); that is, my maſter being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a ſum as your maſter has advanced him, if he (my maſter had thought it prudent to do ſo. RITSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting between your maſter [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting between my maſter [Varro] and Timon; elſe ſurely the

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! ſir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

ſum borrowed by Timon from your maſter had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the ſum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application, made to my maſter being *raiſed* from *three* thouſand crowns to *five* thouſand."

Two ſums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the leſſer ſum, as by ſubtraction from the greater. Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C. for five, and C. requeſts that he may lend A. preciſely the *ſame* ſum as he ſhall be furniſhed with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminiſhing* his loan, and, like C, lending only five pounds. The word of Varro's ſervant therefore may mean, Elſe ſurely the *ſame ſums* had been borrowed by Timon from both our maſters.

I have preſerved this interpretation, becauſe I once thought it *probable*, and becauſe it may ſtrike others as *juſt*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I alſo formerly propoſed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It ſhould ſeem that the confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting between your maſter and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting between Timon and my maſter; elſe ſurely *his* ſum, i. e, the ſum borrowed from *my* maſter, [the laſt antecedent] had been as large as the ſum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have ſtated thus preciſely, and exactly in *ſubſtance* as it appeared ſeveral years ago, (though the expreſſion is a little varied,) becauſe a REMARKER [Mr. Ritſon] has endeavoured to repreſent is as unintelligible.

This *Remarker*, however, it is obſervable, after ſaying, that he ſhall take no notice of *ſuch ſee-ſaw conjectures*, with great gravity propoſes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *ſafely* rely. MALONE.

It muſt be perfectly clear, that the *Remarker* could not be indebted to a note which, ſo far as it is intelligible, ſeems diametrically oppoſite to his idea. It is equally ſo, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himſelf of the above Remark, to vary the expreſſion of his conjecture, and give it a ſenſe it would otherwiſe never have had. RITSON.

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FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordſhip; 'pray, ſignify ſo much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, ſir?

1. VAR. SERV. By your leave, ſir,—

FLAV. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money, here ſir.

FLAV. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough. Why then, preferr'd you not
Your ſums and bills, when your falſe maſters eat
Of my lord's meat? then they could ſmile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' intereſt
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourſelves but wrong,
To ſtir me up; let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord, and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

FLAV. If 'twill not,[9]
'Tis not ſo baſe as you; for you ſerve knaves.
[*Exit.*

[9] *If 'twill not,*] Old copy — If 'twill not *ſerve.* I have ventured to omit the uſeleſs repetition of the verb—*ſerve*, becauſe it injures the metre. STEEVENS.

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1, VAR. SERV. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2. VAR. SERV. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.[2]

TIT. O, here's Servilius; now we ſhall know Some anſwer.

SER. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen, To repair ſome other hour, I ſhould much Derive from it;[3] for, take it on my ſoul, My lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent. His comfortable temper has forſook him; He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick: And, if it be ſo far beyond his health, Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

SER. Good gods!

TIT. We cannot take this for an anſwer,[4] ſir.

FLAM. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

[2] *Enter* Servilius.] It may be obſerved that Shakſpeare has unſkilfully filled his Greek ſtory with Roman names. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *I ſhould much Derive from it:* &c.] Old copy: ——— *I ſhould Derive much from it:* &c. For this ſlight tranſpoſition, by which the metre is reſtored, I am anſwerable. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *for* an *anſwer,*] The article *an*, which is deficient in the old copy, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

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Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

TIM. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhow me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus.

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here's mine.

HOR. SERV. And mine, my lord. [5]

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

PHI. All our bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em: [6] cleave me to the girdle.

[5] Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*] In the old copy this ſpeech is given to *Varro*. I have given it to the ſervant of *Hortenſius*, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the reſt,) becauſe to the following ſpeech in the old copy is prefixed, 2. *Var.* which from the words ſpoken [And *ours*, my lord.] meant, I conceive, *the two ſervants of Varro*. In the modern editions this latter ſpeech is given to Caphis, who is not upon the ſtage. MALONE.

This whole ſcene perhaps was ſtrictly metrical, when it came from Shakſpeare; but the preſent ſtate of it is ſuch, that it cannot be reſtored but by greater violence than an editor may be allowed to employ. I have therefore given it without the leaſt attempt at arrangement. STEEVENS.

[6] *Knock me down with 'em.*] Timon quibbles. They preſent their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient ſoldiery carried, and were ſtill uſed by the watch in Shakſpeare's time. See the ſcene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much Ado about Nothing*; Vol VI. p. 303, n. 6. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Greſham ſays to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—— they durſt not *ſtrike down* their cuſtomers with large *bills*." STEEVENS.

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LUC. SERV. Alas! my lord,——
TIM. Cut my heart in ſums.
TIT. Mine, fifty talents.
TIM. Tell out my blood.
LUC. SERV. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.
TIM. Five thouſand drops pays that.—
What yours? — and yours?
1. VAR. SERV. My lord,——
2. VAR. SERV. My lord,——
TIM. Tear me; take me, and the gods fall on you. [*Exit.*
HOR. 'Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money; theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves:
Creditors! — devils.
FLAV. My dear lord,——
TIM. What if it ſhould be ſo?
FLAV. My lord,——
TIM. I'll have it ſo: — My ſteward!
FLAV. Here, my lord.
TIM. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.[7]

[7] *So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,*
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.] Thus the ſecond folio; except

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FLAV. O my lord,
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There is not ſo much left, to furniſh out
A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

that, by an apparent error of the preſs, we have — *add* inſtead of *and*.

The firſt folio reads:

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: *all,*
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.

Regularity of metre alone would be ſufficient to decide in favour of the preſent text, which, with the ſecond folio, rejects the fortuitous and unmeaning aggregate of letters — *Ullorxa*. This *Ullorxa*, however, ſeems to have been conſidered as one of the "ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels," which "emblace the forehead" of that auguſt publication, the folio 1623; and has been ſet, with becoming care, in the text of Mr. Malone. For my own part, like the cock in the fable, I am content to leave this gem on the ſtercoraceous ſpot where it was diſcovered. — *Ullorxa* (a name unacknowledged by Athens or Rome) muſt (if meant to have been introduced at all) have been a corruption as groſs as others that occur in the ſame book, where we find *Billingſgate* inſtead of *Baſingſtoke*, *Epton* inſtead of *Hyperion*, and an *ace* inſtead of *Até*. Types, indeed, ſhook out of a hat, or ſhot from a dice-box, would often aſſume forms as legitimate as the proper names tranſmitted to us by Meſſieurs Hemings, Condell, and C°. who very probably did not accuſtom themſelves to ſpell even their own appellations with accuracy, or always in the ſame manner. STEEVENS.

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SCENE V.

The ſame. The Senate-Houſe.

The Senate ſitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1. SEN. My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary, he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

2. SEN. Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.[8]

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenate!

1. SEN. Now, captain?

ALCIB. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath ſtepp'd into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, ſetting his fate aſide,[9]
Of comely virtues:[1]

[8] —— *ſhall bruiſe* him.] The old copy reads — ſhall bruiſe *'em*. The ſame miſtake has happened often in theſe plays. In a ſubſequent line in this ſcene we have in the old copy — with *him*, inſtead of — with *'em*. For the correction, which is fully juſtified by the context, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer alſo reads — bruiſe *him*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *ſetting his* fate *aſide*,] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the queſtion. STEEVENS.

[1] *He is a man*, &c.] I have printed theſe lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the

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Nor did he foil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas ſpent,[3]
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, ſetting his fault *aſide,*
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he foil, &c. JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thouſand others of the ſame kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *And with ſuch ſober and* unnoted *paſſion*
He did behave *his anger, ere 'twas ſpent*, &c.] *Unnoted* for common, bounded. *Behave*, for curb, manage. WARBURTON.

I would rather read:

——— *and unnóted paſſion*
He did behave, ere was his anger ſpent.

Unnoted paſſion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his paſſion, ſuch a one as has not hitherto been obſerved. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In ſir W. D'Avenant's play of *The Juſt Italian*, 1630, *behave* is uſed in as ſingular a manner:

"How well my ſtars *behave* their influence."

Again:

"——— You an Italian, ſir, and thus
"*Behave* the knowledge of diſgrace!"

In both theſe inſtances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

"Unnoted paſſion," I believe, means a paſſion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boiſterous appearances; ſo regulated and ſubdued, that no ſpectator could *note*, or obſerve, its operation.

The old copy reads — He did *behoove* &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave*, which Dr. Warburton interprets, *manage*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author ſo very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have ſometimes thought he might have written — "He did *behalve* his anger," — i. e. ſuppreſs it. So, Milton:

"—— yet put he not forth all his ſtrength,
"But check'd it *mid-way*."

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1. SEN. You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,[4]
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe;[5] and make his wrongs
His outſides; wear them like his raiment, careleſsly;

Behave, however, is uſed by Spenſer, in his *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. iii. in a ſenſe that will ſuit ſufficiently with the paſſage before us:

"But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*
"*Behaves* with cares, cannot ſo eaſy miſs."

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different ſignification from that in which it is now uſed. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by *tracto*, which he interprets to *govern*, or *manage*.

MALONE.

On ſecond conſideration, the ſenſe of this paſſage, (however perverſely expreſſed on account of rhyme,) may be this: He managed his anger with ſuch ſober and unnoted *paſſion* [i. e. *ſuffering*, forbearance,] before *it* was ſpent, [i. e. before that diſpoſition to endure the inſult he had received, was exhauſted,] that it ſeemed as if he had been only engaged in ſupporting an argument he had advanced in converſation. *Paſſion* may as well be uſed to ſignify *ſuffering*, as any *violent commotion of the mind*: and that our author was aware of this, may be inferred from his introduction of the Latin phraſe—"*hyſterica paſſio*," in *King Lear*. See alſo Vol. XVII. p. 13, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[4] *You undergo too* ſtrict *a paradox*,] You undertake a paradox too *hard*. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *that man can* breathe;] i. e. can *utter*. So afterwards:
"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

Again, in *Hamlet*:
"Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
"The youth you *breathe* of, guiltleſs." STEEVENS.

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And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

ALCIB. My lord,——

1. SEN. You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain. —
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings?[6] ſleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?[7] why then, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' aſs, more captain than the lion; the felon,[8]

[6] —— *threat*nings?] Old copy — *threats*. This ſlight, but judicious change, is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the next line but one, he alſo added, for the ſake of metre, — *but* —. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *what* make we
Abroad?] *What do we*, or *what have we to do in the field.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 151, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] *And th' aſs*, more captain *than the lion*; &c.] Here is another arbitrary regulation, [the omiſſion of — *captain*] the original reads thus:

——— *what make we*
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the aſs, more captain than the lion,
The fellow, *loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,*
If wiſdom, &c.

I think it may be better adjuſted thus:

——— *what make we*
Abroad? why then the *women are more valiant*
That ſtay at home;

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Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt;[9]

If bearing carry it, then is *the aſs*
More captain than the lion; and the felon
Loaden with irons, wiſer &c. JOHNSON.

—— if bearing *carry it;*] Dr. Johnſon, when he propoſed to connect this hemiſtich with the following line, inſtead of the preceding words, ſeems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propenſities. I have no doubt that the preſent arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words — *more captain*. They are ſupported by what Alcibiades has already ſaid:

" My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
" If I ſpeak like a *captain*. ——"

and by Shakſpeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is uſed with at leaſt as much harſhneſs as in the text:

" And captive good attending *captain* ill."

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

" Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
" Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Dr. Johnſon with great probability propoſes to read *felon* inſtead of *fellow*. MALONE.

The word *captain* has been very injudiciouſly reſtored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its ſpoiling what will otherwiſe be a metrical line. Nor is his uſing it elſewhere any proof that he meant to uſe it here. RITSON.

I have not ſcrupled to inſert Dr. Johnſon's emendation, *felon*, for *fellow*, in the text; but do not perceive how the line can become ſtrictly metrical by the omiſſion of the word — *captain*, unleſs, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we tranſpoſe the conjunction — *and*, and read:

The aſs more than the lion, and *the felon*, ——. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *ſin's extremeſt* guſt;] *Guſt*, for aggravation. WARBURTON.

Guſt is here in its common ſenſe; the utmoſt degree of *appetite* for ſin. JOHNSON.

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But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.[2]
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2. SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain? his ſervice done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1. SEN. What's that?

ALCIB. Why, I ſay,[3] my lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em,[4] he

I believe *guſt* means *raſhneſs*. The alluſion may be to a ſudden *guſt of wind*. STEEVENS.

So we ſay, it was done in a ſudden *guſt* of paſſion. MALONE.

[2] —— *by* mercy, *'tis moſt juſt.*] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we muſt read:

——— *'tis* made *juſt*. WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for equity. If ſuch explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herſelf* to witneſs, that defenſive violence is juſt. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is conſidered as juſtifiable. MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is the more ſpirited; but a paſſage in *King John* ſhould ſeem to countenance that of Mr. Malone:

"Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
"And ſo doth yours——." STEEVENS.

[3] *Why, I ſay,*] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —— *with* 'em,] The folio—with *him*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

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Is a ſworn rioter:[5] h'as a ſin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone[6]
To overcome him: in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn[7] my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1. SEN. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

[5] *Is a* ſworn rioter:] A *ſworn rioter* is a man who practiſes riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

The expreſſion, *a ſworn rioter*, ſeems to be ſimilar to that of *ſworn brothers*. See Vol. XIII. p. 308, n. 4. MALONE.

[6] —— *alone* —] This word was judiciouſly ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. Thus, in *All's well that ends well:*

" ——————— Good *alone*
" Is good——." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *your reverend ages love*
Security, *I'll* pawn &c.] He charges them obliquely with being uſurers. JOHNSON.

" ——————— baniſh *uſury*,
" That makes the ſenate ugly." MALONE.

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ALCIB. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be. My lords, I do beſeech you, know me.

2. SEN. How?

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.[8]

3. SEN. What?

ALCIB. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,[9]
To ſue, and be denied ſuch common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1. SEN. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;[a]
We baniſh thee for ever.

ALCIB. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage; baniſh uſury,
That makes the ſenate ugly.

1. SEN. If after two days' ſhine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to ſwell our ſpirit,[3]
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

[8] —— *remembrances.*] is here uſed as a word of five ſyllables. In the ſingular number it occurs as a quadriſyllable only. See *Twelfth Night*, A& I. ſc. i:

"And laſting in her ſad *remembrance.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *I ſhould prove ſo* baſe,] *Baſe* for diſhonour'd. WARBURTON.

[a] *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;] This reading may paſs, but perhaps the author wrote:

—— *our anger?*
'Tis few in *words, but ſpacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

[3] *And*, not *to ſwell* our *ſpirit*,] I believe, means, *not to put ourſelves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive reſolution. So, in *King Henry VIII.* A& III. ſc. i:

ALCIB. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf,
Rich only in large hurts;—All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam, that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! baniſhment?[4]
It comes not ill; I hate not to be baniſh'd;
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds;[5]
Soldiers ſhould brook as little wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

" The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
" So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,
" They *ſwell* and grow as terrible as ſtorms."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *ha!* baniſhment?] Thus the ſecond folio. Its ever-blundering predeceſſor omits the interjection, *ha!* and conſequently ſpoils the metre. — The ſame exclamation occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" *Ha!* baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death——."
STEEVENS.

[5] —— *and lay for hearts.*
'Tis honour, with moſt lands *to be at odds;*] But ſurely even in a ſoldier's ſenſe of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which ſhows rather a quarrelſome diſpoſition than a valiant one. Beſides, this was not Alcibiades's caſe. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phraſe in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, ſays he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and ſignifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which ſhould be read thus:
'Tis honour with moſt hands *to be at odds;*
i. e. to fight upon odds, or at diſadvantage; as he muſt do againſt the united ſtrength of Athens; and this, by ſoldiers, is accounted

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's *Houſe.*

Muſick. Tables ſet out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords,[5] *at ſeveral doors.*

1. LORD. The good time of day to you, ſir.

2. LORD. I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

honourable. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame metaphor on the ſame occaſion, in *Coriolanus*:

" He *lurch'd* all ſwords." WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly ſubſtituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play* for *hearts*.

JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* ſhould be changed into *play*. We ſhould now ſay, *to lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is uſed ſingly, as it is here, by Jonſon, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, [Mr. Whalley's edition] Vol. IV. p. 33:

" *Lay* for ſome pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

A kindred expreſſion occurs in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

" He *takes up* Spaniſh *hearts* on truſt, to pay them
" When he ſhall finger Caſtile's crown." MALONE.

'Tis honour, with moſt lands *to be at odds;*] I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *lands* cannot be right. To aſſert that it is honourable to fight with the *greateſt* part of the *world*, is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his ſpleen againſt the *Senate*, from whom alone he has received any injury, ſhould ſay:

'Tis honour with moſt lords *to be at odds.* MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is ſurely more honourable *to wrangle for a ſcore of kingdoms*, (as Miranda expreſſes it,) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adverſaries.

STEEVENS.

The objection to the old reading ſtill in my apprehenſion remains. It is not difficult for him who is ſo inclined, to quarrel with a lord;

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1. LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring,[6] when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2. LORD. It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1. LORD. I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an

(or with any other perſon;) but not ſo eaſy to be at odds with his *land*. Neither does the obſervation juſt made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with moſt* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which muſt, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be ſupported. MALONE.

By *moſt* lands, perhaps our author means *greateſt* lands. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act IV. ſc. i:

" But always reſolute in *moſt* extremes;"

i. e. in *greateſt*. Alcibiades, therefore, may be willing to regard a conteſt with a great and extenſive territory, like that of Athens, as a circumſtance honourable to himſelf. STEEVENS.

[5] *Enter divers* Lords,] In the modern editions theſe are called *Senators;* but it is clear from what is ſaid concerning the baniſhment of Alcibiades, that this muſt be wrong. I have therefore ſubſtituted *Lords*. The old copy has " Enter divers *friends*."

MALONE.

[6] *Upon that were my thoughts* tiring,] A hawk, I think, is ſaid to *tire;* when ſhe amuſes herſelf with pecking a pheaſant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, faſtened*, as the hawk faſtens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Like as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,

" *Tires* with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone,—"

Tirouër, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, ſignified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often uſed for this purpoſe.

In *King Henry VI.* Part II. we have a kindred expreſſion:

" ——— your *thoughts*

" *Beat on* a crown " MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I believe, is right. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is ſaid to be " woman-*tir'd*," i. e. *pecked* by a woman, as we now ſay, with a ſimilar alluſion, hen-*pecked*.

STEEVENS.

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earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2. LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1. LORD. I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2. LORD. Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. LORD. A thouſand pieces.

2. LORD. A thouſand pieces!

1. LORD. What of you?

3. LORD. He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. LORD. Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2. LORD. The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willing, than we your lordſhip.

TIM. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1. LORD. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

TIM. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

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2. LORD. My noble lord,——

TIM. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2. LORD. My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, ſir.

2. LORD. If you had ſent but two hours before,——

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.[7]—Come, bring in all together.

2. LORD. All cover'd diſhes!

1. LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. LORD. Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1. LORD. How do you? What's the news?

3. LORD. Alcibiades is baniſh'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. LORD. Alcibiades baniſh'd?

3. LORD. 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1. LORD. How? how?

2. LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.[8]

2. LORD. This is the old man ſtill.

3. LORD. Will't hold? will't hold?

2. LORD. It does: but time will——and ſo——

[7] ——*your* better *remembrance.*] i. e. your *good* memory: the *comparative* for the *poſitive* degree. See Vol. XI. p. 132, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[8] *Here's a noble feaſt* toward.] i. e. in a ſtate of readineſs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"We have a fooliſh trifling banquet *towards.*"

STEEVENS.

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3. LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike.[9] Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place: Sit, ſit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make yourſelves praiſed: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains: If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The reſt of your fees,[a] O gods,—the ſenators of Athens, together with the common lag[3] of people,—what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent friends,—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The diſhes uncovered are full of warm water.*

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordſhip mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feaſt never behold,

[9] ——*your diet ſhall be in all places alike.*] See a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. X. p. 29, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[a] *The reſt of your* fees,] We ſhould read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

[3] —— *the common* lag—] Old copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The *fag*-end of a web of cloth is, in ſome places, called the *alg*-end. STEEVENS.

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You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection.[4] This is Timon's laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,[5]
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune,[6] trencher-friends, time's flies,[7]
Cap and knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![8]
Of man, and beaſt, the infinite malady[9]
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?

[4] *Is your* perfection.] Your *perfection*, is *the higheſt of your excellence.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before:

" ——— let not that part
" Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
" To expel ſickneſs, but *prolong his hour.*"

Again:

" Gods keep you *old* enough," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *fools of fortune,*] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O! I am *fortune's fool.*" STEEVENS.

[7] —— *time's flies,*] Flies of a ſeaſon. JOHNSON.

So, before:

" —— one cloud of winter ſhowers,
" Theſe *flies* are couch'd." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *minute-jacks!*] Sir T. Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which ſhines and diſappears in an inſtant. What it was I know not; but it was ſomething of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-houſe*; an image whoſe office was the ſame as one of thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet. See note on *King Richard III.* Vol. XV. p. 414, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the infinite malady* —] Every kind of diſeaſe incident to man and beaſt. JOHNSON.

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Soft, take thy phyſick firſt,—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the diſhes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn, houſe; ſink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators.

1. LORD. How now, my lords?[2]
2. LORD. know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3. LORD. Piſh! did you ſee my cap?
4. I have loſt my gown.
3. LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you ſee my jewel?
4. LORD. Did you ſee my cap?
2. LORD. Here 'tis.
4. LORD. Here lies my gown.
1. LORD. Let's make no ſtay.
2. LORD. Lord Timon's mad.
3. LORD. I feel't upon my bones.
4. LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.[3] [*Exeunt.*

[2] *How now, my lords?*] This and the next ſpeech are ſpoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

[3] —— *ſtones.*] As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthleſs gueſts, except warm water and empty diſhes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama deſcribed in p. 2, had been read by our author, and that he ſuppoſed he had

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! Dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! ſlaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads! to general filths[4]
Convert o'the inſtant, green[5] virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats! bound ſervants, ſteal!
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'the brothel![6] ſon of ſixteen,

introduced from it the "painted *ſtones*" as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The preſent mention therefore of ſuch miſſiles, appears to want propriety. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *general filths*—] i. e. common ſewers. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *green*—] i. e. immature. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"When I was *green* in judgement ——." STEEVENS.

[6] —— o'*the brothel*!] So the old copies. Sir T. Hanmer reads, i'the brothel. JOHNSON.

One would ſuppoſe it to mean, that the miſtreſs frequented the brothel; and ſo Sir T. Hanmer underſtood it. RITSON.

The meaning is, go to thy maſter's bed, for he is alone; thy miſtreſs is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'th'*, *o'th'*, and *a'th'* are written with very little care, or rather ſeem to have been ſet down at random in different places. MALONE.

"*Of* the brothel" is the true reading. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. ii. the Steward ſays to Kent, "Art *of* the houſe?" STEEVENS.

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Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,[7]
And yet confusion[8] live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners? lust and liberty[9]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns![a]
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

[7] —— confounding *contraries*,] i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other. So, in *King Henry V*:

" ——— as doth a galled rock
" O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* base."

[8] —— yet *confusion* ——] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *let* confusion; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution*, yet *let not dissolution come, but the miseries of* confusion *continue*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *liberty* —] *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" And many such like *liberties* of sin;"

apparently meaning—*libertines*. STEEVENS.

[a] —— multiplying *banns!*] i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*: the *active* participle with a *passive* signification. See Vol. IV. p. 225, n. 3. STEEVENS.

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The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS,[8] *with two or three* Servants.

1. SERV. Hear you, maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?
FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded[9] by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1. SERV. Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2. SERV. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes[a]

[8] *Enter* Flavius,] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his ſervants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domeſticks; nothing but impartial kindneſs can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

[9] *Let* me *be recorded* —] In compliance with ancient elliptical phraſeology, the word *me*, which diſorders the meaſure, might be omitted. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
Let it *be recorded* &c. STEEVENS.

[a] —— to *his buried fortunes* —] So the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *from*; but the old reading might ſtand. JOHNSON.

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Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.

3. SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

I ſhould ſuppoſe that the words *from*, in the ſecond line, and *to* in the third line, have been miſplaced, and that the original reading was:

As we do turn our backs
To *our companion thrown into his grave,*
So his familiars from *his buried fortunes.*
Slink all away;——.

When we leave a perſon, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him.
M. MASON.

So his familiars to *his buried fortunes*, &c.] So thoſe who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the moſt ample manner participated of them, ſlink all away, &c. MALONE.

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Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.[3]
[*Exeunt* Servants.
O, the fierce wretchedneſs[4] that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodneſs! Strange, unuſual blood,[5]

[3] —— rich *in ſorrow*, *parting* poor.] This conceit occurs again in *King Lear*:

" Faireſt Cordelia, thou art moſt *rich*, being *poor*."

STEEVENS.

[4] *O, the* fierce *wretchedneſs* —] I believe *fierce* is here uſed for *haſty*, *precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Ben Jonſon in his *Poetaſter*:

" And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
" One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In *King Henry VIII.* our author has *fierce vanities*. In all inſtances it may mean *glaring*, *conſpicuous*, *violent*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan ſays:

" Thy hobby-horſe is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in *King John*:

" O vanity of ſickneſs! *fierce* extremes
" In their continuance will not feel themſelves."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Strange*, *unuſual* blood,] Of this paſſage, I ſuppoſe, every reader would wiſh for a correction: but the word, harſh as it is, ſtands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propoſe. Perhaps,

—— *Strange*, *unuſual* mood,

may, by ſome, be thought better, and by others worſe.

JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakſpeare, *blood* ſeems to be uſed for *inclination*, *propenſity*:

" For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, *unuſual blood*, may therefore mean, ſtrange unuſual diſpoſition.

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When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord,—bleſs'd, to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. O bleſſed breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb [6]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,

Again, in the 5th book of Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, fol. iii. b:

"And thus of thilke unkinde *blood*
"Stant the memorie unto this daie."

Gower is ſpeaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome. STEEVENS.

Throughout theſe plays *blood* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of natural propenſity or diſpoſition. See Vol. VI. p. 80, n. 7; and p. 282, n. 3. MALONE.

[6] —— *below thy ſiſter's orb* —] That is, the moon's, this *ſublunary* world. JOHNSON.

Scarce is dividant,—touch them with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer: Not nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.[7]
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord;[8]

[7] ——— *Not nature,*
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will ſcorn brother:* for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *beſieged as it is by miſery*, admoniſhed as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will deſpiſe* beings of *nature like its own.* JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, that this paſſage "but by the addition of a ſingle letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* inſtead of *nature.*" The meaning will then be—"Not even being reduced to the utmoſt extremity of wretchedneſs, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures."—The word *natures* is afterwards uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe by Apemantus:

"——— Call the creatures
"Whoſe naked *natures* live in all the ſpite
"Of wreakful heaven," &c.

Perhaps, in the preſent inſtance, we ought to complete the meaſure by reading:

—— *not* thoſe *natures*,——. STEEVENS.

But by is here uſed for *without.* MALONE.

[8] *Raiſe me this beggar, and* denude *that lord;*] [Old copy—*deny't* that lord.] Where is the ſenſe and Engliſh of *deny't that lord?* Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be abſurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that lord. The antitheſis muſt be, let fortune *raiſe* this beggar, and let her *ſtrip* and *deſpoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which ſenſe is completed by this ſlight alteration:

——— *and* denude *that lord*;——.

So, lord Rea, in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1650: "All theſe Hamiltons had *denuded* themſelves of their fortunes and eſtates." And Charles the Firſt, in his meſſage to the parliament ſays: "*Denude* ourſelves of all."—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15, octavo edit. WARBURTON.

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The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſture lards the brother's ſides,[9]

So, as Theobald has obſerved, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
" Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures."
MALONE.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. Raiſe me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not ſo high a title in the ſtate, but that a man originally poor might be raiſed to one above it. We might read *deveſt* that lord. *Deveſt* is an Engliſh law phraſe, which Shakſpeare uſes in *King Lear*:
" Since now we will *deveſt* us both of rule," &c.
The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:
" As one of all happineſs *denuded*." STEEVENS.

[9] *It is the* paſture *lards the* brother's *ſides*,] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the beſt; ſuppoſing it did, indeed, contain the ſame ſentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakſpeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a ſenſible writer, made a ſmart obſervation, he illuſtrates it by a ſimilitude thus:
It is the paſture lards the wether's *ſides*,
The want that makes him lean.
And the ſimilitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this ſatirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the eſteem of ſuperficial and corrupt judgments, than betweeq a fat ſheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is very obſcure, nor do I diſcover any clear ſenſe, even though we ſhould admit the emendation. Let us inſpect the text as it ſtands in the original edition:
It is the paſtour *lards the* brother's *ſides*,
The want that makes him leave.
Dr. Warburton found the paſſage already changed thus:
It is the paſture *lards the* beggar's *ſides*,
The want that makes him lean.
And upon this reading of no authority, raiſed another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without neceſſity. Let us ſee what ſenſe the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, ſays the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illuſtrate this poſition, having already mentioned the caſe of a poor and rich

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The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by thoſe whom it leaſt becomes: *it is the* paſtour *that greaſes or* flatters *the rich* brother, and will greaſe him on till *want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to aſk, *Who dares to ſay this man,* this paſtour *is a flatterer;* the crime is univerſal; through all the word *the learned pate,* with alluſion to the paſtour, *ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may juſtly be, that the mention of a paſtour is unſuitable, we muſt remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many ſuch anachroniſms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

It is the paſtour *lards the* brother's *ſides,*
'Tis *want that makes him* leave.

The obſcurity is ſtill great. Perhaps a line is loſt. I have at leaſt given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote *paſterer*, for I meet with ſuch a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Alexander, before he fell into the Perſian delicacies, refuſed thoſe cooks and *paſterers* that Ada queen of Caria ſent to him." There is likewiſe a proverb among Ray's collection, which ſeems to afford much the ſame meaning as this paſſage in Shakſpeare:—"Every one baſteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act II:

"That were to *enlard* his *fat-already* pride."

STEEVENS.

In this very difficult paſſage, which ſtill remains obſcure, ſome liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer propoſes to read it thus:

It is the paſterer *lards the* broader *ſides,*
The gaunt *that makes him* leave.

And in ſupport of this conjecture, he obſerves, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in murther, *murder*, burthen, *burden*, &c. REED.

That the paſſage is corrupt as it ſtands in the old copy, no one, I ſuppoſe, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but neceſſity. I have already more than once obſerved, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. In *Coriolanus* we have *higher* for *hire*, and *hope* for *holp*; in the preſent play *reverends* for *reverends't*; and in almoſt every play ſimilar corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here:

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In purity of manhood ſtand upright,

" —— and bedew
" Her *paſtors'* graſs with faithful Engliſh blood."

Again, in *As you like it*, folio, 1623, we find, "I have heard him read many *lectors* againſt it;" inſtead of *lectures*.

Paſture, when the *u* is ſounded thin, and *paſtor*, are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the firſt diſputed word of this conteſted paſſage is aſcertained. In *As you like it* we have—" good paſture makes fat ſheep." Again, in the ſame play:

" Anon, a careleſs herd,
" Full of *the paſture*, jumps along by him," &c.

The meaning then of the paſſage is,—It is the land alone which each man poſſeſſes that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered: and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I ſuppoſe, with Dr. Johnſon, that Shakſpeare was ſtill thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already deſcribed.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnſon himſelf was ſatisfied with his far-fetched explication of *paſtour*, as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one elſe can be ſatisfied with it. In order to give it ſome little ſupport, he ſuppoſes "*This* man's a flatterer," in the following paſſage, to relate to the imaginary *paſtor* in this; whereas thoſe words indubitably relate to *any* one individual ſelected out of the aggregate maſs of mankind.

Dr. Warburton reads — *wether's* ſides; which affords a commodious ſenſe, but is ſo far removed from the original reading as to be inadmiſſible. Shakſpeare, I have no doubt, thought at firſt of thoſe animals that are fatted by *paſture*, and paſſed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *ſoil*.

I have ſometimes thought that he might have written — the *breather's* ſides. He has thrice uſed the word elſewhere. "I will chide no *breather* in the world, but myſelf," ſays Orlando in *As you like it*. Again, in one of his *Sonnets:*

" When all the *breathers* of this world are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" She ſhows a body, rather than a life;
" A ſtatue than a *breather*."

If this was the author's word in the paſſage before us, it muſt mean *every living animal*. But I have little faith in ſuch conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old ſpelling of *lean*, and the *u* in the MSS. of our author's time is not to be diſtinguiſhed from an *n*. Add to this, that in the

And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?*[a] If one be,

firſt folio u is conſtantly employed where we now uſe a *v*; and hence, by inverſion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almoſt every *proof*-ſheet of every book that paſſes through the preſs). Of this I have given various inſtances in a note in Vol. V. p. 178, n. 3. See alſo Vol. X. p. 197, n. 6.

But it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to theſe inſtances. This very word *leave* is again printed inſtead of *leane*, in *King Henry IV.* Part II. quarto, 1600:

" The lives of all your loving complices
" *Leave* on your health."

On the other hand, in *King Henry VIII.* 1623, we have *leane* inſtead of *leave*: " You'll *leane* your noiſe anon, you raſcals." But any argument on this point is ſuperfluous, ſince the context clearly ſhews that *lean* muſt have been the word intended by Shakſpeare.

Such emendations as thoſe now adopted, *thus founded* and ſupported, are not capricious conjectures, againſt which no one has ſet his face more than myſelf, but almoſt certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I ſhall make no other apology than that finding it *neceſſary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any ſenſe, I thought it incumbent on me to ſupport the readings I have choſen, in the beſt manner in my power. MALONE.

As a *brother* (meaning, I ſuppoſe, a churchman) does not, literally ſpeaking, fatten himſelf by feeding on *land*, it is probable that *paſture* ſignifies *eating* in general, without reference to *terra firma*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Food for his rage, *repaſture* for his den."

Paſture, in the ſenſe of nouriſhment collected from fields, will undoubtedly fatten the ſides of a ſheep or an ox, but who ever deſcribes the owner of the fields as having derived from them his *embonpoint*?

The emendation—*lean* is found in the ſecond folio, which ſhould not have been denied the praiſe to which it is entitled.

Breather's ſides can never be right, for who is likely to grow fat through the mere privilege of *breathing*? or who indeed can receive ſuſtenance without it?

The reading in the text may be the true one; but the condition in which this play was tranſmitted to us, is ſuch as will warrant repeated doubts in almoſt every ſcene of it. STEEVENS.

[a] *And ſay, This man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular perſon before mentioned, as Dr. Johnſon thought,

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So are they all; for every grize of fortune[3]
Is ſmooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, Timon diſdains:
Deſtruction fang mankind![4]—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votariſt.[5] Roots, you clear heavens![6]
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
fair;

but to ſome ſuppoſed individual. Who, ſays Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it*:

"Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
"When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?"

MALONE.

[3] —— *for every* grize *of fortune*—] *Grize* for ſtep or degree. POPE.

See Vol. V. p. 321, n. 4. MALONE.

[4] —— fang *mankind!*] i. e. ſeize, gripe. This verb is uſed by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631:

"—— bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *no idle votariſt.*] No ſincere or conſtant ſupplicant. *Gold* will not ſerve me inſtead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *you* clear heavens!] This may mean either ye *cloudleſs ſkies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakſpeare mentions the *cleareſt gods* in *King Lear*; and in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540, a ſtranger is thus addreſſed: "Good ſtranger or alyen, *clere* geſt," &c. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Then Collatine again by Lucrece' ſide,
"In his *clear* bed might have repoſed ſtill."

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

See p. 89. MALONE.

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Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;[7]
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads:[8]
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy[9] ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,[a]
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;[3]

[7] —— *Why this*
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;] Ariſtophanes, in his *Plutus*, A&V. ſc. ii. makes the prieſt of Jupiter deſert his ſervice to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

[8] *Pluck* ſtout *men's pillows from below their heads:*] i. e. men who have ſtrength yet remaining to ſtruggle with their diſtemper. This alludes to an old cuſtom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their laſt agonies, to make their departure the eaſier. But the Oxford editor, ſuppoſing *ſtout* to ſignify *healthy*, alters it to *ſick*, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

[9] —— *the hoar leproſy*—] So, in P. Holland's Tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, Book XXVIII. ch. xii: "—— the *foul white lepris* called *elephantiaſis*." STEEVENS.

[a] —— *this is it,*] Some word is here wanting to the metre. We might either repeat the pronoun—*this;* or avail ourſelves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically uſed,
—— why, *this it is.* STEEVENS.

[3] *That makes the* wappen'd *widow wed again;*] *Waped* or *wappen'd* ſignifies both ſorrowful and terrified, either for the loſs of a good huſband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he ſays, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is uſed by Spenſer in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the ſenſes mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time.* So, our author, in *King Richard III:*
"A beauty-*waining*, and diſtreſſed widow." JOHNSON.
In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker,

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She, whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores

1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will eaſily explain for himſelf, when he has ſeen the following paſſage:

" *Moll.* And there you ſhall *wap* with me.

" *Sir B.* Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap?*

" *Moll. Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed:*

" Boarded at Tappington,

" *Bedded* at *Wappington.*"

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610: " *Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not uſed now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping*-morts for whores." Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 417: " Deal courteouſly with the Queen, &c. and with Miſtreſs Anne Hawte for *wappy's* &c.

Mr. Amner obſerves, that " the editor of theſe fame Letters, to wit, Sir John Fenn, (as perhaps becometh a grave man and a magiſtrate,) profeſſeth not to underſtand this paſſage."

It muſt not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in *The Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uſes the word with the ſenſe in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

" My ſewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whoſe curioſity and paſſions had been already gratified.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,

" Are baſe reſpects of *thrift*, but none of *love.*"

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the ſame ſentiment may be diſcovered there. There may, however, be ſome corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping* widow. So, in the ancient bl. l. ballad entitled, *The little Barley Corne:*

" 'Twill make a *weeping widow* laugh,

" And ſoon incline to pleaſure." STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the text in my apprehenſion, nor do I ſuſpect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is uſed by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, for *freſh*, the oppoſite of *ſtale;* and perhaps we ſhould read there *unwappen'd.*

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, becauſe it appears to me likely to miſlead the reader with reſpect to the general import of the paſſage. Shakſpeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's *ſeeking a* huſband, (though " her *curioſity* has been *gratified,*") but for her *finding* one. It is

Would caſt the gorge at,[3] this embalms and ſpices

her gold, ſays he, that induces ſome one (more attentive to *thriſt* than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.— *Wed* is here uſed for *wedded*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act. I. ſc. i:

"In Syracuſa was I born, and *wed*
"Unto a woman, happy but for me."

If *wed* is uſed as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her ſecond marriage*. MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *halting under crimes many and ſtale*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd*, in the line cited from Chaucer, by *ſtupified*; a ſenſe which accords with the other inſtances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakſpeare. The *wappen'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to thoſe pleaſures, the deſire of which was her firſt inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I ſuſpect that there is another error in this paſſage, which has eſcaped the notice of the editors, and that we ſhould read— "*woo'd* again," inſtead of "*wed* again." That a woman ſhould *wed* again, however wapper'd, [or wappen'd] is nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary circumſtance is, that ſhe ſhould be *woo'd* again, and become an object of deſire. M. MASON.

[3] *She, whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores*
Would caſt the gorge at,] Surely we ought to read:
She, whoſe ulcerous ſores the ſpital-houſe
Would caſt the gorge at:
or, ſhould the firſt line be thought deficient in harmony,—
She at whoſe *ulcerous ſores the ſpital houſe*
Would caſt the gorge up,——.
So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen:*
"And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
"He ſpewed *up* his gorge."
The old reading is nonſenſe.

I muſt add, that Dr. Farmer joins with me in ſuſpecting this paſſage to be corrupt, and is ſatisfied with the emendation I have propoſed. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*. "The ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores," therefore may be uſed for *the contaminated ſpital-houſe;* the ſpital-houſe replete with ulcerous ſores. If it be aſked, how can the ſpital-houſe, or how can ulcerous ſores, *caſt the gorge* at the female here deſcribed, let the following paſſages anſwer the queſtion:

"Heaven ſtops the *noſe* at it, and the moon *winks*."
Othello.

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To the April day again.[4] Come, damned earth,

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Whoſe *ſpirit*, with divine ambition puff'd,
" *Makes mouths* at the inviſible event."

Again, *ibidem:*

" —— till our *ground*,
" Singing his *pate* againſt the burning zone," &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Over thy *wounds* now do I prophecy,—
" Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope their* ruby *lips*,—."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— when the bag-pipe ſings i'the *noſe*,—."

Again, in the play before us:

" —— when our vaults have *wept*
" With drunken ſpilth of wine ——."

In the preceding page, all *ſores* are ſaid to lay *ſiege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the paſſage is to be underſtood literally, than they can *caſt the gorge* at the ſight of the perſon here deſcribed.—In a word, the diction of the text is ſo very Shakſpearian, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould be ſuſpected of corruption.

The meaning is,— Her whom the ſpital-houſe, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looſer paraphraſe) Her, at the ſight of whom all the patients in the ſpital-houſe, however contaminated, would ſicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, diſguſted by the view of ſtill greater pollution, than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and ſpices, &c.

To " caſt the gorge *at*, was Shakſpeare's phraſeology. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i: " How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my *gorge* riſes *at* it."

To the various examples which I have produced in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added theſe:

" Our *fortune* on the ſea is *out of breath*,
" And ſinks moſt lamentably." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Again, *ibidem:*

" Mine *eyes* did *ſicken* at the ſight."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*."

Again, *ibidem:*

" —— we will fetters put upon this fear,
" Which now goes too *free-footed*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" His *evaſions* have *ears* thus long." MALONE.

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Thou common whore of mankind, that put'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.[5]—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick,[6]
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:—
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

ALCIB. What art thou there? Speak.

TIM. A beaſt, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

[4] *To the* April *day again.*] That is, *to the wedding day*, called by the poet, ſatirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*. JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other *diſeaſed female*, who is repreſented as the *outcaſt of an hoſpital*. She it is whom gold *embalms and ſpices* to the *April day again:* i. e. gold reſtores her to all the *freſhneſs and ſweetneſs* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

" —— make black, white; foul, fair;
" Wrong, right;" &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps ſupport this interpretation. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 262, edit. 1633: "Do you ſee how the ſpring time is full of flowers, decking itſelf with them, and not aſpiring to the fruits of autumn? What leſſon is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you ſhould be like *April*."

Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607: "He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*." Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls *youth* "the *April* of man's life." Shakſpeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the ſame thought:

" Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
" Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31ſt Sonnet has, "—— the *April* of my years." Maſter Fenton "ſmells *April* and May. TOLLET.

[5] *Do thy right nature.*] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou haſt life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

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For ſhowing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

TIM. I am *miſanthropos*,[7] and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

ALCIB. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:[8]
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiſs thee;[9] then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

[7] *I am* miſanthropos,] A marginal note in the old tranſlation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, furniſhed our author with this epithet: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Miſanthropus*, the Athenian." MALONE.

[8] —— *gules, gules:*] Might we not repair the defective metre of this line, by adopting a Shakſpearian epithet, and reading,

—— *gules*, total *gules;*

as in the following paſſage in *Hamlet!*

"Now is he *total* gules." STEEVENS.

[9] *I will not kiſs thee;*] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection tranſmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, ſays Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kiſſing thee. JOHNSON.

Thus, *The Humourous Lieutenant* ſays:

"He has ſome wench, or ſuch a toy, to kiſs over,
"Before he go: 'would I had ſuch another,
"*To draw this fooliſh pain down.*" STEEVENS.

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ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.

ALCIB. Noble Timon,
What friendſhip may I do thee?

TIM. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

ALCIB. What is it, Timon?

TIM. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promiſe, [9] the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou doſt perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

ALCIB. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.

TIM. Thou ſaw'ſt them, when I had proſperity.

ALCIB. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time. [a]

TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

TYMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

TIM. Art thou Timandra?

TYMAN. Yes,

[9] ——— *If*
Thou wilt not promiſe, &c.] That is, however thou may'ſt act, ſince thou art man, hated man, I wiſh thee evil. JOHNSON.

[a] —— then *was a bleſſed time.*] I ſuſpect, from Timon's anſwer, that Shakſpeare wrote — *thine* was a bleſſed time. MALONE.

I apprehend no corruption. *Now*, and *then*, were deſignedly oppoſed to each other. STEEVENS.

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TIM. Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that uſe thee;
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths;[3] bring down roſe-cheeked youth[4]
To the tub-faſt, and the diet.[5]

TYMAN. Hang thee, monſter!

[3] *Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that uſe thee;*
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: &c.] There is here a ſlight tranſpoſition. I would read:

——— *they love thee not that uſe thee,*
Leaving with thee their luſt; give them diſeaſes,
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths;——. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *bring down* roſe-cheeked *youth* —] This expreſſive epithet our author might have found in Marlow's *Hero and Leander:*
" *Roſe-cheek'd* Adonis kept a ſolemn feaſt." MALONE.

[5] *To the* tub-faſt, *and the diet.*] [Old copy — *ſub-faſt.*] One might make a very long and vain ſearch, yet not be able to meet with this prepoſterous word *ſub-faſt.* which has notwithſtanding paſſed current with all the editors. We ſhould read — *tub-faſt.* The author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe: that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and leſt, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. " The regimen for the courſe of guaiacum (ſays Dr. Friend, in his *Hiſtory of Phyſick*, Vol. II. p. 380,) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him ſweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expreſſes it, the bones, and the very man himſelf was macerated." Wiſeman ſays, in England they uſed a *tub* for this purpoſe, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days (as he obſerves, p. 375.) and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-faſt.*
WARBURTON.

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ALCIB. Pardon him ſweet Tymandra; for his wits

So, in Jaſper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

" —— You had better match a ruin'd bawd,
" One ten times cur'd by ſweating, and the *tub*."

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor ſays: " —— O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I ſhall burſt myſelf with laughing elſe." Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: Our embaſſage is into *France*, there may be employment for thee: Haſt thou a *tub*?"

The diet was likewiſe a cuſtomary term for the regimen preſcribed in theſe caſes. So, in *Springes to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

" Priſcus gave out, &c.——
" Priſcus had tane *the diet* all the while."

Again, in another collection of ancient Epigrams called *The Maſtive*, &c.

" She took not *diet* nor the ſweat in ſeaſon."

Thus, alſo in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

" —— whom I *in diet* keep
" Send lower down into the cave,
" And in a *tub* that's heated ſmoaking hot," &c.

Again, in the ſame play:

" —— caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
" Where we this two months ſweat, &c.
" This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c.

STEEVENS.

The preceding lines, and a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, fully ſupport the emendation:

" Truly, ſir, ſhe [the bawd] had eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the *tub*." MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontiſpice repreſenting the ſweating tub, which from the name of the unfortunate patient, was afterwards called *Cornelius's tub*, as appears from the Dictionaries of Cotgrave and Howel. Some account of the ſweating-tub with a cut of it may be ſeen in Ambroſe Paræus's Works, by Johnſon, p. 48. Another very particular repreſentation of it may be likewiſe found in the *Recueil de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet*, with the following lines:

" Pour un petit plaiſir je ſoufre mille maux;
" Je fais contre un hyver deux eſte ci me ſemble:
" Partout le corps je ſue, & ma machoir tremble;
" Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux."

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Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious hand: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them,[6]—

TIM. I pr'ythee beat they drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIM. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:
Here's ſome gold for thee.

TIM. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,——

TIM. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

TIM. The gods confound them all i' thy conqueſt; and
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!

ALCIB. Why me, Timon?

TIM. That,
By killing villains, thou waſt born to conquer
My country.

For another print of this tub, ſee *Holmes's Academy of Armory.* DOUCE.

[6] —— *trod upon them,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—had *trod upon them.* Shakſpeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.

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Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: [7] Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an uſurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-
paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,[8]

[7] *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air:] This is wonderfully ſublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

We meet with the ſame image again in *King Richard II:*
" ——— or ſuppoſe
" Devouring *peſtilence hangs* in our *air.*" [MALONE.

[8] *That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,*] The virgin that ſhews her boſom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is almoſt confirmed by the following paſſage in *Cymbeline:*
" —— or let her beauty
" *Look through a* caſement *to allure falſe hearts,*
" And be falſe with them."

Shakſpeare at the ſame time might aim a ſtroke at this indecency in the wantons of his own time, which is alſo animadverted on by ſeveral contemporary dramatiſts. So, in the ancient interlude of *The repentance of Marie Magdalene,* 1567:
" Your garment muſt be worne alway,
" That your *white pappes* may be ſeene if you may. ——
" If young gentlemen may ſee your white ſkin,
" It will allure them to love, and ſoon bring them in.
" Both damſels and wives uſe many ſuch feates.
" I know them that will lay out their *faire teates.*"

All this is addreſſed to Mary Magdalen.

To the ſame purpoſe, Jovius Pontanus:
" Nam quid lacteolos ſinus, & ipſas
" Præ te fers ſine linteo papillas?
" Hoc eſt dicere, poſce, poſce, trado,
" Hoc eſt ad Venerem vocare amantes." STEEVENS.

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Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down [7] horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Our author has again the ſame kind of imagery in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" —— ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
" Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd age."

I do not believe any particular ſatire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerſet, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus repreſented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehenſible than the ladies of the preſent day, who from the ſame extravagant purſuit of what is called faſhion, run into an oppoſite extreme, MALONE.

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modeſt Engliſh woman, in which the *papillæ exertæ* were exhibited as deſcribed on the preſent occaſion by Shakſpeare; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated ſong, the " hills of ſnow," but to the " pinks that grow " upon their ſummits. See Vol. VI. p. 141, n. 5. STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read nearly thus:

—— nor *thoſe milk-paps,*
That through the widow's barb *bore at men's eyes,*
Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

The uſe of the doubled negative is ſo common in Shakſpeare, that it is unneceſſary to ſupport it by inſtances. The *barbe*, I believe was a kind of *veil.* Creſſida, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is deſcribed as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Creſſida*, Book II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Gloſſary) reads —*wimple*, which certainly ſignifies a *veil*, and was probably ſubſtituted as a ſynonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuſcripts. *Unbarbed* is uſed by Shakſpeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. v:

" Muſt I go ſhew them my *unbarbed* ſconce?"

See alſo Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes.* TYRWHITT.

The folios read—*barne*, and not improperly; *en* is a common termination of a Saxon plural, which we in numberleſs inſtances retain to this day. The word is to be explained by *bars*, but ſhould not have been removed from the text. RITSON.

[7] *Set them down*—] Old copy, in defiance of metre,—
But *ſet them down.* STEEVENS.

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Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;[9]
Think it a baſtard,[2] whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat[3] ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe: Swear againſt objects;[4]
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me,
Not all thy counſel.

TIM. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon thee!

PHR. AND TYM. Give us ſome gold, good Timon
Haſt thou more?

[9] —— exhauſt *their mercy;*] For *exhauſt*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*extort;* but *exhauſt* here ſignifies literally to *draw forth.* JOHNSON.

[2] —— *baſtard,*] An alluſion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

[3] —— thy *throat*—] Old copy—*the* throat. Corrected by M. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *Swear againſt objects;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
——'gainſt *all objects:*
So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:
"Or made them *ſwear againſt the thing they ſee.*" STEEVENS.

Perhaps *objects* is here uſed *provincially* for *abjects.* FARMER.

Againſt objects is, againſt objects of charity and compaſſion. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ulyſſes ſays:
"For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
"To tender *objects.*" M. MASON.

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TIM. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd.[5] Hold up, you fluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,[6]—ſpare your oaths,
I'll truſt to your conditions:[7] Be whores ſtill;
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turncoats:[8] Yet may your pains, ſix months,
Be quite contrary:[9] And thatch your poor thin roofs[a]

[5] *And to make* whores, *a bawd.*] That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores. JOHNSON.

[6] *The immortal gods that hear you,*] The ſame thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, A&t I. ſc. iii:

"Though you with ſwearing *ſhake the throned gods.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths." STEEVENS.

[7] *I'll truſt to your conditions:*] You need not ſwear to continue whores, I will truſt to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIII. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] *And be no turncoats:*] By an old ſtatue, thoſe women who lived in a ſtate of proſtitution, were, among other articles concerning their dreſs, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong-ſide outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this paſſage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive how this explanation of—*turncoat*, will accord with Timon's train of reaſoning; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive ſatisfaction from that which affords no aſſiſtance to the commentator. STEEVENS.

[9] *Yet may your* pains, *ſix months,*
Be quite contrary:] This is obſcure, partly from the ambiguity

With burdens of the dead;—ſome that were hang'd-
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore ſtill;

of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expreſſion. The meaning is this: he had ſaid before, follow conſtantly your trade of debauchery: that is (ſays he) for ſix months in the year. Let the other ſix be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the ſevere diſcipline neceſſary for the repair of thoſe diſorders that your debaucheries occaſion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be ſpent in theſe different occupations. On this account he goes on, and ſays, *Make falſe hair*, &c. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on eaſier terms. We may read:

—— *Yet may your pains ſix months*
Be quite contraried:——.

Timon is wiſhing ill to mankind, but is afraid leſt the whores ſhould imagine that he wiſhes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and diſappointments enough to plague themſelves. He wiſhes that they may do all poſſible miſchief, and yet take *pains ſix months* of the year in vain.

In this ſenſe there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and paint.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was adviſed not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the preſent words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unneceſſary deviations from the text ſhould ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be ſaid of the expoſitions of that commentator. The words that follow fully ſupport it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have loſt the greater part of your hair by diſeaſe, and the medicines that for ſix months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c. MALONE.

I believe this means,— Yet for half the year at leaſt, may you ſuffer ſuch puniſhment as is inflicted on harlots in houſes of correction. STEEVENS.

Theſe words ſhould be included in a parentheſis. Johnſon wiſhes to connect them with the following ſentences, but that

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Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

PHR. AND TYM. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

cannot be, as they contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an inſtruction. Timon is giving inſtructions to thoſe women; but, in the middle of his inſtructions his miſanthropy breaks forth in an imprecation againſt them. I have no objection to the reading of *contraried*, inſtead of *contrary*, but it does not ſeem to be neceſſary. M. MASON.

[a] —— *thatch your poor thin roofs* &c.] About the year 1595, when the faſhion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a ſingle head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice ſuch as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuſes*, which I have often quoted on the article of dreſs. To this faſhion the writers of Shakſpeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608: "—— to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this againſt kind?"

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"And with large ſums they ſtick not to procure,
"*Hair from the dead*, yea, and the moſt unclean;
"To help their pride they nothing will diſdain."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
"The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
"To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
"Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragical diſcours of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

"The *perwickes* fine muſt curle wher haire doth lack
"The ſwelling grace that fils the empty ſacke."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, Book IX. ch. xlvii. is likewiſe very ſevere on this faſhion. Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* were firſt brought into England about the time of the maſſacre of Paris." STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 81, n. 8.

The *firſt* edition of Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuſes* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.

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TIM. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar men's ſpurring.[3] Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly:[4] hoar the flamen.[5]
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: down with the noſe,
Down with it flat! take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee,[6]

[3] —— *men's* ſpurring.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ſparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The diſeaſe that enfeebled their *ſhins* would have this effect. STEEVENS.

[4] *Nor ſound his* quillets *ſhrilly:*] *Quillets* are ſubtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "—— a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quillet*, *res frivola, recula.* MALONE

[5] —— hoar *the flamen*,] Mr. Upton would read—*hoarſe*, i. e. make hoarſe; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. "Add to this (ſays he) that *hoarſe* is here moſt proper, as oppoſed to *ſcolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leproſy*." So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"——ſhew like *leproſy*,
"The *whiter* the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leproſy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

[6] *that his particular to* foreſee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the ſenſe is good. To *foreſee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right ſcent of publick good.* In hunting, when hares have croſs'd one another, it is common for ſome of the hounds *to ſmell from the general weal, and foreſee their own particular.* Shakſpeare, who ſeems to have been a ſkilful ſportſman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—fore-*ſend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, ſecure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uſes *foreſend* in the wrong meaning. To *foreſend*, is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide againſt*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative ſenſe. JOHNSON.

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Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all![7]

PHR. AND TYM. More counſel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.[8]

ALCIB. Call'ſt thou that harm?

[7] *And ditches* grave *you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obſolete, though ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey's Tranſlation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"Cinders (think'ſt thou) mind this? or *graved* ghoſtes?"

To *ungrave* was likewiſe to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marſton's *Sophoniſba:*

"—— and me, now dead,
"Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks
"To ſtanch beaſts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,
"I ſeek ſlow reſt."

See Vol. XII. p. 92, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[8] *Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.*] Shakſpeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the ſacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men ſpeak well!" MALONE.

TIM. Men daily find it ſuch.[8] Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.
ALCIB. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,[9]
Teems, and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-fame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm,[2]
With all the abhorred births below criſp heaven[3]

[8] —— *find it* ſuch,] For the inſertion of the pronoun — *ſuch*, I am anſwerable. It is too frequently uſed on ſimilar occaſions by our author, to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

[9] *Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt*,] This image is taken from the ancient ſtatues of Diana Epheſia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων μήτηρ; and is a very good comment on thoſe extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, Lib. III. ch. xv. Heſiod, alluding to the ſame repreſentations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

Whoſe infinite breaſt means no more than *whoſe boundleſs ſurface*. Shakſpeare probably knew nothing of the ſtatue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

[2] — — *eyeleſs venom'd worm*,] The ſerpent, which we, from the ſmallneſs of his eyes, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Adder's fork, and *blindworm's* ſting." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *below* criſp *heaven*] We ſhould read — *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *criſp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

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Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons doth hate,[4]
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb,[5]
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man![6]
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion[7] all above
Never preſented! — O, a root, — Dear thanks;
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;[8]

Perhaps Shakſpeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In *The Tempeſt*, Ariel talks of riding

" On the *curl'd* clouds."

Chaucer, in his *Houſe of Fame*, ſays,

" Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*."

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in *The Philoſopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

" Her face as beauteous as the *criſped* morn " STEEVENS.

[4] —— *who all* thy *human ſons* doth *hate*,] Old copy — *the* human ſons *do* hate. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] Enſear *thy fertile and conceptious womb*,] So, in *King Lear*:

" *Dry up* in her the organs of encreaſe " STEEVENS.

[6] *Let it no more* bring out *ingrateful man!*] It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*. STEEVENS.

Neither Warburton nor Dr. Johnſon ſeem to have been aware of the import of this paſſage. It was the great boaſt of the Athenians that they were *αὐτόχθονες*; *ſprung from the ſoil on which they lived*; and it is in alluſion to this, that the terms *common mother* and *bring out*, are applied to the *ground*. HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a ſcholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boaſt, I fear that Shakſpeare knew no more of it than of the many-breaſted Diana of Epheſus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the* marbled *manſion* —] So, Milton, Book III. l. 564:

" Through the pure *marble* air ——."

Virgil beſtows the ſame epithet on the ſea. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*:

" Now by yon *marble* heaven, ——." MALONE.

[8] *Dry up thy* marrows, *vines, and plough-torn leas*;] The ſenſe is

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

TIM. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune.[9] Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit? and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes,[a] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,

this: *O nature! ceaſe* to *produce men*, *enfear thy womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at leaſt ceaſe to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morſels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquoriſh draughts*, and thy *plough-torn leas*. Here are affects correſponding with cauſes, *liquoriſh draughts*, with *vines*, and *unctuous morſels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preſerved. JOHNSON.

[9] *This is in thee a nature but* affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune.] The old copy reads *infected*, and *change of* future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

[a] *Hug their diſeas'd* perfumes,] i. e. their diſeas'd perfumed miſtreſſes. MALONE.

So, in *Othello*:

"'Tis ſuch another fitchew; marry, a *perfum'd* one."

STEEVENS.

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By putting on the cunning of a carper. [3]
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,[4]
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome, [5]
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt,
That thou turn raſcal; had'ſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

APEM. Thou haſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf;
A madman ſo long, now a fool: What, think'ſt
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,

[3] —— *the* cunning of a carper.] For the philoſophy of a Cynic, of which ſect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

" —— Do not aſſume my likeneſs." WARBURTON.

Cunning here ſeems to ſignify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the inſidious art of a critick. Shame not theſe woods, ſays Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his Tranſlation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, ſays: " Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again, *Urſula* ſpeaking of the ſarcaſm of *Beatrice*, obſerves,

" Why ſure, ſuch *carping* is not commendable."

There is no apparent reaſon why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) ſhould ridicule his own ſect.

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *hinge thy knee*,] Thus, in *Hamlet*:

" To crook the pregnant *hinges* of the *knee*."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *like tapſters, that* bid *welcome*,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
" Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits."

The old copy has —*bad* welcome. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe moſs'd trees,[5]
That have outliv'd the eagle,[6] page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte,
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? call the creatures, —
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpite
Of wreakful heaven; whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere nature,[7] — bid them flatter thee;
O! thou ſhalt find ——

TIM. A fool of thee: Depart.

APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIM. I hate thee worſe.

[5] —— moſs'd *trees*,] [Old copy — *moiſt* trees,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,

—— moſs'd *trees*. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV:

"Under an oak, whoſe boughs were *moſs'd* with age."

STEEVENS.

So alſo Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date:

"Even as a buſtling tempeſt rouſing blaſts
"Upon a foreſt of old branching oakes,
"And with his furie teyrs their *moſſy* loaks."

Moſs'd is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

I have inſerted this reading in the text, becauſe there is leſs propriety in the epithet — *moiſt*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encreaſe in age. Thus, our author, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, obſerves, that it is one of the properties of time

"To *dry* the *old* oak's ſap ——." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *outliv'd the eagle*,] *Aquilæ Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's Book of Falconry*, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been aſcertained from the circumſtance of its always building its *eyrie*, or neſt, in the ſame place. STEEVENS.

[7] *Anſwer* mere nature,] So, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iij:

"And with preſented nakedneſs outface
"The winds," &c. STEEVENS.

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APEM. Why?
TIM. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.
APEM. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.
TIM. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
APEM. To vex thee.[7]
TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?
APEM. Ay.
TIM. What! a knave too?[8]
APEM. If thou didſt put this four-cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:[9]
The one is filling ſtill, never complete;
The other, at high wiſh; Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,

[7] *To vex thee.*] As the meaſure it here imperfect, we may ſuppoſe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, our author to have written,
Only *to vex thee.* STEEVENS.

[8] *What! a* knave *too?*] Timon had juſt called Apemantus *fool*, in conſequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by deſign* is *villainy*, *to vex without deſign* is *folly*. He then properly aſks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*. and when he anſwers, *yes*, Timon replies, — *What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewiſe a *knave*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *is crown'd before:*] Arrives ſooner at *high wiſh*; that is, at the *completion of its wiſhes*. JOHNSON.

So, in a former ſcene of this play:
"And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are *crown'd*,
"That I account them bleſſings."
Again, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline*:
"—— my ſupreme *crown* of *grief*." MALONE.

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Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content.[2]
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

TIM. Not by his breath,[3] that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd;[4] but bred a dog.[5]

[2] *Worſe than the worſt, content.*] Beſt ſtates contentleſs have a wretched being, a being worſe than that of the worſt ſtates that are conſtent. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *by his breath,*] It means, I believe, by his *counſel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

By his breath, I believe, is meant his *ſentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiouſly uſed by Shakſpeare in the following inſtance from *Hamlet*:

"Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty." STEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *ſpeech*, and ſo in fact by his ſentence. Shakſpeare frequently uſes the word in this ſenſe. It has been twice ſo uſed in this play, See p. 102, n. 5. MALONE.

[4] *Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm*
With favour never claſp'd;] In a Collection of Sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the paſſionate deſpiſed Shepheard*, by William Smith, 1596, a ſimilar image is found:

"Doth any live that ever had ſuch hap,
"That all their actions are of none effect!
"Whom *Fortune never dandled in her lap*,
"But as an abject ſtill doth me reject." MALONE.

[5] —— *but bred a* dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which ſect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our author was not obliged to have recourſe to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furniſhed him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard Engliſh words*, octavo, 1604: "CYNICAL, *Doggiſh*, froward." Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: "CYNICAL, *Doggiſh*, or curriſh. There was in Greece an old ſect of philoſophers ſo called, becauſe they did ever ſharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakſpeare only meant, thou wert born in a low ſtate, and uſed from thy infancy to hardſhips. MALONE.

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Hadſt thou, like us,[6] from our firſt ſwath,[7] proceeded
The ſweet degrees,[8] that this brief world affords

[6] *Hadſt thou, like us,*] There is in this ſpeech a ſullen haughtineſs, and malignant dignity, ſuitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Eſſex, juſt before his execution, to another nobleman, a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleaſed, though it is ſo ſerious and ſolemn that it can ſcarcely be inſerted without irreverence:

"God grant your lordſhip may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned converſion, but that you may never feel the torments I have ſuffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I ſaid, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breaſts, they would not have been ſo humble; or if my delights had been once taſted by them, they would not have been ſo precife. But your lordſhip hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greateſt fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have ſtaked and buoyed all the ways of pleaſure unto you, and left them as ſea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For ſhut your eyes never ſo long, they muſt be open at the laſt, and then you muſt ſay with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

A ſimilar thought occurs in a MS. metrical tranſlation of an ancient French romance, preſerved in the Library of King's College, Cambridge. [See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. x:]

"For therefore of hardneſſe hadeſt thou never;
"But were brought forth in bliſſe, as ſwich a burde ought,
"Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to miſſe them now
"It were a botles bale," &c. p. 26, b. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*firſt* ſwath,] From infancy. *Swath* is the dreſs of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"No more their cradles ſhall be made their tombs,
"Nor their ſoft *ſwaths* become their winding-ſheets."
STEEVENS.

[8] The *ſweet degrees*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read—*Through* &c. but this neglect of the propoſition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

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To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command,[9] thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect,[2] but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,[3]

[9] —— *command,*] Old copy — *command'ſt.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] ——*precepts of reſpect,*] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Reſpect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira-t-on?* the regard of Athens, that ſtrongeſt reſtraint on licentiouſneſs: the *icy precepts,* i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable *Reflections on the Revolution in France,* has emphatically ſtyled "one of the greateſt controuling powers on earth, the *ſenſe of fame and eſtimation.*" STEEVENS.

Timon cannot mean by the word *reſpect,* obedience to the laws, as Johnſon ſuppoſes; for a poor man is more likely to be impreſſed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a ſtation of nobility and affluence. *Reſpect* may poſſibly mean, as Steevens ſuppoſes, a *regard* to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged ſignification, and implies a conſideration of conſequences, whatever they may be. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Hamlet:

"—— There's the *reſpect*
"That makes calamity of ſo long life." M. MASON.

"The icy precepts of *reſpect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence,* that deliberately weighs the conſequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"—— Reaſon and *reſpect,*
"Makes livers pale, and luſtihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Then, childiſh fear, avaunt! *debating* die!
"*Reſpect* and reaſon wait on wrinkled age?
"Sad pauſe and deep regard become the ſage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the King ſays:

"I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
"And *unreſpective boys;* none are for me,
"That look into me with *conſiderate* eyes." MALONE.

[3] —— *But myſelf,*] The connection here requires ſome attention. *But* is here uſed to denote oppoſition; but what immediately precedes is not oppoſed to that which follows. The adverſative particle refers to the two firſt lines:

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Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;[4]
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare[5]
For every ſtorm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden:
Thy nature did commence in ſufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe,—thy father, that poor rag,[6]

Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog.
——— *But myſelf,*
Who had the world as my confectionary; &c.

The intermediate lines are to be conſidered as a parentheſis of paſſion. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *than I could frame employment;*] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakſpeare frequently writes thus. See Vol. XVI. p. 185, n. 2; and Vol. XVII. p. 340, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] — — *with one winter's bruſh*
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare &c.] So, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour:*

" O ſummer friendſhip,
" Whoſe flatt'ring leaves that ſhadow'd us in our
" Proſperity, with the leaſt guſt drop off
" In the autumn of adverſity." STEEVENS.

Somewhat of the ſame imagery is found in our author's 73d Sonnet:

" That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
" When, yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
" Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."

MALONE.

[6] —— *that poor* rag,] If we read—*poor rogue*, it will correſpond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloſter *rag* of honour; in

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Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpite, put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been a knave, and flatterer.[7]

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was
No prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

the ſame play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned; and John Florio ſpeaks of a "tara-*rag* player." STEEVENS.

We now uſe the word *ragamuffin* in the ſame ſenſe.

M. MASON.

The term is yet uſed. The loweſt of the people are yet denominated—Tag, *rag*, &c. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: "—— if the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiſs him,—I am no true man."

MALONE.

[7] *Thou hadſt been a* knave, *and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verſes of Virgil to ſhow how well he could have written ſatires. Shakſpeare has here given a ſpecimen of the ſame power by a line bitter beyond all bitterneſs, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worſt* by *loweſt*, which ſomewhat weakens the ſenſe, and yet leaves it ſufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the ſubtilty of diſcrimination with which Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhes the preſent character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now reſemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be underſtood of a man who endeavours to recommend himſelf by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and ſuperfluity of fawning officiouſneſs; ſuch a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical ſuperſerviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious.

STEEVENS.

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APEM. Here; I will mend thy feaſt.
[*Offering him ſomething.*

TIM. Firſt mend my company,[8] take away thyſelf.[9]

APEM. So I ſhall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIM. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

APEM. What would'ſt thou have to Athens?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, ſo I have.

APEM. Here is no uſe for gold.

TIM. The beſt, and trueſt: For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEM. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that's above me.[*] Where feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?

APEM. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

TIM. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

APEM. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

TIM. To ſauce thy diſhes.

[8] *Firſt mend* my *company*,] The old copy reads—*mend* thy *company*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] —— *take away thyſelf.*] This thought ſeems to have been adopted from Plutarch's *Life of Antony*. It ſtands thus in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation: "Apemantus ſaid unto the other; O, here is a trimme bauket *Timon*. *Timon* aunſwered againe, yea, ſaid he, *ſo thou wert not here*. STEEVENS.

[*] Apem. *Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?*
Tim. *Under that's above me.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"3. *Serv.* Where dwell'ſt thou?
"*Cor.* Under the canopy." STEEVENS.

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APEM. The middle of humanity thou never knoweſt, but the extremity of both ends: When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curioſity;[2] in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpiſed for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate, I feed not.

APEM. Doſt hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.[3]

APEM. An thou hadſt hated medlars ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

[2] —— *for too much* curioſity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courteſy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word juſtly. So, in Jervas Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1606: "—— for all thoſe eye-charming graces, of which with ſuch *curioſity* ſhe had boaſted." Again, in Hobby's Tranſlation of *Caſtiglione's Cortegiano*, 1556: "A waiting gentlewoman ſhould flee *affection* or *curioſity*." *Curioſity* is here inſerted as a ſynonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curioſity* likewiſe ſeems to have meant *capriciouſneſs*. Thus, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Pharicles hath ſhewn me ſome curteſy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curioſity*: he hath made ſome ſhew of love, and I have not wholly ſeemed to miſlike." STEEVENS.

[3] *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here ſuppoſes that an objection againſt hatred, which through the whole tenor of the converſation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have anſwered,

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun inſtead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we ſhould read,

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* JOHNSON.

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APEM. Myſelf.

TIM. I underſtand thee; thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Would'ſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou livedſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,[4] pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the hórſe; wert thou a horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert

[4] —— *the unicorn*, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as ſoon as the lion ſees the unicorn he betakes himſelf to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, running at him, ſticks his horn faſt in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him." *Geſner, Hiſt. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæſar*, Vol. XVIII. p. 52, n. 2.

STEEVENS.

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german to the lion,[5] and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy ſafety were remotion;[6] and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt could'ſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

APEM. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

TIM. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

APEM. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.[7]

[5] —— *thou wert german to the lion,*] This ſeems to be an alluſion to Turkiſh policy:

"Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne."—*Pope.*

See Vol. XIII. p. 215, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *were* remotion;] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear:*

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteneſs*, the being placed at a diſtance from the lion. See Vol. VI. p. 29, n. 3; and Vol. XII. p. 352, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] *Thou art the cap* &c.] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had alſo the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MALONE.

In *All's well that ends well*, "the *cap* of the time," apparently means—the *foremoſt* in the faſhion. STEEVENS.

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TIM. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

APEM. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.[8]

TIM. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.[9]

APEM. There is no leproſy, but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

TIM. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I ſhould infect my hands.

APEM. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

APEM. 'Would thou would'ſt burſt!

TIM. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry, I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee. [*Throws a ſtone at him.*

APEM. Beaſt!

TIM. Slave!

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought
But even the mere neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat

[8] Apem. *A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.*] Thus, the old copies, and, I think, rightly. Mr. Theobald, however, is of a contrary opinion; for, according to the preſent regulation, ſays he, Apemantus is "made to curſe Timon, and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe." He would therefore give the former part of the line to Timon. STEEVENS.

[9] *All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.*] The ſame ſentiment is repeated in *King Lear*:

"Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
"When others are more wicked." STEEVENS.

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Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire![2] thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on Dian's lap![3] thou viſible god,
That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! O thou touch of hearts![4]
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!

APEM. 'Would 'twere ſo;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou will be throng'd to ſhortly.

TIM. Throng'd to?

APEM. Ay.

[2] *'Twixt natural ſon and ſire!*]
Διὰ τοῦτον ἐκ ἀδελφὸς
Διὰ τοῦτον ὁ τοκῆες. *Anac.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow*
That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquiſitely beautiful and ſublime. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have ſaid — Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarſely expreſſed in *King Lear*:
"—— yon ſimpering dame,
"Whoſe face *between her forks* preſages ſnow."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *O thou* touch *of hearts!*] *Touch*, for *touchſtone*. So, in *King Richard III*:
"O, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,
"To try if thou be'ſt current gold ——." STEEVENS.

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TIM. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

APEM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.

More things like men?[5]—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.[6]

1. THIEF. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. THIEF. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. THIEF. Let us make the assay upon him? if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. THIEF. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. THIEF. Is not this he?

[5] *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir Thomas Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskilfully, but with unwarrantable licence. JOHNSON.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, instead of Timon, so the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a similar mistake. That line seems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words—*I am quit*, seem to mark his *exit*. MALONE.

The words — *I am quit*, in my opinion, belong to *Timon*, who means that he is *quit* or clear, has at last got *rid* of Apemantus; is delivered from his company. This phrase is yet current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

[6] *Enter* Thieves.] The old copy reads,—*Enter the* Banditti. STEEVENS.

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THIEVES. Where?

2. THIEF. 'Tis his deſcription.

3. THIEF. He; I know him.

THIEVES. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves?

THIEVES. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's ſons.

THIEVES. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat. [4]

[4] —— *you want much of* meat.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this paſſage; quite *ſand-blind*, as honeſt Launcelot ſays, to our author's meaning. If theſe poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be curſed with, as they could not live on graſs, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

—— *you much want of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

—— *you want much of* men.

They have been all buſy without neceſſity. Obſerve the ſeries of the converſation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want* of *much*. Timon takes it on the wrong ſide, and tells them that their *greateſt want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he aſks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Your greateſt want is, you want much of me.

rejecting the two laſt letters of the word. The ſenſe will then be—your greateſt want is that you expect ſupplies of *me* from whom you can reaſonably expect nothing. Your neceſſities are indeed deſperate, when you apply for relief to one in my ſituation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no ſmall probability, would point the paſſage as follows:

Your greateſt want is, you want much. Of meat
Why ſhould you want? Behold, &c. STEEVENS.

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Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;[5]
Within this mile break forth a hundred ſprings:
The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips;
The bounteous houſewife, nature, on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1. THIEF. We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

TIM. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds, and fiſhes?
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,[6]
That you are thieves profeſs'd; that you work not
In holier ſhapes: for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions.[7] Raſcal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging: truſt not the phyſician;
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays

[5] —— *the earth hath roots;* &c.]
" Vile oſus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,
" Pugnantis ſtomachi compoſuere famem:
" Flumine vicino ſtultus ſitit."
I do not ſuppoſe theſe to be imitations, but only to be ſimilar thoughts on ſimilar occaſions. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Yet* thanks *I muſt you* con,] To *con thanks* is a very common expreſſion among our old dramatick writers. So, in *The Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:
" Yea and well ſaid, I *con you* no thanke."
Again, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1592: " It is well done to practiſe my wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it." STEEVENS.

[7] *In* limited *profeſſions.*] *Limited*, for legal. WARBURTON.
Regular, orderly, profeſſions. So, in *Macbeth:*
" For 'tis my *limited* ſervice."
i. e. my appointed ſervice, preſcribed by the neceſſary duty and *rules* of my office. MALONE.

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More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,[8]
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun:
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears:[9] the earth's a thief,

[8] ——*ſince you profeſs to do't,*] The old copy has—*proteſt.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[9] *The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves*
The moon into ſalt tears:] The *moon* is ſuppoſed to be humid, and perhaps a ſource of humidity, but cannot be *reſolved* by the *ſurges* of the ſea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery deſcribed: The ſun, moon, and ſea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He ſays ſimply, that the *ſun*, the *moon*, and the *ſea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the ſea, i. e. *liquid ſurge*, by ſupplying the *moon* with moiſture, robs her in turn of the *ſoft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *ſalt* is an eaſy change. In this ſenſe Milton ſpeaks of *her moiſt continent*. *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book V. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio ſays:

"——— the *moiſt* ſtar
"Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands."
STEEVENS.

We are not to attend on ſuch occaſions merely to philoſophical truth; we are to conſider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time.—The populace, in the days of Shakſpeare, might poſſibly have conſidered the waining of the moon as a gradual diſſolution of it, and have attributed to this melting of the moon, the increaſe of the ſea at the time ſhe diſappears. They might, it is true, be told, that there is a ſimilar increaſe in the tides when the moon becomes full; but when popular notions are once eſtabliſhed, the reaſons urged againſt them are but little attended to. It may alſo be obſerved, that the moon, when viewed through a teleſcope, has a humid appearance, and ſeems to have drops of water ſuſpended from the rim of it; to which circumſtance Shakſpeare probably alludes in *Macbeth*, where Hecate ſays:

"Upon the corner of the *moon*
"There hangs a *vaporous* drop," &c. M. MASON.

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That feeds and breeds by a compoſture[a] ſtolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

Shakſpeare knew that the moon was the cauſe of the tides, [See *The Tempeſt*, Vol. IV. p. 158,] and in that reſpect the liquin ſurge, that is, the waves of the ſea, riſing one upon another, in the progreſs of the tide, may be ſaid to *reſolve the moon into ſalt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooſes to ſtate the matter, loſing ſome part of her humidity, and the accretion to the ſea, in conſequence of her tears, being the cauſe of the *liquid ſurge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather: which, together with what has been already ſtated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he ſpeaks of her "*watry beams*."

Again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the *watry moon*."

Again, more appoſitely in *King Richard III*:

"That, I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,
"May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is ſo often applied by Shakſpeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "—— your *ſalt tears'* head—." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Diſtaſted with the *ſalt* of broken *tears*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn *ſalt tears*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry VI*. Part II:

"—— to drain
"Upon his face an *ocean* of *ſalt tears*."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we ſhould read—The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV*. Part II. Act III. ſc. i: "The continent melt itſelf into the ſea." An obſervation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 298, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to diſturb the text here: "No alteration ſhould be made in theſe lines that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them."—In the firſt line the ſun is the *thief*; in the ſecond he is himſelf *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is ſubjected to the ſame fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herſelf *robbed* of moiſture (line 4th and 5th) by the ſea. MALONE.

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The laws, your curb and whip,[3] in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves; away;

I cannot ſay for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was firſt written, as *Timon* made its earlieſt appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and *The Alchymiſt* there has been likewiſe a conteſt for the right of elderſhip. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Aſtrologo*, written by Battiſta Porta, the famous phyſiognomiſt of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The tranſlator is ſaid to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Alchymiſt* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonſon in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new ſubject and new characters on the ſtage:

" —*petere inde coronam*
" *Unde prius nulli velarint tempora muſæ.*"

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, ſuch examples of thievery likewiſe occur:

" The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers
" Rob ſmaller brooks; and them the ocean.
" And in this world of ours, this microcoſm,
" Guts from the ſtomach ſteal; and what they ſpare
" The meſeraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver;
" Where (leſt it ſhould be found) turn'd to red nectar,
" 'Tis by a thouſand thieviſh veins convey'd,
" And hid in fleſh, nerves, bones, muſcles, and ſinews,
" In tendons, ſkin, and hair; ſo that the property
" Thus alter'd, the theft can never be diſcover'd.
" Now all theſe pilferies, couch'd, and compos'd in order,
" Frame thee and me: Man's a quick maſs of thievery."

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, quotes ſome one of a "realonable good facilitie in tranſlation, who finding *certaine* of Anacreon's Odes very well tranſlated by Ronſard the French poet — comes our minion, and tranſlates the ſame out of French into Engliſh:" and his ſtrictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronſard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of tranſcribing it:

" La terre les eaux va boivant;
" L'arbre la boit par ſa racine,
" La mer ſalée boit le vent,
" Et le ſoleil boit la marine.

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Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open ſhops; nothing can you ſteal,[4]
But thieves do loſe it: Steal not leſs,[5] for this
I give you; and gold confound you howſoever!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3. THIEF. He has almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1. THIEF. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.[6]

2. THIEF. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

" Le ſoleil eſt beu de la lune,
" Tout boit ſoit en haut ou en bas:
" Suivant ceſte reigle commune,
" Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?"

Edit. fol. p. 507.
FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiariſt ſtigmatized by Puttenham, was *John Southern*, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that has hitherto been diſcovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one of his Odes. See alſo the *European Magazine*, for June 1788.
STEEVENS.

[2] —— *by a* compoſture—] i. e. compoſition, compoſt.
STEEVENS.

[3] *The laws, your curb and whip,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" ———— moſt biting *laws*,
" The needful *bits* and *curbs* for headſtrong ſteeds."
MALONE.

[4] —— *nothing can you ſteal,*] To complete the meaſure I would read:
—— where *nothing can you ſteal*,— STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Steal* not *leſs*,] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.*] The reaſon of his advice, ſays the thief, is *malice to mankind*, not any kindneſs to us, or deſire *to have us thrive in our myſtery*. JOHNSON.

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1. THIEF. Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [6]

[*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAV. O you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Deſperate want made! [7]
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!
How rarely [8] does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies: [9]

[6] *Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true.*] [D. Warburton divides this line between the two thieves.] This and the concluding little ſpeech have in all the editions been placed to one ſpeaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *ſecond* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. WARBURTON.

The ſecond thief has juſt ſaid, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, ſays the firſt thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life ſo wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honeſt man. I have explained this eaſy paſſage, becauſe it has, I think, been miſunderſtood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the ſame exhortation to the dying Falſtaff. "——Now I bid him not think of God: *there was time enough* for that yet." MALONE.

[7] *What an alteration of honour has*
Deſperate want made!] *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable ſtate* to a ſtate of diſgrace. JOHNSON.

[8] *How* rarely *does it meet* —] *Rarely* for fitly; not for ſeldom. WARBURTON.

How curiouſly; how happily. MALONE.

[9] *When man was* wiſh'd *to love his enemies:*] We ſhould read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan ſyſtem here again. WARBURTON.

Wiſh'd is right. It means *recommended*. See Vol. VI. p. 288, n. 4; and Vol. IX. p. 237, n. 8. REED.

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Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do;*
He has caught me in his eye: I will preſent
My honeſt grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

TIM. Away! what art thou?
FLAV. Have you forgot me, ſir?
TIM. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'ſt thou'rt man,[3] I have forgot thee.
FLAV. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.
TIM. Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honeſt man
About me, I; all that[4] I kept were knaves,[5]
To ſerve in meat to villains.
FLAV. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you,

* *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!] It is plain, that in this whole ſpeech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for thoſe who *profeſs friendſhip* and *profeſs enmity*; for the *friend* is ſuppoſed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The ſenſe is, *Let me rather woo or careſs thoſe that* would *miſchief*, *that* profeſs to mean me miſchief, *than thoſe* that really *do* me *miſchief*, *under falſe profeſſions of kindneſs*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myſelf*. This proverb is a ſufficient comment on the paſſage. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *thou'rt man*,] Old copy—*thou'rt a man*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *that* —] I have ſupplied this pronoun, for the metre's ſake. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *knaves*,] *Knave* is here in the compound ſenſe of a *ſervant* and a *raſcal*. JOHNSON.

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TIM. What, doſt thou weep?—Come nearer;—
then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But thorough luſt, and laughter. Pity's ſleeping: [4]
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

TIM. Had I a ſteward ſo true, ſo juſt, and now
So comfortable? It almoſt turns
My dangerous nature wild. [5] Let me behold

[4] ——*Pity's ſleeping:*] I do not know that any correction is neceſſary, but I think we might read:

——— *eyes do never give,*
But thorough luſt and laughter, pity *ſleeping:*——.

Eyes never flow to *give* is to diſſolve, as ſaline bodies in moiſt weather,) *but by luſt* or *laughter*, undiſturb'd *by* emotions of *pity*. JOHNSON.

——*Pity's ſleeping:*] So, in Daniel's ſecond Sonnet, 1594:

"Waken her *ſleeping pity* with your crying." MALONE.

[5] ——— *It almoſt turns*
My dangerous nature wild.] i. e. It almoſt turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildneſs*. Shakſpeare wrote:

It almoſt turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almoſt reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor ſays, *recte*.
WARBURTON.

This emendation is ſpecious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is *to diſtract*. An appearance ſo unexpected, ſays Timon, *almoſt turns my ſavageneſs* to diſtraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety leſt his phrenzy ſhould deceive him:

"——— Let me behold
"Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—"

And to this ſuſpected diſorder of mind he alludes:

"Perpetual-*ſober* gods!"

Ye powers whoſe intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.
JOHNSON.

He who is ſo much diſturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already diſtracted,

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Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptleſs rathneſs,
Perpetual-ſober [6] gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man,—miſtake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a ſteward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a uſuring [7] kindneſs; and as rich men deal gifts,

and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* ſuch "a dangerous nature wild:" it is wild already. Beſides; the baſeneſs and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does
"Even make me *wild*.")

but ſurely the kindneſs and fidelity of his ſteward was more likely to ſoften and compoſe him; that is, to render his dangerous nature *mild*. I therefore ſtrongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

[6] *Perpetual-ſober* —] Old copy, unmetrically,
You *perpetual* &c. STEEVENS.

[7] If not *a uſuring* —] *If not* ſeems to have ſlipt in here, by an error of the preſs, from the preceding line. Both the ſenſe and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not ſee any need of change. Timon aſks — *Has not thy kindneſs ſome covert deſign? Is it not propoſed with a view to gain ſome* equivalent *in return, or rather to gain* a great deal more *than thou offereſt? Is it not at leaſt the offspring of avarice*, if not *of ſomething worſe, of uſury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

My opinion moſt perfectly coincides with that of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The ſenſe of the line, with or without the conteſted words, is nearly the ſame; yet, by the omiſſion of them, the metre would become ſufficiently regular. STEEVENS.

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Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAV. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are placed too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt:
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhow, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and believe it,
My moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourſelf.

TIM. Look thee, 'tis ſo!—Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men;[7]
Hate all, curſe all: ſhow charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow them,
Debts wither them:[8] Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo, farewell, and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me ſtay,
And comfort you, my maſter.

[7] ——*from men;*] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

[8] *Debts wither them:*] Old copy—
Debts wither them to nothing:——
I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the ſake of metre, but becauſe they are worthleſs. Our author has the ſame phraſe in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" Age cannot *wither* her,—." STEEVENS.

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TIM. If thou hat'ſt
Curſes, ſtay not; fly, whilſt thou'rt bleſs'd and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter;[9] TIMON *behind, unſeen.*

PAIN. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

[9] *Enter* Poet *and* Painter;] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have ſeen Timon, ſince Apemantus, ſtanding by him could ſee them: But the ſcenes of the thieves and ſteward have paſſed before their arrival, and yet paſſed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be ſuſpected, that ſome ſcenes are tranſpoſed, for all theſe difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter firſt, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the ſcenes muſt keep their preſent order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he ſays, *he likewiſe enriched poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it muſt be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into ſeparate acts, ſo that the preſent diſtribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding ſcene, Flavius, Timon's ſteward, has a conference with his maſter, and receives gold from him. Between this and the preſent ſcene, a ſingle minute cannot be ſuppoſed to paſs; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'Tis ſaid he gave* his ſteward *a mighty ſum.*— Where was it ſaid? Why in Athens, whence, it muſt therefore ſeem, they are but newly come. Here then ſhould be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour

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POET. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is ſo full of gold?

to publiſh his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this caſe to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the laſt ſcene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is poſſible, that when this play was abridged for repreſentation, all between this paſſage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and theſe words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was publiſhed at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to ſee Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his preſence neceſſary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. RITSON.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, ariſe from the negligence of Shakſpeare himſelf, who appears to have been leſs attentive to the connection of his ſcenes, than a leſs haſty writer may be ſuppoſed to have been. On the preſent occaſion I have changed the beginning of the act, as I conceive ſome impropriety is obviated by the alteration. It is but juſtice to obſerve, that the ſame regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell. REED.

I perceive no difficulty. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe that the Poet and Painter, after having been ſeen at a diſtance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods ſeparately in ſearch of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they ſet out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having ſearched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been deſcried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens; and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakſpeare was not very attentive to theſe minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the ſeveral perſons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not ſcruple to impart this knowledge to perſons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. See Vol. XV. p. 158. n. 6.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding ſcene has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be ſuppoſed to have elapſed between this and the laſt.

MALONE.

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PAIN. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity: 'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his ſteward a mighty ſum.

POET. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

PAIN. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh [a] with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppoſed diſtreſs of his: it will ſhow honeſtly in us; and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

POET. What have you now to preſent unto him?

PAIN. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

POET. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

PAIN. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed of ſaying is quite out of uſe. [3] To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of

[a] —— *a* palm — *and* flouriſh *&c.*] This alluſion is ſcriptural, and occurs in *Pſalm* xcii. 11.: "The righteous ſhall *flouriſh* like a *palm*-tree." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the deed* of ſaying *is quite out of uſe.*] *The* doing *of that which we have* ſaid *we would do, the accompliſhment and performance of our promiſe, is, except among the lower claſſes of mankind, quite out of uſe.* So, in *King Lear:*

"—————— In my true heart
"I find ſhe names my very *deed of love.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet:*

"As he, in his peculiar act and force,
"May give his *ſaying deed.*"

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will, or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgement that makes it.

TIM. Excellent workman! Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as is thyſelf.

POET. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf:[3] a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity: with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True;
When the day ſerves,[4] before black-corner'd night,[5]
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Mr. Pope rejected the words—*of ſaying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

I claim the merit of having reſtored the old reading. STEEVENS.

[3] *It muſt be a* perſonating *of himſelf;*] *Perſonating*, for repreſenting ſimply. For the ſubject of this projected ſatire was Timon's *caſe*, not his *perſon*. WARBURTON.

[4] *When the day ſerves*, &c.] Theobald with ſome probability aſſigns theſe two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

[5] —— *before* black-corner'd *night*,] An anonymous correſpondent ſent me this obſervation: "As the ſhadow of the earth's body, which is round, muſt be neceſſarily conical over the hemiſphere which is oppoſite to the ſun, ſhould we not read *black-coned?* See *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book IV."

To this obſervation I might add a ſentence from Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. II: "Neither is the night any thing elſe but the ſhade of the earth. Now the figure of this ſhadow reſembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upſide down."

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TIM. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plough'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them.[6] [*Advancing.*

POET. Hail, worthy Timon!

PAIN. Our late noble maſter.

TIM. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

POET. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures — O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

PAIN. He, and myſelf,

I believe, nevertheleſs, that Shakſpeare, by this expreſſion, meant only, Night which is as obſcure as a *dark corner*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a duke of dark corners.*" Mr. M. Maſon propoſes to read, "black-*crown'd* night;" another correſpondent, "black-*cover'd* night." STEEVENS.

[6] '*Fit I* do *meet them.*] For the ſake of harmony in this hemiſtich, I have ſupplied the auxiliary verb. STEEVENS.

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Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honeſt men.

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.

TIM. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

TIM. You are honeſt men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am ſure, you have: ſpeak truth: you are honeſt men.

PAIN. So it is ſaid, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

TIM. Good honeſt men:—Thou draw'ſt a counterfeit [6]
Beſt in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

PAIN. So, ſo, my lord.

TIM. Even ſo, ſir, as I ſay:—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the* Poet.
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

[6] —— *a* counterfeit —] It has been already obſerved, that a *portrait* was ſo called in our author's time:

" ———— What find I here?
" Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*" *Merchant of Venice.*

STEEVENS.

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BOTH. Beſeech your honour,
To make it known to us.
TIM. You'll take it ill.
BOTH. Moſt thankfully, my lord.
TIM. Will you, indeed?
BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
TIM. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
BOTH. Do we, my lord?
TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your boſom: yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.[7]
PAIN. I know none ſuch, my lord.
POET. Nor I.[8]
TIM. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies:
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,[9]

[7] —— *a* made-up *villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

A *made-up* villain, may mean a *complete*, a *finiſhed* villain. M. MASON.

[8] *Nor I.*] As it may be ſuppoſed (perhaps I am repeating a remark already made on a ſimilar occaſion) that our author deſigned his Poet's addreſs to be not leſs reſpectful than that of his Painter, he might originally have finiſhed this defective verſe, by writing:

Nor I, my lord. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *in a* draught,] That is, in the *jakes*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Holinſhed*, Vol. II. p. 735: "—— he was then ſitting on a *draught*." STEEVENS.

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Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me, I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this, but two in company: — [a]

[a] —— *but two in company:*] This is an imperfect ſentence, and is to be ſupplied thus, *But two in company* ſpoils all. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is obſcure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, ſtand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each ſtands ſingle there are two, he himſelf and a villain. JOHNSON.

This paſſage may receive ſome illuſtration from another in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "My maſter is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave.*" The ſenſe is, each man is *a double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a ſingle ſhare of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third Act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578: "Go, *and a knave with thee.*" Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"—— if you needs will go away,
"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher: — "Take to your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

There are not two words more frequently miſtaken for each other, in the printing of theſe plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that miſtake obtains in this paſſage, and that we ſhould read it thus:

——— not *two* in *company:*
Each man apart, ——. M. MASON.

You that way, and you this, but two in company: —
Each man apart, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.] The firſt of theſe lines has been rendered obſcure by falſe pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the ſubſequent line, inſtead of connecting them with the preceding hemiſtick. The ſecond and third line are put in appoſition with the firſt line, and are merely an illuſtration of the aſſertion contained in it. Do you (ſays Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet ſtill *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though ſingle and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being

Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the* Painter.
Come not near him, — If thou would'ſt not reſide
[*To the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon. —
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment:[a]
Hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that: —
Out, raſcal dogs!
[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

himſelf a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and ſo each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former ſpeech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to "hang or ſtab *the villain* in his *company*," i. e. himſelf. The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Caſſandra*, puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

[a] *You have* done *work* &c.] For the inſertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifeſt, was omitted by the negligence of the compoſitor, I am anſwerable. Timon in this line addreſſes the Painter, whom he before called "excellent *workman*; in the next the Poet. MALONE.

I had rather read:
You've work'd for me, there is your payment: Hence!
STEEVENS.

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SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two* Senators.

FLAV. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon;
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. SEN. Bring us, to his cave:
It is our part, and promiſe to the Athenians,
To ſpeak with Timon.

2. SEN. At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee;
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn![3]—Speak, and be hang'd:

[3] *Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!*] "Thine eyes," ſays King Lear to Regan, "do comfort, and not burn."
A ſimilar wiſh occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"O, *ſun*,
"*Burn* the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!" STEEVENS.

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For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing [4] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1. SEN. Worthy Timon,—

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2. SEN. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIM. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. SEN. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love, [5]
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2. SEN. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the publick body, [6]—which doth seldom

[4] —— *a* caut'rizing—] The old copy reads—*cantherizing;* the poet might have written, *cancering.* STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a sore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

[5] —— *with one* consent *of love,*] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of the 100th *Psalm:*

"With one *consent* let all the earth."

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus.* See Vol. XIII. p. 211, n. 2; and p. 319, n. 7. MALONE.

This sense of the word consent, or *concent*, was originally pointed out and ascertained in a note on the first scene of the first part of *King Henry VI.* See Vol. XIV. p. 6, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[6] Which *now the publick body,*] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our author frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before:

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Play the recanter,—feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall,[7] reſtraining aid to Timon;[8]
And ſend forth us, to make their ſorrowed render,[9]
Together with a recompenſe more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;[2]

for which perhaps the careleſſneſs and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. See Vol. IV. p. 12, n. 2. So afterwards in the third ſcene of this act:

"*Whom*, though in general part we were oppos'd,
"Yet our old love made a particular force,
"And made us ſpeak like friends."

See alſo the Poet's laſt ſpeech in p. 179.—Sir T. Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what overſight could *Which* be printed inſtead of *And*? MALONE.

The miſtake might have been that of the tranſcriber, not the printer. STEEVENS.

[7] *Of its own* fall,] The Athenians *had ſenſe*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once ſuſpected that our author wrote—Of its own *fail*, i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"That if you *fail* in our requeſt, the blame
"May hang upon your hardneſs."

But a ſubſequent paſſage fully ſupports the reading of the text:

"——— In, and prepare:
"Ours is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the ſnare."

Again, in ſc. iv:

"Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
"Whoſe *fall* the mark of his ambition is." MALONE.

[8] —— reſtraining *aid to Timon;*] I think it ſhould be *reſtraining* aid, that is, with-holding aid that ſhould have been given *to* Timon. JOHNSON.

Where is the difference? To *reſtrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. MASON.

[9] —— *ſorrowed* render,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confeſſion*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

"——— may drive us to a *render*
"Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;*] This, which was in the former editions, can ſcarcely be right, and yet I know

Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1. SEN. Therefore, ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power,[3] and thy good name
Live with authority:—ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up[4]
His country's peace.

not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompenſe that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exacteſt meaſure. A little diſorder may perhaps have happened in tranſcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

——— *Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps,*
And ſums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
As ſhall to thee ——. JOHNSON.

The ſpeaker means, a recompence that ſhall more than counterpoiſe their offences, though weighed with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs. M. MASON.

A recompence ſo large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence ſhould be put into the ſcale, cannot counterpoiſe it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, inſtead of *weighing down* the ſcale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. MALONE.

[3] Allow'd *with abſolute power*,] *Allowed* is *licenſed*, *privileged*, *uncontrolled*. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, it is ſaid, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to ſay what he will, a privileged ſcoffer. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *like a boar too* ſavage, *doth* root up—] This image

2. SEN. And ſhakes his threat'ning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.
1. SEN. Therefore, Timon,—
TIM. Well, ſir, I will; therefore I will, ſir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and, tell him, Timon ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer: for myſelf,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,[5]
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous gods,[6]
As thieves to keepers.

might have been caught from *Pſalm* lxxx. 13: "The *wild boar* out of the wood doth *root* it *up*." &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *There's not a* whittle *in the unruly camp,*] A *whittle* is ſtill in the midland counties the common name for a pocket claſp knife, ſuch as children uſe. Chaucer ſpeaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell*." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *of the* proſperous *gods,*] I believe *proſperous* is uſed here with our poet's uſual laxity, in an active, inſtead of a paſſive, ſenſe: *the gods who are the authors of the proſperity of mankind.* So, in *Othello*:

"To my unfolding lend a *proſperous* ear."

I leave you, ſays Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great diſtributors of proſperity, that they may *ſo* keep and guard you, as ſailors do thieves; i. e. for final puniſhment. MALONE.

I do not ſee why the epithet—*proſperous*, may not be employed

FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.
TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow; My long ſickneſs[7]
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And laſt ſo long enough!
1. SEN. We ſpeak in vain.
TIM. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit[8] doth put it.
1. SEN. That's well ſpoke.
TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
1. SEN. Theſe words become your lips as they
paſs through them.
2. SEN. And enter in our ears, like great
triúmphers
In their applauding gates.
TIM. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love,[9] with other incident throes

here with its common ſignification, and mean—the gods who are *proſperous in all their undertakings*. Our author, elſewhere, has *bleſſed* gods, *clear* gods, &c.; nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his *Medea*, has not ſcrupled to ſtyle theſe men of Athens—ΘΕΩΝ παῖδες ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *My long ſickneſs*—] The diſeaſe of life begins to promiſe me a period. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *bruit*—] i. e. report, *rumour*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"The *bruit* whereof will bring you many friends."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Their pangs of love*, &c.] Compare this part of Timon's ſpeech with part of the celebrated ſoliloquy in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

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That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them:[2]
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. SEN. I like this well, he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree,[3] which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree,[4]
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

[2] —— *I will ſome kindneſs*—] i. e. I will do them ſome kindneſs; for ſuch, elliptically conſidered, will be the ſenſe of theſe words, independent of the ſupplemental—*do them*, which only ſerves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation. STEEVENS.

[3] *I have a tree*, &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's* Prologue, for this thought. He might however have found it in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28, as well as in ſeveral other places. STEEVENS.

Our author was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "It is reported of him alſo, that this Timon on a time, (the people being aſſembled in the market-place, about diſpatch of ſome affaires,) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly uſe to ſpeake unto the people; and ſilence being made, everie man liſtening to hear what he would ſay, becauſe it was a wonder to ſee him in that place, at length he began to ſpeak in this manner: 'My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my houſe where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themſelves; and becauſe I meane to make ſome building upon the place, I thought good to let you all underſtand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be deſperate, you may there in time go hang yourſelves." MALONE.

[4] —— *in the ſequence of degree*,] Methodically, from higheſt to loweſt. JOHNSON.

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TIM. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a day[5] with his emboſſed froth[6]
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1. SEN. His diſcontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2. SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.[7]

2. SEN. It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

[5] Which *once a day*—] Old copy—*Who*. For the correction [*whom*] I am anſwerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the ſecond folio) read—*Which* once, &c. MALONE.

Which, in the ſecond folio (and I have followed it) is an apparent correction of—*Who*. Surely, it is the *everlaſting manſion*, or the *beach* on which it ſtands, that our author meant to cover with the foam, and not the corpſe of *Timon*. Thus we often ſay that the grave in a churchyard, and not the body within it, is trodden down by cattle, or overgrown with weeds. STEEVENS.

[6] —— emboſſed *froth*—] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. See Vol. IX. p. 211, n. 2. The thought is from Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

Emboſſed froth, is ſwollen froth; from *boſſe*, Fr. a tumour. The term *emboſſed*, when applied to deer, is from *emboçar*, Span. to caſt out of the mouth. MALONE.

[7] *In our* dear *peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, ſignified *dread*, and is ſo uſed by Shakſpeare in numberleſs places. WARBURTON.

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SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, *and a* Meſſenger.

1. SEN. Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
MES. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.
2. SEN. We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
MESS. I met a courier,[8] one mine ancient friend;[9]—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,

Dear, in Shakſpeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*. So, in *Hamlet*:
"Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven." MALONE.
Dear may, in the preſent inſtance, ſignify *immediate*, or *imminent*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a diſtinct meaning. To enumerate each of the ſeemingly various ſenſes in which it may be ſuppoſed to have been uſed by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myſelf.
In the following ſituations, however, it cannot ſignify either *dire* or *dreadful*:
"confort with me in loud and *dear* petition."
Troilus and Creſſida.
"———— Some *dear* cauſe
"Will in concealment wrap me up a while." *King Lear.*
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *a* courier,] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.
[9] —— one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read—one mine ancient friend. STEEVENS.

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And made us ſpeak like friends:[a]—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* Timon.

1. SEN. Here come our brothers.

3. SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choke the air with duſt: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's *Cave, and a tomb-ſtone ſeen.*

Enter a Soldier, *ſeeking* Timon.

SOL. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho!—No anſwer?—What is this?

[a] Whom, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak *like friends:*] Our author, hurried away by ſtrong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the conſtruction of ſentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on oppoſite ſides in the publick cauſe, yet the force of our old affection wrought ſo much *upon*, as to make *him ſpeak to me* as a friend. See p. 380, n. 6. MALONE.

I am fully convinced that this and many other paſſages of our author to which ſimilar remarks are annexed, have been irretrievably, corrupted by tranſcribers or printers, and would not have proceeded, in their preſent ſtate, from the pen of Shakſpeare; for what we cannot underſtand in the cloſet, muſt have been wholly uſeleſs on the ſtage.—The awkward repetition of the verb—*made*, very ſtrongly countenances my preſent obſervation. STEEVENS.

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Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan:
Some beaſt rear'd this; there does not live a man.[3]

[3] *Some beaſt* rear'd *this; there does not live a man.*] [Old copy—*read* this.] Some beaſt *read* what? The ſoldier had yet only ſeen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it. We ſhould read:

Some beaſt rear'd *this;*——

The ſoldier ſeeking, by order, for Timon, ſees ſuch an irregular mole, as he concludes muſt have been the workmanſhip of ſome beaſt inhabiting the woods; and ſuch a cavity as muſt either have been ſo over-arched, or happened by the caſual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

"The ſoldier (ſays Theobald) had *yet* only ſeen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it." In ſupport of his emendation, which was ſuggeſted to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes theſe lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge:*

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *houſe*
"Built by a better architect than *beaſts.*" MALONE.

Notwithſtanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The ſoldier had only ſeen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently ſeen ſomething that told him *Timon was dead;* and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he ſees, and the inſcription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peeviſhly, *ſome beaſt read this,* for it muſt be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is ſomething elaborately unſkilful in the contrivance of ſending a ſoldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may cloſe the play by being read with more ſolemnity in the laſt ſcene. JOHNSON.

It is evident, that the ſoldier, when he firſt ſees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a *tomb.* He concludes Timon muſt be dead, becauſe he receives *no anſwer.* It is likewiſe evident, that when he utters the words *ſome beaſt,* &c. he has *not* ſeen the inſcription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only juſt and happy, but abſolutely neceſſary. *What can this heap of earth be?* ſays the ſoldier; *Timon is certainly dead: ſome beaſt muſt have* erected *this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, ſure enough,* and this muſt be his grave. What is this writing upon it? RITSON.

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—Some beaſt *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the ſoldier call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, *before* he had informed

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Dead, ſure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley ſounded.*

Enter Senators *on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time

the audience that he could not read it himſelf; which he does *afterwards*.

Beſides; from the time he aſks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inſcription?*] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"— the obſervation evidently relates to Timon himſelf, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beaſt *read* this,"— the ſoldier is firſt made to call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, without aſſigning any reaſon for ſo extraordinary a requiſition;— then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at laſt, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inſcription. Let me add, that a beaſt being as unable to read as the ſoldier, it would be abſurd to call on one for aſſiſtance; whilſt on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth reſembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifeſt that it muſt have been formed by a beaſt.

A paſſage in *King Lear* alſo adds ſupport to the emendation:

"——————— this hard *houſe*,
"More hard than are the ſtones whereof 'tis *rais'd*."

MALONE.

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With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice; till now, myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,[3] and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh,[4]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,
Cries, of itſelf, *No more:*[5] now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. SEN. Noble, and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe of fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.[6]

The foregoing obſervations are acute in the extreme, and I have not ſcrupled to adopt the reading they recommend. STEEVENS.

[3] —— travers'd *arms,*] Arms acroſs. JOHNSON.

The ſame image occurs in *The Tempeſt:*

" His *arms* in this ſad *knot.*" STEEVENS.

[4] —— *the time is* fluſh,] A bird is *fluſh* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the neſt. *Fluſh* is *mature.* JOHNSON.

[5] *When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,*
Cries, of itſelf, No more:] The marrow was ſuppoſed to be the original of ſtrength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who riſes immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

Pliny ſays, that the camel will not carry more than his accuſtomed and uſual load. Holland's tranſlation, B. VIII. c. xviii. REED.

The image may as juſtly be ſaid to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his ſhoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more.* MALONE.

I wiſh the reader may not find himſelf affected in the ſame manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a ſimilar exclamation. STEEVENS.

[6] *Above* their *quantity.*] *Their* refers to *rages.* WARBURTON.

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2. SEN. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;[7]
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1. SEN. Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs:[8] nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.[9]

2. SEN. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;[a]

Their refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," muſt be conſidered as parenthetical. The modern editors have ſubſtituted *ingratitudes* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

[7] *So did we woo*
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;] *Promis'd means* muſt import the recruiting of his ſunk fortunes; but this is not all. The ſenate had wooed him with humble meſſage, and promiſe of general reparation. This ſeems included in the ſlight change which I have made:

——— *and by promis'd* mends. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well ſtand. JOHNSON.

By promis'd means, is by promiſing him a competent ſubſiſtence. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "Your *means* are very ſlender, and your waſte is great." MALONE.

[8] *You have receiv'd your* griefs:] The old copy has—*grief;* but as the ſenator in his preceding ſpeech uſes the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the preſs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[9] *For private faults in* them.] That is, in the perſons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

[a] —— *the* motives *that you firſt went out;*] i. e. thoſe who made the motion for your exile. This word is as perverſely employed in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——— her wanton ſpirits look out
"At every joint and *motive* of her body." STEEVENS.

Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excefs
Hath broke their hearts.[4] March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1. SEN. All have not offended;
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare,[5] to take,
On thoſe that are, revenges:[6] crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle,[7] and thoſe kin,
Which, in the bluſter of thy wrath, muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended: like a ſhepherd,

[4] *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excefs*
Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in exceſs (i. e. extremity of ſhame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe enough not to baniſh you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wiſh to diſturb the manes of Theobald, yet think ſome emendation may be offered that will make the conſtruction leſs harſh, and the ſentence more ſerious. I read:

Shame that they wanted, coming *in excefs*,
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame which they had ſo long *wanted*, *at laſt* coming in *its utmoſt* exceſs. JOHNSON.

I think that Theobald has, on this occaſion, the advantage of Johnſon. When the old reading is clear and intelligible, we ſhould not have recourſe to correction, — *Cunning* was not, in Shakſpeare's time, confined to a bad ſenſe, but was uſed to expreſs knowledge or underſtanding. M. MASON.

[5] —— *not ſquare,*] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *revenges:*] Old copy — *revenge.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding ſpeech. MALONE.

[7] —— *thy* Athenian cradle,] Thus *Ovid*, Met. VIII. 99:
"—— Jovis incunabula Crete." STEEVENS.

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Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together. [8]

2. SEN. What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1. SEN. Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. SEN. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

ALCIB. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports: [9]
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, [2]—not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, [3] or offend the ſtream

[8] *But kill not* all together.] The old copy reads—*altogether.* M. M. Maſon ſuggeſted the correction I have made. STEEVENS.

[9] —— uncharged *ports:*] That is, *unguarded* gates. JOHNSON. *Uncharged* means *unattacked*, not *unguarded.* M. MASON. Mr. M. Maſon is right. So, in Shakſpeare's 70th Sonnet:

"Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
"Either not aſſail'd, or victor, being *charg'd.*" MALONE.

[2] ——— *to* atone *your fears*
With my more noble meaning,] i. e. to *reconcile* them to it. So, in *Cymbeline:* "I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you." STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *not a man*
Shall paſs his quarter,] Not a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or be let looſe upon you; and, if any commits violence, he ſhall anſwer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedied,[4] to your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

BOTH. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

ALCIB. Deſcend, and keep your words.[5]

The Senators *deſcend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

SOL. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the ſea:
And, on his grave-ſtone, this inſculpture: which
With wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interprets for my poor ignorance.[6]

ALCIB. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left![7]

[4] *But ſhall be* remedied,] The conſtruction is, But he ſhall be remedied; but Shakſpeare means, that his offence ſhall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the ſecond folio, for *to*, in the laſt line but one of this ſpeech, ſubſtituted *by*, which all the ſubſequent editors adopted. MALONE.

I profeſs my inability to extract any determinate ſenſe from theſe words as they ſtand, and rather ſuppoſe the reading in the ſecond folio to be the true one. To be remedied *by*, affords a glimpſe of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." STEEVENS.

[5] Deſcend, *and keep your words.*] Old copy—*Defend.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] —— *for my* poor *ignorance.*] *Poor* is here uſed as a diſſyllable, as *door* is in *The Merchant of Venice.* MALONE.

[7] —— *caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* inſtead of *caitiffs.* STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two diſtinct epitaphs which Shakſpeare found in Plutarch. The firſt couplet is ſaid by Plutarch to have been compoſed by Timon himſelf as his epitaph; the ſecond to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

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Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate;
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here
thy gait.
Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brain's flow,[8] and thoſe our droplets
which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.[9] Dead

Perhaps the ſlight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, aroſe from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28:

TIMON HIS EPITAPHT.

" My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and paſt,
" My carren corps enterred here, is graſpt in ground,
" In weltring waves of ſwelling ſeas by fourges caſte;
" My name if thou deſire, the gods thee doe confound!"

MALONE.

[8] ——*our* brain's *flow*,] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read, — *brine's* flow. *Our brain's flow* is *our tears*; but we may read, *our* brine's *flow*, our *ſalt tears*. Either will ſerve. JOHNSON.

Our brain's *flow* is right. So, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

" I ſhed not the tears of my *brain*."

Again, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

" But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,
" Cannot yet ſtay the *fountains of his brain*." STEEVENS.

[9] —— on *faults forgiven*.] Alcibiades's whole ſpeech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addreſſes to the Athenian ſenators: and as ſoon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the ſenate ſet forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promiſes to uſe them with mercy. THEOBALD.

I ſuſpect that we ought to read:

—— One *fault's forgiven.—Dead*
Is noble Timon; &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from puniſhment by the death of the injured perſon. TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me ſufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald aſks, " why ſhould Neptune weep over

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Is noble Timon; of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war;[2]
make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leech.[3]—
Let our drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*[4]

Timon's faults, or indeed what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon committed, were, 1. that boundleſs prodigality which his Steward ſo forcibly deſcribes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Miſanthrope*, and abjuring the ſociety of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald ſuppoſes that Alcibiades bids the ſenate ſet forward, aſſuring them at the ſame time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *Ox:—Faults forgiven.* But how unlikely is it, that he ſhould deſert the ſubject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different ſubject, in theſe three words; and then return to Timon again? to ſay nothing of the ſtrangeneſs of the phraſe—*faults forgiven*, for "faults *are* forgiven." MALONE.

[2] —— ſtint *war;*] i. e. ſtop it. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen:*
"——'gan the cunning thief
"Perſuade us die, to *ſtint* all further ſtrife." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*leech.*] i. e. phyſician. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen:*
"Her words prevail'd, and then the learned *leech*
"His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay——."
STEEVENS.

[4] The play of *Timon* is a domeſtick tragedy, and therefore ſtrongly faſtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

In this tragedy, are many paſſages perplexed, obſcure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promiſe myſelf that my endeavours ſhall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the ſtage in 1678. In the *modeſt* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Man-hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre*, made *into a Play*. STEEVENS.

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CORIOLANUS.*

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* CORIOLANUS.] This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. II.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the ſeceſſion to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole hiſtory is exactly followed, and many of the principal ſpeeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*. POPE.

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PERSONS represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman.
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians.
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman *Herald.*
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conſpirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volſcian *Guards.*

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Meſſengers, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly in Rome; *and partly in the Territories of the* Volſcians *and* Antiates.

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CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. CIT. Before we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

CIT. Speak, ſpeak. [*ſeveral ſpeaking at once.*

1. CIT. You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

CIT. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1. CIT. Firſt, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

CIT. We know't, we know't.

1. CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

CIT. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. CIT. One word, good citizens.

1. CIT. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:[a] What authority ſurfeits on, would

[a] 1. Cit. *We are accounted* poor *citizens; the patricians*, good:]

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relieve us; If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:[3] the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. —Let us revenge this with our pikes,[4] ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

Good is here uſed in the *mercantile* ſenſe. So, *Touchſtone* in *Eaſtward Hoe:*

" —— known *good* men, well monied." FARMER.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Antonio's a *good* man." MALONE.

[3] ——— *but they think, we are too dear:*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

[4] *Let us revenge this with our* pikes, *ere we become* rakes:] It was Shakſpeare's deſign to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here ſtifled a miſerable joke; which was then the ſame as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with* forks, *ere we become* rakes: for *pikes* then ſignified the ſame as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own tranſlation of his *Apology*, turns *Chriſtianos ad* furcas *condemnare*, to—*To condemn Chriſtians to the* pikes. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great ſagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks.* WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake.* Of this proverb the original is obſcure. *Rake* now ſignifies a *diſſolute man*, a man worn out with diſeaſe and debauchery. But the ſignification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Flandick, is ſaid to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the firſt uſe among us of the word *rake; as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthleſs to be fed.

JOHNSON.

It may be ſo: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin ſimply to the thin taper form of the inſtrument made uſe of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this ſimile in his deſcription of the *clerk's* horſe in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 288:

" As leane was his hors as is a *rake*."

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2. Cit. Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

Cit. Againſt him firſt; [5] he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. Cit. Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1. Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

2. Cit. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1. Cit. I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude [6] of his virtue.

2. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1. Cit. If I muſt not, I need not be barren of

Spenſer introduces it in the ſecond book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II:

"His body lean and meagre *as a rake.*"

As thin as a whipping-poſt, is another proverb of the ſame kind.

Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1582, deſcribing Achæmenides, ſays:

"A meigre leane *rake*," &c.

This paſſage, however, ſeems to countenance Dr. Johnſon's ſuppoſition: as alſo does the following from Churchyard's *Tragicall Diſcourſe of the hapleſſe man's life*, 1593:

"And though *as leane as rake* in every rib." Steevens.

[5] Cit. *Againſt him firſt*; &c.] This ſpeech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the citizens ſpeaking at once. I believe, it ought to be aſſigned to the firſt citizen. Malone.

[6] —— *to the altitude* ——] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"He's traitor *to the height.*" Steevens.

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accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are theſe? The other ſide o'the city is riſen: Why ſtay we prating here? to the Capitol.

CIT. Come, come.

1. CIT. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. CIT. He's one honeſt enough; 'Would, all the reſt were ſo!

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. CIT. Our buſineſs[7] is not unknown to the ſenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhow 'em in deeds. They ſay, poor ſuitors have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have ſtrong arms too.

MEN. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

1. CIT. We cannot, ſir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well

[7] *Our buſineſs* &c.] This and all the ſubſequent plebeian ſpeeches in this ſcene are given in the old copy to the *ſecond* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play ſhews that it muſt have been a miſtake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *firſt* citizen. The ſecond is rather friendly to Coriolanus. MALONE.

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Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment:[8] For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o'the ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

1. CIT. Care for us! — True, indeed! — They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes cramm'd with grain; make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers: repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich; and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you muſt
Confeſs yourſelves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale 't a little more.[9]

[8] —— *cracking ten thouſand curbs*
Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment:] So, in *Othello*:
"I have made my way through more impediments
"Than twenty times your ſtop." MALONE.

[9] —— *I will venture*
To ſcale 't a little more.] To *ſcale* is to *diſperſe*. The word is ſtill uſed in the North. The ſenſe of the old reading is, Though ſome of you have heard the ſtory, I will ſpread it yet wider, and diffuſe it among the reſt.

A meaſure of wine ſpilt, is called — "a *ſcal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honeſt Whore*, 1604. So, in *The*

1. CIT. Well, I'll hear it, ſir: yet you muſt not think to fob off our diſgrace with a tale: [2] but, an't pleaſe you, deliver.

MEN. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it: —
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midſt o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where the other inſtruments [3]

Hyſtorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c. a play publiſhed in 1599:

"The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,
"Are *ſkaled* from their neſtling-place, and pleaſures paſſage find."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, already quoted:

"—— Cut off his beard. ——

"Fye, fye; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loſs of a little *ſcal'd* hair." In the North they *ſcale* the corn, i. e. ſcatter it: *ſcale* the muck well, i. e. ſpread the dung well. The two foregoing inſtances are taken from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical hiſtory of *Fladdon Field*.

Again, *Holinſhed*, Vol. II. p. 499, ſpeaking of the retreat of the Welchmen during the abſence of Richard II. ſays: "— they would no longer abide, but *ſcaled* and departed away." So again, p. 530: "— whereupon their troops *ſcaled*, and fled their waies." In the learned Ruddiman's Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of *Virgil*, the following account of the word is given. "*Skail*, *ſkale*, to *ſcatter*, to *ſpread*, perhaps from the Fr. *eſcheveler*, Ital. *ſcapigliare*, crines paſſos, ſeu ſparſos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *eſcheveler*, *ſchevel*, *ſkail*; but of a more general ſignification." See Vol. VI. p. 118, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads — *ſtale* it. MALONE.

[2] —— diſgrace *with a tale:*] *Diſgraces* are *hardſhips*, *injuries*. JOHNSON.

[3] —— where *the other inſtruments* —] *Where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion in *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. X. p. 59, n. 6:

"As you feel, doing thus, and ſee withal
"The *inſtruments* that *feel*." MALONE.

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Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,[4] did miniſter
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwered,—

1. CIT. Well, ſir, what anſwer made the belly?

MEN. Sir, I ſhall tell you.—With a kind of ſmile.
Which ne'er came from the lungs,[5] but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile[6]
As well as ſpeak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly[7]
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.[8]

1. CIT. Your belly's anſwer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart,[9] the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they —

MEN. What then?—

[4] —— *participate,*] Here means *participant*, or *participating*. MALONE.

[5] *Which ne'er came from the lungs,*] With a ſmile not indicating pleaſure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *I may make the belly* ſmile,] "And ſo the belly, all this notwithſtanding, *laughed* at their folly, and ſayed," &c. North's Tranſlation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. MALONE.

[7] —— *even ſo moſt* fitly ——] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

[8] *They are not* ſuch *as you.*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read — *They are not as you.* So, in St. Luke, xviii. 11. "God, I thank thee, I am not *as* this publican." The pronoun — *ſuch*, only diſorders the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[9] *The counſellor heart,*] The heart was anciently eſteemed the ſeat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man*. JOHNSON.

The heart was conſidered by Shakſpeare as the ſeat of the *underſtanding*. See the next note. MALONE.

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'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks! — what then? what then?

1. CIT. Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' the body, —

MEN. Well, what then?

1. CIT. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?

MEN. I will tell you;
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's anſwer.

1. CIT. You are long about it.

MEN. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his accuſers, and thus anſwer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, — to the ſeat o' the brain; [9]

[9] —— ——— *to the ſeat o' the brain;*] ſeems to me a very languid expreſſion. I believe we ſhould read, with the omiſſion of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, *to the ſeat, the* brain.

He uſes *ſeat* for *throne*, the *royal ſeat*, which the firſt editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the paſſage. It is thus uſed in *Richard II.* Act III. ſc. iv:

"Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills
"Againſt thy *ſeat.*" ——

It ſhould be obſerved too, that one of the *Citizens* had juſt before characteriſed theſe principal parts of the human fabrick by ſimilar metaphors:

"The *kingly-crowned head*, the vigilant eye,
"The *counſellor heart*; ——." TYRWHITT.

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And, through the cranks and offices of man,[*]
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly,) mark me, —

I have too great reſpect for even the conjectures of my reſpectable and very judicious friend, to ſuppreſs his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the preſent inſtance I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here uſed for *reaſon* or underſtanding. Shakſpeare ſeems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a ſimilar ſtory in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewiſe made the *heart* the *ſeat* of the *brain*, or underſtanding: "Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their laſie and publike enemy. One day paſſed over, the ſecond followed very tedious, but the third day was ſo grievous to them, that they called a common counſel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not ſupport the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord deſired the *advice* of the *heart*. *There* REASON laid open before them," &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. II. in which a circumſtance is noticed, that ſhews our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *ſeat* means here the *royal* ſeat, the throne. *The ſeat of the brain*, is put in oppoſition with *the heart*, and is deſcriptive of it. "I ſend it, (ſays the belly,) through the blood, even to the *royal reſidence*, the *heart*, in which the kingly-crowned underſtanding *ſits enthroned*.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"The rightful heir to England's royal *ſeat*."

In like manner in *Twelfth Night*, our author has erected the *throne* of love in the *heart*:

"It gives a very echo to the *ſeat*
"Where love is *throned*."

Again, in *Othello*:

"Yield up, O love, thy crown and *hearted throne*."

See alſo a paſſage in *King Henry V.* where *ſeat* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as here; Vol. XIII. p. 299, n. 9. MALONE.

[*] —— *the* cranks *and offices of man*,] *Cranks* are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

1. CIT. Ay, ſir; well, well.

MEN. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?

1. CIT. It was an anſwer: How apply you this?

MEN. The ſenators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you ſhall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly? —

1. CIT. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MEN. For that being one o' the loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou go'ſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood, to run
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage,[3] —

Cranks are *windings*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"He *cranks* and croſſes, with a thouſand doubles."

MALONE.

[3] *Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood, to* run
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage.] I think, we may better read, by an eaſy change,

Thou raſcal that art worſt in blood, to ruin
Lead'ſt firſt, to win &c.

Thou that art the meaneſt by birth, art the foremoſt to lead thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of ſome advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the loweſt breed, lead'ſt the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

Worſt in blood may be the true reading. In *King Henry VI. P. I*:

"If we be Engliſh deer, be then *in blood*,"

i. e. high ſpirits, in vigour.

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But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one ſide muſt have bale.[4]—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

MAR. Thanks.—What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourſelves ſcabs?

Again, in this play of *Coriolanus*, A& IV. ſc. v. "But when they ſhall ſee his creſt up again, and the man *in blood*," &c.

Mr. M. Maſon judiciouſly obſerves that *blood*, in all theſe paſſages, is applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a raſcal; and that "worſt in blood," is *leaſt in vigour*. STEEVENS.

Both *raſcal* and *in blood* are terms of the foreſt. *Raſcal* meant a lean deer, and is here uſed equivocally. The phraſe *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phraſe of the foreſt. See Vol. XIV. p. 120, n 2.

Our author ſeldom is careful that his compariſons ſhould anſwer on both ſides He ſeems to mean here, thou, worthleſs ſcoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worſt condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takeſt the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain ſome private advantage to yourſelf. What advantage the foremoſt of a herd of deer could obtain, is not eaſy to point out, nor did Shakſpeare, I believe, conſider. Perhaps indeed he only uſes *raſcal* in its ordinary ſenſe. So afterwards—

"From *raſcals* worſe than they."

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation appears to me inadmiſſible; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical ſenſe to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any inſtance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine ſpecies. MALONE.

[4] *The one ſide muſt have* bale.] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *miſery* or *calamity*:

"For light ſhe hated as the deadly *bale*."

Spenſer's Faery Queen.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that "*bale*, as well as *bane*, ſignified *poiſon* in Shakſpeare's days. STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakſpeare's time, being marked as obſolete by Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616. MALONE.

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1. CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.[5] He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.[6] Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

[5] *That* like nor *peace, nor war? the one affrights you,*
The other makes you proud.] Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Your virtue is,*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

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Would feed on one another?—What's their ſeeking?[7]

MEN. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

MAR. Hang 'em! They ſay?
They'll ſit by the fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: [8] ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth,[9]
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands [a] of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high

[7] *What's* their *ſeeking?*] *Seeking* is here uſed ſubſtantively. — The anſwer is, "Their ſeeking, or *ſuit*, (to uſe the language of the time,) is *for* corn." MALONE.

[8] —— *who's like to riſe,*
Who thrives, *and who declines:*] The words — *who thrives*, which deſtroy the metre, appear to be an evident and taſteleſs interpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *their* ruth,] i. e. their pity, compaſſion. Fairfax and Spenſer often uſe the word. Hence the adjective—*ruthleſs*, which is ſtill current. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *I'd make a quarry*
With thouſands ——] Why a quarry? I ſuppoſe, not becauſe he would pile them ſquare, but becauſe he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:
"And like a *quarry* caſt them on the land."
See Vol. XI. p. 222, n. 7. STEEVENS.

The word *quarry* occurs in *Macbeth*, where Roſs ſays to Macduff,
"—— to ſtate the manner,
"Were on the *quarry* of theſe murder'd deer
"To add the death of you."

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As I could pick my lance.[a]

MEN. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;

For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

MAR. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em!
They ſaid, they were an-hungry; ſigh'd forth proverbs;—

That, hunger broke ſtone walls; that, dogs muſt eat;

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods ſent not

In a note on this laſt paſſage, Steevens aſſerts, that *quarry* means *game* purſued or killed, and ſupports that opinion by a paſſage in Maſſinger's *Guardian;* and from thence I ſuppoſe the word was uſed to expreſs a heap of ſlaughtered perſons.

In the concluding ſcene of *Hamlet*, when Fortinbras ſees ſo many lying dead, he ſays

"This *quarry* cries, on havock!"

and in the laſt ſcene of *A Wife for a Month*, Valerio, in deſcribing his own fictitious battle with the Turks, ſays

"I ſaw the child of honour, for he was young,
"Deal ſuch an alms among the ſpiteful Pagans,
"And round about his reach, invade the Turks,
"He had intrench'd himſelf in his dead *quarries*."

M. MASON.

Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, ſays that "a *quarry* among hunters ſignifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the veniſon which is taken by hunting." This ſufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. MALONE.

[a] —— pick *my lance.*] And ſo the word [*pitch*] is ſtill pronounced in Staffordſhire, where they ſay—*picke* me ſuch a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

So, in *An Account of auntient cuſtomes and games*, &c. Mſs. Harl. 2057, fol. 10. b.

"To wreſtle, play at ſtrole-ball, [ſtool-ball] or to rünne,
"To *picke* the barre, or to ſhoot off a gun."

The word is again uſed in *King Henry VIII.* with only a ſlight variation in the ſpelling: "I'll *peck* you o'er the pales elſe." See Vol. XVI. p. 199, n. 9. MALONE.

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Corn for the rich men only:—With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
(To break the heart of generoſity,[3]
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,[4]
Shouting their emulation.[5]

MEN. What is granted them?

MAR. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'s death!
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city,[6]
Ere ſo prevail'd with me: it will in time

[3] —— *the heart of* generoſity,] To give the final blow to the *nobles*. *Generoſity* is *high birth*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"The *generous* and graveſt citizens—."

See Vol. VI. p. 180, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *hang them on the horns o' the moon*,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Shouting their emulation*.] Each of them ſtriving to ſhout louder than the reſt. MALONE.

Emulation, in the preſent inſtance, I believe, ſignifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expreſſing the triumph of their faction by ſhouts*.

Emulation, in our author, is ſometimes uſed in an unfavourable ſenſe, and not to imply an honeſt conteſt for ſuperiour excellence. Thus in *King Henry VI*. P. I:

"——the truſt of England's honour
"Keep off aloof with worthleſs *emulation*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"While *emulation* in the army crept."

i. e. faction. STEEVENS.

[6] —— unroof'd *the city*,] Old Copy—*unroof*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

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Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.[6]

MEN. This is ſtrange.

MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

MES. Where's Caius Marcius?

MAR. Here: What's the matter?

MES. The news is, ſir, the Volces are in arms.

MAR. I am glad on't; then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity:—See, our beſt elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1. SEN. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.[7]

MAR. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me only he.

COM. You have fought together.

MAR. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

[6] *For inſurrection's arguing.*] For inſurgents to debate upon. MALONE.

[7] —— *'tis true, that you have lately told us;*
The Volces are in arms.] Coriolanus had been juſt told himſelf that *the Volces were in arms.* The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us ſome little time ago of the deſigns of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

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Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. SEN. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

MAR. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.[9]—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

MEN. O, true bred!

1. SEN. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.[2]

COM. Noble Lartius![3]

1. SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the* Citizens.

MAR. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

[9] —— *constant.*] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"But I am *constant* as the northern star." STEEVENS.

[2] *Right worthy* you *priority.*] You *being* right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason would read—*your* priority. STEEVENS.

[3] *Noble* Lartius!] Old copy—*Martius.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcius.* MALONE.

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To gnaw their garners:—Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth:[2] pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN. *Citizens ſteal away.*

SIC. Was ever man ſo proud as is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were choſen tribunes for the people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird[3] the gods.

SIC. Be-mock the modeſt moon.

BRU. The preſent wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.[4]

[2] *Your valour puts well forth:*] That is, You have in this mutiny ſhown fair bloſſoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" — To-day he *puts forth*
" The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms," &c.
MALONE.

[3] —— *to gird* ——] To *ſneer*, to *gibe*. So Falſtaff uſes the noun, when he ſays, *every man has a* gird *at me*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew:*

" I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio."

Many inſtances of the uſe of this word, might be added.
STEEVENS.

To *gird*, as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves to me, " in ſome parts of England means *to puſh vehemently*. So, when a ram puſhes at any thing with his head, they ſay he *girds* at it." To *gird* likewiſe ſignified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically uſed in the ſenſe of to taunt, or annoy by a *ſtroke* of ſarcaſm. Cotgrave makes *gird*, *nip*, and *twinge*, ſynonymous. MALONE.

[4] *The preſent wars devour him: he is grown*
Too proud to be ſo valiant.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *This is obſcurely expreſſed*, but that *the poet's meaning* muſt *certainly be, that Marcius is ſo conſcious of, and ſo elate upon the notion of his own valour, that*

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SIC. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure

he is eaten up with pride, &c. According to this critick then, we muſt conclude, that when Shakſpeare had a mind to ſay *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was ſo great a blunderer in expreſſion, as to ſay, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The preſent wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and ſhould be ſo pointed. As much as to ſay, *May he fall in thoſe wars!* The reaſon of the curſe is ſubjoined, for (ſays the ſpeaker) having ſo much pride with ſo much valour, his life, with increaſe of honours, is dangerous to the republick. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The ſenſe may be, that *the preſent wars annihilate his gentler qualities*. To *eat up*, and conſequently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in the ſecond part of *King Henry IV.* Act IV. ſc. iv:

" But thou [the crown] moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
" *Haſt eat thy bearer up.*"

To be *eat up with pride*, is ſtill a phraſe in common and vulgar uſe.

He is grown too proud to be ſo valiant, may ſignify, his pride is ſuch as not to deſerve the accompanyment of ſo much valour. STEEVENS.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. " The preſent wars," Shakſpeare uſes to expreſs the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military proweſs; which kind of pride Brutus ſays *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act II. ſc. iii:

" — He that's proud, *eats up* himſelf."

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the ſentence is, " he is grown too proud *of being* ſo valiant, *to be endured.*" MALONE.

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Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the buſineſs!

SIC. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Marcius, ſhall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.[5]

BRU. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear
How the deſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity,[6] he goes
Upon this preſent action.

BRU. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Of his* demerits *rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the ſame meaning: So, in *Othello:*

" —— and my *demerits*
" May ſpeak," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolſey ſays to his ſervants, " —— I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*." Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Epiſtle to T. Veſpaſian*, 1600: " — his *demerit* had been the greater to have continued his ſtory." STEEVENS.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 69. " — this noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good duke of Glouceſter,—."
MALONE.

[6] *More than his ſingularity*, &c.] We will learn what he is to do, beſides *going himſelf*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, the word *ſingularity* implies a ſarcaſm on Coriolanus, and the ſpeaker means to ſay—after what faſhion, *beſide that in which his own ſingularity of diſpoſition inveſts him*, he goes into the field. So, in *Twelfth-night:* " Put thyſelf into the trick of *ſingularity*." STEEVENS.

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SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1. SEN. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

AUF. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on[7] in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,[8]
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*reads.*
They have press'd a power,[9] *but it is not known*
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*

[7] ——hath *been thought on* ——] Old copy—*have*. Corrected by the second folio. STEEVENS.

[8] ——'*Tis not four days* gone,] i. e. four days *past*. STEEVENS.

[9] *They have* press'd *a power*,] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—They have *prest* a power; which may signify have a power *ready*; from *prest*, Fr. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"And I am *prest* unto it."

See note on this passage, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were generally so *spelt* in Shakspeare's time: so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I believe *press'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of *impress'd*. So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus, translated by Sir T. North, 1579: "— the common people—would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *press* them for the warres." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"From London by the king was I *press'd* forth."

MALONE.

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(Who is of Rome worſe hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, *a moſt valiant Roman,*
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.

1. SEN. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhow themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns,[9] ere, almoſt, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. SEN. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commiſſion; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they ſet down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army;[a] but, I think, you'll find

[9] *To* take *in many towns,*] *To take in* is here as in many other places, *to ſubdue.* So, in *The Execration of Vulcan*, by Ben Jonſon:

" —— The Globe, the glory of the Bank,
" I ſaw with two poor chambers *taken in*,
" And raz'd." MALONE.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— cut the Ionian ſea,
" And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

[a] —— *for the* remove
Bring up your army;] Says the ſenator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garriſon Corioli.* If the Romans beſiege us, bring up your army *to remove them.* If any change ſhould be made, I would read:

—— *for* their *remove.* JOHNSON.

The remove and *their remove* are ſo near in ſound, that the tranſcriber's ear might eaſily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture looſe where there is no difficulty. MALONE.

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They have not prepar'd for us.

AUF. O, doubt not that;
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,[3]
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
Till one can do no more.

ALL. The gods aſſiſt you!

AUF. And keep your honours ſafe!

1. SEN. Farewell.

2. SEN. Farewell.

ALL. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Marcius' *houſe.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They ſit down on two low ſtools, and ſew.*

VOL. I pray you, daughter, ſing; or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my ſon were my huſband, I ſhould freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhow moſt love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs pluck'd all gaze his way;[4] when, for a day of kings' en-

[3] *I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading—

I ſpeak from very *certainties.* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *when youth with comelineſs* pluck'd all gaze his *way;*] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

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treaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I,—conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not ſtir,—was pleaſed to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I ſent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak.[4] I tell thee, daughter,—I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

VIR. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam? how then?

VOL. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely:—Had I a dozen ſons,—each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

GENT. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to viſit you.

VIR. 'Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.[5]

VOL. Indeed, you ſhall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your huſband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

[4] —— *brows bound with oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that ſaved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *to* retire *myſelf.*] This verb active (ſignifying to *withdraw*) has already occurred in *The Tempeſt*:

As children from a bear, the Volces ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping,[6] forth he goes;
Like to a harveſt-man, that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

VIR. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

VOL. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy:[7] The breaſts of Hecuba,
When ſhe did ſuckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſwords' contending.—Tell Valeria,[8]
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

VIR. Heavens bleſs my lord from fell Anfidius?

VOL. He'll beat Anfidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

" —— I will thence
" *Retire* me to my Milan —."
Again, in *Timon of Athens:*
" I have *retir'd* me to a waſteful cock,—." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 64, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] *With his* mail'd *hand then wiping,*] i. e. his hand cover'd or arm'd with mail. DOUCE.

[7] *Than* gilt *his trophy:*] *Gilt* means a ſuperficial diſplay of gold, a word now obſolete. So, in *King Henry V:*
" Our gayneſs and our *gilt*, are all beſmirch'd."
STEEVENS.

[8] *At Grecian ſwords' contending.—Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the firſt folio may be aſcertained from the manner in which this line is printed:
At Grecian ſword, Contenning, *tell* Valeria. STEEVENS.

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Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her Uſher.*

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam,—

VIR. I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip.

VAL. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What, are you ſewing here? A fine ſpot,[8] in good faith.—How does your little ſon?

VIR. I thank your ladyſhip; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchool-maſter.

VAL. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wedneſday half an hour together: he has ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it![9]

VOL. One of his father's moods.

VAL. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

VIR. A crack, madam.[a]

[8] *A fine ſpot,*] This expreſſion (whatever may be the preciſe meaning of it) is ſtill in uſe among the vulgar: "You have made *a fine ſpot* of work of it," being a common phraſe of reproach to thoſe who have brought themſelves into a ſcrape. STEEVENS.

[9] —— mammock'd *it!*] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"That he were chopt in *mammocks*, I could eat him."

STEEVENS.

[a] *A* crack, *madam.*] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonſon;

VAL. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

VIR. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VAL. Not out of doors!

VOL. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

VIR. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threſhold, till my lord return from the wars.

VAL. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lies in.

VIR. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

VOL. Why, I pray you?

VIR. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

VAL. You would be another Penelope; yet, they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes' abſence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

VIR. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

VAL. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

VIR. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VAL. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

"—— Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's ſtudy to be like *cracks*, act freely, careleſsly, and capriciouſly."

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"A notable, diſſembling lad, a *crack*."

Crack ſignifies a *boy child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the ſecond part of *King Henry IV.* Vol. XIII. p. 127, n. 9. STEEVENS.

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VIR. Indeed, madam?

VAL. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; againſt whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are ſet down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars; This is true, on mine honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

VIR. Give me excuſe, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

VOL. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

VAL. In troth, I think, ſhe would:—Fare you well then.— Come, good ſweet lady. —Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy ſolemneſs out o'door, and go along with us.

VIR. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

VAL. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a* Meſſenger.

MAR. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

LART. My horſe to yours, no.

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MAR. 'Tis done.
LART. Agreed.
MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy?
MES. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.
LART. So, the good horſe is mine.
MAR. I'll buy him of you.
LART. No, I'll nor ſell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.
MAR. How far off lie theſe armies?
MES. Within this mile and half.[3]
MAR. Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends![4]—Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a parley. Enter, on the walls, ſome Senators *and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1. SEN. No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little.[5] Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*

[3] *Within this mile* and half.] The two laſt words, which diſturb the meaſure, ſhould be omitted; as we are told in p. 243, that—"'Tis *not a mile*" between the two armies. STEEVENS.

[4] —— fielded *friends!*] i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *nor a man that fears you* leſs *than he,*
That's leſſer than a little.] The ſenſe requires it to be read:
—— *nor a man that fears you more than he;*

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Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius: liſt what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.

MAR. O, they are at it!

LART. Their noiſe be our inſtruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces *enter and paſs over the Stage.*

MAR. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he ſhall feel mine edge,

Or, more probably:

—— *nor a man* but *fears you leſs than he,*
That's leſſer than a little.——JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almoſt always entangling himſelf when he uſes *leſs* and *more*. See Vol. X. p. 84, n. 5. *Leſſer* in the next line ſhows that *leſs* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he ſhould have written—*but* fears you leſs, &c. MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's note appears to me unneceſſary, nor do I think with Mr. Malone that Shakſpeare has here *entangled* himſelf; but on the contrary that he could not have expreſſed himſelf better. The ſenſe is "*however little* Tullus Aufidius fears you, there is not a man within the walls that fears you *leſs*." DOUCE.

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Alarums, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.[4]

MAR. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues[5]
Plaſter you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile! You ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

[4] *Re-enter Marcius,*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *curſing.* STEEVENS.

[5] *You ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues* &c.] This paſſage, like almoſt every other abrupt ſentence in theſe plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See Vol. VI. p. 344, n. 7; Vol. VII. p. 106, n. 8, and p. 211, n. 8, and Vol. VIII. p. 43, n. 2. For the preſent regulation I am anſwerable. "You herd of *cowards!*" Marcius would ſay, but his rage prevents him.

In a former paſſage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

"— one's Junius Brutus,
"Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'ſdeath,
"The rabble ſhould have firſt," &c.

Speaking of the people in a ſubſequent ſcene, he uſes the ſame expreſſion:

"— Are theſe your *herd?*
"Muſt theſe have voices," &c.

Again: "More of your converſation would infect my brain, being the *herdſmen* of *the beaſtly* plebeians."

In Mr. Rowe's edition *herds* was printed inſtead of *herd*, the reading of the old copy; and the paſſage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

"You ſhames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues
"Plaſter you o'er!" MALONE.

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With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volces *retire into* Corioli, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So now the gates are ope:—Now prove good ſeconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*

1. SOL. Fool-hardineſs! not I.
2. SOL. Nor I.
3. SOL. See, they
Have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
ALL. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS,

LART. What is become of Marcius?
ALL. Slain, ſir, doubtleſs.
1. SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the ſudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.
LART. O noble fellow?
Who, ſenſible, outdares [5] his ſenſeleſs ſword,

[5] *Who, ſenſible, outdares* ——] The old editions read: *Who* ſenſibly *out-dares*——

And, when it bows, ſtands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, [6] as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to Cato's wiſh: not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes; but, with thy grim looks, and

Thirlby reads:

Who, ſenſible, outdoes *his ſenſeleſs ſword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. JOHNSON.

Senſible is here, having *ſenſation*. So before: I would, your cambrick were *ſenſible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *ſenſeleſs* ſword, for *after* it is bent, he yet ſtands firm in the field. MALONE.

The thought ſeems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293:

"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their fleſh abode the wounds conſtantly, as though it were leſſe ſenſible of ſmart than the ſenſeleſſe armour," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *A carbuncle entire*, &c.] So, in *Othello*:

"If heaven had made me ſuch another woman,
"Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
"I'd not have ta'en it for her." MALONE.

[7] —— *Thou waſt a ſoldier*
Even to Cato's wiſh: *not fierce and terrible*
Only in ſtrokes; &c.] In the old editions it was:

—— Calvus' *wiſh*: ——

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great ſoldier ſhould carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the hiſtorian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*Calues* wiſh. The correction made by Theobald is fully juſtified by the paſſage in Plutarch, which Shakſpeare had in view: "Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, ronning out of the campe with a fewe men with him, he ſlue the firſt enemies he met withall, and made the reſt of them ſtaye upon a ſodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even ſuch another as *Cato* would have a *ſouldier* and a captaine to be; not only *terrible and fierce* to lay about him, but

The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.[7]

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, aſſaulted by the enemy.*

1. SOL. Look, ſir.
LART. 'Tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain[8] alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

to make the enemie afeard with *the ſounde of his voyce and grimnes of his countenance.*" North's Tranſlation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes that Shakſpeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this ſaying of the elder *Cato* "into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakſpeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing paſſage to make him even *ſuſpect* that was the caſe,) and in conſequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular inſtance to a point, of which almoſt every page of his works ſhows that he was totally negligent; a ſuppoſition which is ſo improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the firſt act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcius* printed inſtead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentick ancient copy. The ſubſtitution of *Calues*, inſtead of *Cato's*, is eaſily accounted for. Shakſpeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* with; (So, in Beaumont's *Maſque*, 1613:

"And what will *Junoes* Iris do for her?")

omitting to draw a line acroſs the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the tranſcriber or printer gave us *Calues*. See a ſubſequent paſſage in Act II. ſc. ult in which our author has been led by another paſſage in Plutarch into a ſimilar anachroniſm. MALONE.

[7] —— *as if the world*
Were feverous, and did tremble.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"—— ſome ſay, the earth
"Was feverous, and did ſhake. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *make* remain —] is an old manner of ſpeaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.

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SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, *with ſpoils.*

1. ROM. This will I carry to Rome.
2. ROM. And I this.
3. ROM. A murrain on't! I took this for ſilver.
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

MAR. See here theſe movers, that do prize their hours [9]
At a crack'd drachm! Cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, [a] theſe baſe ſlaves,

[9] —— *prize their* hours ——] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnſon, too haſtily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with ſimilar innovations. MALONE.

A modern editor, who had made ſuch an improvement, would have ſpent half a page in oſtentation of his ſagacity. JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman ſoldiers only for waſting *their time* in packing up trifles of ſuch ſmall value. So, in Sir Thomas North's Tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Martius was marveillous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after ſpoyle, and to ronne ſtraggling here and there to enrich themſelves, whilſt the other conſul and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies." STEEVENS.

[a] —— *doublets that hangmen would*
Bury with thoſe that wore them,] Inſtead of taking them as their lawful perquiſite. See Vol. VI. p. 151, n. 5. MALONE.

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: — Down with them. —
And hark, what noiſe the general makes! — To him: —
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help Cominius.

LART. Worthy ſir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent for
A ſecond courſe of fight.

MAR. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

LART. Now the fair goddeſs, Fortune,[a]
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! Bold gentleman,
Proſperity be thy page!

MAR. Thy friend no leſs
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! So, farewell.

LART. Thou worthieſt Marcius! —

[*Exit* MARCIUS.

Go, ſound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they ſhall know our mind: Away.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus*
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. *Now the fair goddeſs, Fortune,*] The metre being here violated, I think we might ſafely read with Sir T. Hanmer (omitting the words — *to me*):
Than dangerous: To Aufidius thus will I
Appear, and fight.
Now the fair goddeſs, Fortune, —. STEEVENS.

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SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and forces, retreating.*

COM. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, ſirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims, and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes as we wiſh our own;[3]
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encoun-t'ring,

Enter a Meſſenger.

May give you thankful ſacrifice! — Thy news?
MES. The citizens of Corioli have iſſued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
COM. Though thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
MES. Above an hour, my lord.
COM. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

[3] —— *The Roman gods,*
Lead their ſucceſſes as we wiſh our own;] i. e. May the Roman gods, &c. MALONE.

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How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour, [4]
And bring thy news ſo late?

MES. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, ſir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

COM. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the ſtamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time ſeen him thus.

MAR. Come I too late?

COM. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's. [5]

MAR. Come I too late?

[4] — confound *an hour,*] *Confound* is here uſed not in its common acceptation, but in the ſenſe of — *to expend.* Conterere tempus. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry IV* P. I. A&. I. ſc. iii:

" He did *confound* the beſt part of an hour," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *From every meaner* man's.] [Old copy — meaner *man.*] That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraſeology is found in many places in theſe plays; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be ſcrupulouſly attended to, Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors who read here — every meaner *man's*, ought not in my apprehenſion to be followed, though we ſhould now write ſo. MALONE.

When I am certified that this, and many correſponding offences againſt grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age, I ſhall not perſevere in correcting them. But while I ſuſpect (as in the preſent inſtance) that ſuch irregularities were the gibberiſh of a theatre, or the blunders of a tranſcriber, I ſhall forbear to ſet nonſenſe before my readers; eſpecially when it can be avoided by the inſertion of a ſingle letter, which indeed might have dropped out at the preſs. STEEVENS.

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COM. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
MAR. O! let me clip you
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.[6]
COM. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
MAR. As with a man buſied about decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile;
Ranſoming him, or pitying,[7] threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
COM. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
MAR. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.
COM. But how prevail'd you?
MAR. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think —

[6] —— *to* bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"Sweats hourly for a dry brown cruſt to *bedward*."
STEEVENS.
Again, in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Leaping, upon a full ſtomach, or *to bedward*, is very dangerous." MALONE.
Again, in *The Legend of Cardinal Lorraine*, 1577, ſign. G. 1: "They donſed alſo, left ſo ſoon as their backs were turned to the court*ward*, and that they had given over the dealings in the affairs, there would come in infinite complaints." REED.

[7] *Ranſoming him, or* pitying,] i. e. *remitting his ranſom.*
JOHNSON.

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Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
COM. Marcius,
We have at diſadvantage fought and did
Retire, to win our purpoſe.
MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on which ſide[8]
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
COM. As I gueſs, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,[9]
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.[*]
MAR. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have ſhed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly

[8] —— *on which ſide* &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Martius aſked him howe the order of the enemies battell was, and on which ſide they had placed their beſt fighting men. The conſul made him aunſwer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were thoſe of the Antiates, whom they eſteemed to be the warlikeſt men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoſte of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be ſet directly againſt them. The conſul graunted him, greatly prayſing his corage." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Antiates*,] The old copy reads — *Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, ſeems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading:

"Set me againſt Aufidius and his *Antiates*."

Our author employs — *Antiates* as a triſyllable, as if it had been written — *Antiats*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

[*] *Their very* heart of hope.] The ſame expreſſion is found in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

"—————— thy deſperate arm
"Hath almoſt thruſt quite through *the heart of hope*." MALONE.

In *King Henry IV.* P. I. we have
"The very bottom and *the ſoul of hope*." STEEVENS.

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Set me againſt Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the preſent;[3] but,
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd,[4] and darts,
We prove this very hour.

COM. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

MAR. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing: — If any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſſer his perſon than an ill report;[5]
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf:
Let him, alone, or ſo many, ſo minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords; take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*

[3] *And that you not* delay *the preſent;*] *Delay*, for let ſlip. WARBURTON.

[4] ——— *ſwords advanc'd,*] That is, ſwords lifted high. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *if any fear*
Leſſer *his perſon than an ill report;*] The old copy has *leſſen*. If the preſent reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, *his perſon* muſt mean his *perſonal danger*. — If any one leſs fears perſonal danger than an ill name, &c. If the fears of any man are leſs *for* his perſon, than they are from an apprehenſion of being eſteemed a coward; &c. We have nearly the ſame ſentiment in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" If there be one among the fair'ſt of Greece,
" That holds his honour higher than his eaſe, —."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" But thou prefer'ſt thy life before thine honour."

In this play we have already had *leſſer* uſed for *leſs*. MALONE.

O me, alone! Make you a ſword of me?
If theſe ſhows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great Aufidius
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, muſt I ſelect: the reſt
Shall bear[5] the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd. Pleaſe you to march;
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.[6]

[5] *Though thanks to all, I muſt ſelect: the reſt*
Shall bear &c.] The old copy — I muſt ſelect *from all*. I have followed Sir Thomas Hanmer in the omiſſion of words apparently needleſs and redundant. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Pleaſe you to march;*
And four *ſhall quickly draw out my command,*
Which men are beſt inclin'd.] I cannot but ſuſpect this paſſage of corruption. Why ſhould they *march*, that *four* might ſelect thoſe that were *beſt inclin'd*? How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four* that ſhould ſelect them? Perhaps, we may read:

—— *Pleaſe you to march;*
And fear *ſhall quickly draw out* of *my command,*
Which men are leaſt *inclin'd.*

It is eaſy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *leaſt* to *beſt*. Let us march, and that fear which incites deſertion will free my army from cowards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote:
" And *ſo I* ſhall quickly draw out," &c.

Some ſenſe, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the ſoldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will ſubmit the ſelection to *four* indifferent perſons, that he himſelf may eſcape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakſpeare, he has expreſſed it with uncommon obſcurity. The old tranſlation of *Plutarch* only ſays, " Wherefore, with thoſe that willingly offered themſelves to followe him, he went out of the cittie." STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to ſay, that he would appoint four perſons to ſelect for his particular command *or party*, thoſe who were beſt inclined; and in order to ſave time, he propoſes to have this choice

COM. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with a drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius, *enters with a lieutenant, a party of ſoldiers, and a ſcout.*

LART. So, let the ports[7] be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, deſpatch
Thoſe centuries[8] to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding: If we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.
LIEU. Fear not our care, ſir.
LART. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooſes thoſe who are to go on that particular ſervice. M. MASON.

[7] —— *the* ports —] i. e. the gates. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"Deſcend, and open your uncharged *ports*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Thoſe* centuries —] i. e. companies conſiſting each of a hundred men. Our author ſometimes uſes this word to expreſs ſimply —a *hundred*; as in *Cymbeline*:
"And on it ſaid a *century* of prayers." STEEVENS.

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SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman *and* Volcian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

MAR. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
AUF. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a ſerpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy:[7] Fix thy foot.
MAR. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after![8]
AUF. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
MAR. Within theſe three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,[9]
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the higheſt.

[7] —— *thy fame and* envy;] *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*. See Vol. XVI. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

The phraſe—*death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to ſignify no more than—*honourable death*, ſo *fame and envy*, may only mean—*deteſted* or *odious fame*. The verb—to *envy*, in ancient language, ſignifies to *hate*. Or the conſtruction may be —*Not Africk owns a ſerpent I more abhor and envy, than thy fame.* STEEVENS.

[8] *And the gods doom him after!*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"And damn'd be him who firſt cries, Hold, Enough!"
STEEVENS.

[9] *Within theſe three hours*, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,] If the name of *Tullus* be omitted, the metre will become regular. STEEVENS.

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AUF. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,[2]
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.

Officious, and not valiant—you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.[3]

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

[2] *Wert thou the Hector,*
That was the whip, *of your bragg'd progeny*,] The Romans boaſted themſelves deſcended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny*? It muſt mean the whip with which the Trojans ſcourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unuſual conſtruction, or the author muſt have forgotten the original of the Romans; unleſs *whip* has ſome meaning which includes *advantage* or *ſuperiority*, as we ſay, *he has the* whip-hand, for *he has the* advantage. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon conſiders this as a very unuſual conſtruction, but it appears to me only ſuch as every page of theſe plays furniſhes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correſpondent juſtly obſerves, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *poſſeſs'd of*." MALONE.

Whip might anciently be uſed, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly boaſted of; as—the *crack* houſe in the county,—the *crack* boy of a ſchool, &c. Modern phraſeology, perhaps, has only paſſed from the *whip*, to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*you have ſham'd me*
In your condemned *ſeconds.*] For *condemned*, we may read *contemned*. You have, to my ſhame, ſent me help *which I deſpiſe*. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my ſhame, ſent me help, which I muſt* condemn *as intruſive, inſtead of applauding it as neceſſary*? Mr. M. Maſon propoſes to read *ſecond* inſtead of *ſeconds*; but the latter is right. So King Lear: "No *ſeconds*? all myſelf?" STEEVENS.

We have had the ſame phraſe in the fourth ſcene of this play: "Now prove good *ſeconds*!" MALONE.

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SCENE IX.

The Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Flouriſh. Enter at one ſide, COMINIUS, *and* Romans; *at the other ſide,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a ſcarf, and other* Romans.

COM. If I ſhould tell thee [4] o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,

[4] *If I ſhould tell thee* &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "There the conſul Cominius going up to his chayer of ſtate, in the preſence of the whole armie, gaue thankes to the goddes for ſo great, glorious, and proſperous a victorie: then he ſpake to Martius, whoſe valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he himſelfe ſawe him doe with his eyes, as alſo for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he ſhould chooſe out of all the horſes they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great ſtore) tenne of euery ſorte which he liked beſt, before any diſtribution ſhould be made to other. Beſides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in teſtimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes above all other, a goodly horſe with a *cappariſon*, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marveloufly praiſe and commend. But Martius ſtepping forth, told the conſul, he moſt thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horſe, and was a glad man beſides, that his ſeruice had deſerued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other ſouldiers." STEEVENS.

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And, gladly quak'd,[5] hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fuſty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay, againſt their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath ſuch a ſoldier!—
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the purſuit.*

LART. O general,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:[6]
Hadſt thou beheld—
MAR. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol[7] her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:[8]
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.[9]

[5] *And, gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To *quake* is uſed likewiſe as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"We'll *quake* them at that bar
"Where all ſouls wait for ſentence." STEEVENS.

[6] *Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the ſhow.* JOHNSON.

[7] —— *a charter to extol*—] A privilege to praiſe her own ſon. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *that's for my* country:] The latter word is uſed here, as in other places, as a triſyllable. See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 7. MALONE.

[9] *He, that hath but effected his good will,*
Hath overta'en *mine* act.] That is, has done as much as I have done, inaſmuch as my ardour to ſerve the ſtate is ſuch that I have never been able to effect all that I wiſh'd.

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COM. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving; Rome muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,[9]) before our army hear me.

MAR. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

COM. Should they not,[a]
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore,) of all
The treaſure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

MAR. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it;
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry*, Marcius! Marcius! *caſt up their caps and lances*; COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS, *ſtand bare.*

So, in *Macbeth:*
" The flighty *purpoſe* never is *o'ertook*,
" Unleſs the deed goes with it." MALONE.

[9] —— not to reward
What you have done,)] So, in *Macbeth:*
" To herald thee into his ſight, *not pay thee.*" STEEVENS.

[a] *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered.* JOHNSON.

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MAR. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall[3]

[3] —— *When drums and trumpets shall* &c.] In the old copys
—— *when drums and trumpets shall*
I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and *cities be*
Made all *of false-fac'd soothing.*
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him *be made an overture for the wars:*——
All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus:
—— *when drums and trumpets shall*
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as *cities,*
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns *be made*
An overture for the wars! ——
The thought is this, if one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps;* and the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *him.* WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him,* (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns;* which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:
" —— when steel grows
" Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made
" A *coverture* for the wars!"
The sense will then be apt and complete. *When* steel *grows soft as* silk, *let armour be made of* silk *instead of* steel. TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him,* is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many elſe have done,—you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes ſauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modeſt are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,

it, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its muſical ſenſe, is not ſo ancient as the age of Shakſpeare. What Martial has ſaid of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's propoſed emendation:——

Si non erràſſet, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: "An overturning; a ſudden change." The latter ſenſe ſuits the preſent paſſage ſufficiently well, underſtanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When ſteel grows ſoft as ſilk, let ſilk be *ſuddenly converted* to the uſe of war.

We have many expreſſions equally licentious in theſe plays. By *ſteel* Marcius means a *coat of mail*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"Shall we go throw away our *coats of ſteel*,
"And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns?"

Shakſpeare has introduced a ſimilar image in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
"And in my temper *ſoftn'd valour's ſteel*."

Overture, I have obſerved ſince this note was written, was uſed by the writers of Shakſpeare's time in the ſenſe of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is ſo uſed by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland. MALONE.

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Then reaſon ſafely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,[4]
With all the applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.[5]—Bear
The addition nobly ever!

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and drums.

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

COR. I will go waſh;
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to ſtride your ſteed; and, at all times,
To undercreſt your good addition,
To the fairneſs of my power.[6]

[4] *For what he did* &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "After this ſhowte and noyſe of the aſſembly was ſomewhat appeaſed, the conſul Cominius beganne to ſpeake in this ſorte. We cannot compell Martius to take theſe giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him ſuche a rewarde for the noble ſeruice he hath done, as he cannot refuſe. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination. STEEVENS.

[5] The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus*. STEEVENS.

[6] *To* undercreſt *your good* addition,

To the fairneſs of my power:] A phraſe from heraldry, ſignifying, that he would endeavour to ſupport his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

I underſtand the meaning to be, to illuſtrate this honourable diſtinction you have conferred on me by freſh deſervings to the extent of my power. To *undercreſt*, I ſhould gueſs, ſignifies properly, to wear beneath the creſt as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given ſeems to be conſidered as the creſt; the

COM. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſs.—You, Titus Lartius,
Muſt to Corioli back: ſend us to Rome
The beſt,[8] with whom we may articulate,[9]
For their own good, and ours.

LART. I ſhall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

COM. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

COR. I ſometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's houſe;[a] he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I ſaw him priſoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you

promiſed future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

When two engage on *equal* terms, we ſay it is *fair; fairneſs* may therefore be *equality; in proportion equal to my power.* JOHNSON.

"To the fairneſs of my power"—is, as fairly as I can. M. MASON.

[8] *The beſt,*] The *chief* men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*with whom we may* articulate,] i. e. *enter into articles.* This word occurs again in *Henry IV.* A& V. ſc. i:

"Indeed theſe things you have *articulated.*"

i. e. ſet down *article by article.* So, in Hollinſhed's *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 163: "The earl of Deſmond's treaſons *articulated.*" STEEVENS.

[a] *At a poor man's houſe;*] So in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch:* "Only this grace (ſaid he) I craue, and beſeeche you to grant me. Among the Volces there is an old friende and hoſte of mine, an honeſt wealthie man, and now a priſoner, who liuing before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore priſoner in the handes of his enemies: and yet notwithſtanding all this his miſerie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleaſure if I could ſaue him from this one daunger: to keepe him from being ſolde as a ſlaue." STEEVENS.

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To give my poor hoſt freedom.
COM. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free, as is the wind.[3] Deliver him, Titus.
LART. Marcius, his name?
COR. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
COM. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your viſage dries: 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three ſoldiers.*

AUF. The town is ta'en!
1. SOL. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
AUF. Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.[4]—Condition!

[3] —— *free, as is the wind.*] So, in *As you like it:*
" — I muſt have *liberty*,
" Withal, as large a charter *as the wind.* MALONE.

[4] *Being a* Volce, &c.] It may be juſt obſerved, that Shakſpeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [Volcian.] I mention it here, becauſe here the change has ſpoiled the meaſure:
Being a Volce, *be that I am.—Condition!* JOHNSON.

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What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me;
And would'ſt do ſo, I think ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,[4]
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where[5]
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
(True ſword to ſword,) I'll potch at him ſome way;[6]
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. SOL. He's the devil.

AUF. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: My valour's poiſon'd,[7]

The *Volci* are called *Volcis* in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, and ſo I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *meet him* beard to beard,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"We might have met them dareful, *beard to beard*—."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *for* where—] *Where* i ſuſed here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

[6] —— *I'll* potch *at him ſome way;*] Mr. Heath reads—*poach;* but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no Engliſh word, is uſed in the midland counties for a *rough, violent puſh*. STEEVENS.

Cole in his DICTIONARY, 1679, renders "to *poche*," *fundam explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*. MALONE.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe, p. 31: "They uſe alſo to *poche* them (fiſh) with an inſtrument ſomewhat like a ſalmon-ſpeare." TOLLET.

[7] — *My valour's poiſon'd*, &c.] The conſtruction of this paſſage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

——*my* valour, *poiſon'd*
With only ſuffering ſtain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itſelf. TYRWHITT.

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With only ſuffering ſtain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itſelf:[8] nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury,[9] ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,[a] even there
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city;

The amendment propoſed by Tyrwhitt would make the conſtruction clear; but I think the paſſage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text:—

—— my valour's poiſon'd;
Which only ſuffering ſtain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itſelf. M. MASON.

[8] —— *for him*
Shall fly out of itſelf:] To miſchief him, my valour ſhould *deviate from* its own native generoſity. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary*, &c.
Embarquements *all of fury*, &c.] The word, in the old copy, is ſpelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave ſays, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and cuſtom* that follow, ſeem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough ſtand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's Engliſh and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find:

"To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer.*
"An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement.*"

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has "to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon." There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spaniſh, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement*: but Shakſpeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

[a] *At home*, upon *my brother's guard*,] In my own houſe, with my brother poſted to protect him. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

"—— and *on* the court of guard,—." STEEVENS.

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Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for Rome.

1. SOL. Will not you go?

AUF. I am attended[2] at the cypreſs grove:
I pray you,
('Tis ſouth the city mills,[3]) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

1. SOL. I ſhall, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *attended* —] i. e. waited for. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—— thy intercepter—*attends* thee at the orchard end." STEEVENS.

[3] (*'Tis ſouth the city* mills,) ——] But where could Shakſpeare have heard of theſe *mills* at Antium? I believe we ſhould read:
(*'Tis ſouth the city a* mile.)
The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakſpeare is ſeldom careful about ſuch little improprieties. *Coriolanus* ſpeaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy churchyard*. It is ſaid afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare frequently introduces thoſe minute local deſcriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— underneath the *grove of ſycamore*,
"That *weſtward* rooteth from the *city's* ſide."

Again:

"It was the nightingale and not the lark——
"—— Nightly ſhe ſings on *yon pomegranate tree*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt's queſtion, "where could Shakſpeare have heard of theſe mills at Antium?" may be anſwered by another queſtion: Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

"And as I ride upon this flode,
"On eche ſyde many a *mylle* ſtode,
"When nede was their graine and corne to grinde," &c.
Auncyent Hiſtorie, &c. 1555. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

MEN. The augurer tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.

BRU. Good, or bad?

MEN. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

SIC. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

MEN. Pray you, who does the wolf love?[4]

SIC. The lamb.

MEN. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

BRU. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

MEN. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you.

BOTH TRIB. Well, ſir.

MEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor,[5] that you two have not in abundance?

[4] *Pray you*, &c.] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had obſerved that even *beaſts know their friends*, Menenius aſks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beaſts which love nobody, and that among thoſe beaſts are the people. JOHNSON.

[5] *In what enormity is Marcius poor,*] [Old copy—poor *in*.] Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraſeology; which, however, the modern editors have not ſuffered him to retain; having diſmiſſed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the ſentence. MALONE.

I ſhall continue to diſmiſs it, till ſuch peculiarities can, by autho-

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BRU. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

SIC. Eſpecially, in pride.

BRU. And topping all others in boaſting.

MEN. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know how you are cenſured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

BOTH TRIB. Why, how are we cenſured?

MEN. Becauſe you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

BOTH TRIB. Well, well, ſir, well.

MEN. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your diſpoſition the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo. You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRU. We do it not alone, ſir.

MEN. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,[6] and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! O, that you could!

rity, be diſcriminated from the corruptions of the ſtage, the tranſcriber, or the printer.

It is ſcarce credible, that, in the expreſſion of a common idea, in proſe, our modeſt Shakſpeare ſhould have advanced a phraſeology of his own, in equal defiance of cuſtomary language, and eſtabliſhed grammar.

As, on the preſent occaſion, the word—*in* might have ſtood with propriety at either end of the queſtion, it has been caſually, or ignorantly, inſerted at both. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *towards the napes of your necks,*] With alluſion to the fable, which ſays, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he ſtows his own. JOHNSON.

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BRU. What then, ſir?

MEN. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.[7]

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't;[8] ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night,[9] than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath: Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguſes) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adverſely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot ſay,[a] your worſhips have deliver'd the mat-

[7] —— *a brace of unmeriting,—magiſtrates,—as any in Rome.*] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age, of which I have met with many inſtances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as uſual, reduced the paſſage to the modern ſtandard, by reading—a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the ſubſequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

[8] —— *with not a drop of* allaying Tiber *in't;*] Lovelace, in his Verſes to *Althea from Priſon*, has borrowed this expreſſion:

"When flowing cups run ſwiftly round
"With no *allaying Thames*," &c.

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques* &c. Vol. II. p. 324, 3d edit. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *one that converſes more* &c.] Rather a late lier down than an early riſer. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "It is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the *poſteriors of this day*; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"—Thou art a ſummer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter ſings
"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

[a] —— *I* cannot *ſay,*] *Not*, which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

ter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables: and though I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm,[2] follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biſſon conſpectuities[3] glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

BRU. Come, ſir, come, we know you well enough.

MEN. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;[4] you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon,[5] in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller; and then rejourn the controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience;[6] and, in roaring for a chamberpot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the

[2] —— *my microcoſm,*] So, in *King Lear:*

" Strives, in his *little world of man* —." STEEVENS.

[3] —— biſſon *conſpectuities,*] *Biſſon,* blind, in the old copies, is *beeſome,* reſtored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,
" With *biſſon* rheum." MALONE.

[4] ——*for poor knaves' caps and legs:*] That is, for their obeiſance ſhowed by bowing to you. To make a *leg* was the phraſe of our author's time for a bow. See Vol. XII. p. 286, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] —— *you wear out a good* &c.] It appears from this whole ſpeech that Shakſpeare miſtook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience;*] That is, declare war againſt patience. There is not wit enough in this ſatire to recompenſe its groſſneſs. JOHNSON.

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more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

BRU. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are.[7] When you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botchers cuſhion, or to be entomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince Deucalion; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly plebeians:[8] I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha! Marcius coming home?

[7] *Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are.*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *herdſmen of — plebeians:*] As kings are called ποιμενες λαων. JOHNSON.

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VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with moſt proſperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:[8]—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

TWO LADIES. Nay, 'tis true.

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him; the ſtate hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very houſe reel to night:—A letter for me?

VIRG. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I ſaw it.

MEN. A letter for me? It gives me an eſtate of ſeven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the phyſician: the moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen[9] is but empiricutick,[*] and, to this preſervative, of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no.

VOL. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

[8] *Take my* cap, *Jupiter, and I thank thee:*] Dr. Warburton propoſed to read, *Take my* cup, *Jupiter.*— REED.

Shakſpeare ſo often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough ſuppoſed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

[9] — *in Galen*—] An anachroniſm of near 650 years. Menenius flouriſhed anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flouriſhed about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

[*] —— *empiricutick,*] The old-copies — *empirickqutique.* "This moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen (ſays Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutic:* an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, F.) a quack." RITSON.

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VOL. On's brows, Menenius: [3] he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MEN. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this? [4]

VOL. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives

[3] *On's brows, Menenius:*] Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland, "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." In *Julius Cæsar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

"*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate
"To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, Cinna?]
"*Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words, —"The wounds become him." Menenius had asked—Brings he victory in his *pocket*? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows*, for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So afterwards:

"He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,
"Was *brow*-bound with the *oak*." MALONE.

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. MALONE.

[4] —— possess'd *of this?*] *Possess'd*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose—."

STEEVENS.

my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VAL. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True? pow, wow.

MEN. True? I'll be ſworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God ſave your good worſhips! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cauſe to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

VOL. I' the ſhoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to ſhow the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He received in the repulſe of Tarquin, ſeven hurts i' the body.

MEN. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.[5]

VOL. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MEN, Now it's twenty-ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave: [*A ſhout, and flouriſh.*] Hark, the trumpets.

VOL. Theſe are the uſhers of Marcius: before him

[5] —— *ſeven hurts* &c. Old copy—ſeven *hurts i' the body.*

Men. One *i' the neck, and* two *i' the thigh;—there's* nine *that I know.* Seven,— one,— and two, and theſe make but nine? Surely, we may ſafely aſſiſt Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a ſtupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reaſon for the cauſe of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to omit the ſecond *one*, as a needleſs repetition of the firſt, and to make a numeral word of *too*.

WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me ſee; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am ſure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.

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He carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines;[6] and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and ſoldiers, and a* Herald.

HER. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; theſe
In honour follows, Coriolanus:[7]—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flouriſh.*
ALL. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
COR. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
COM. Look, ſir, your mother,—
COR. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*
VOL. Nay, my good ſoldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

[6] *Which being advanc'd, declines;*] Volumnia, in her boaſting ſtrain, ſays, that her ſon to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *Coriolanus.*] The old copy, *Martius Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

The compoſitor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Martius Caius* from the preceding line, where alſo in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidentally tranſpoſed. The correction in the former line was made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

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By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—
COR. My gracious silence, hail![8]
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

[8] *My gracious silence, hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw:

"Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!
"Their cadence is rhetorical."

Again, in *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A lady's tears are silent orators,
"Or should be so at least, to move beyond
"The honey-tongued rhetorician."

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

"Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!
"Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!
"Dumb eloqueuce, whose power doth move the blood,
"More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." STEEVENS.

I believe "My *gracious* silence," only means "My *beauteous* silence," or "my silent Grace." *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"But being season'd with a *gracious* voice."

Again, in *King John*:

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: — "he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, flecking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torchlight." MALONE.

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Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.
MEN. Now the gods crown thee!
COR. And live you yet? — O my ſweet lady, pardon. [*To* Valeria.
VOL. I know not where to turn: — O welcome home;
And welcome, general; — And you are welcome all.
MEN. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curſe begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee! — You are three,
That Rome ſhould dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
COM. [9] Ever right.
COR. Menenius, ever, ever. [9]

[9] Com. *Ever right.*
Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.*]
Rather, I think:
Com. *Ever right Menenius.*
Cor. *Ever, ever.*
Cominius means to ſay, that — Menenius is *always the ſame*; — retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act V. ſc. i. upon a ſpeech from Caſſius, Antony only ſays, — *Old Caſſius ſtill.*
TYRWHITT.

By theſe words, as they ſtand in the old copy, I believe, Coriolanus means to ſay — Menenius is ſtill the ſame affectionate friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: "— for *always* I am *Cæſar.*"
MALONE.

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HER. Give way there, and go on.
COR. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.[2]
VOL. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
COR. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
COM. On, to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes come forward.
BRU. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[3] lets her baby cry,

[2] *But with them* change *of honours.*] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expresses it) *to substitute* charge. For *change*, he thinks, *is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea.* He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it *communicated* none at all to him. However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies *variety of honours;* as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment.* WARBURTON.

Change of raiment is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the *Old Testament.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Into a* rapture ——] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit.* WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a *rapture*

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While she chats him: the kitchen malkin[4] pins

means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

That a child will "cry itself into fits," is still a common phrase among nurses. STEEVENS.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings*:

"—— her brainsick *raptures*

"Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel."

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any dictionary previous to Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule — *de non apparentibus & de non existentibus eadem est ratio* — certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we *all* the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged. — Drayton speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were "all air and fire." MALONE.

[4] —— *the kitchen* malkin —] A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench. HANMER.

Maukin in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. P.

Malkin is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON.

Minsheu gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it "an instrument to clean an oven, — now made of old clowtes." The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary — "MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination," — is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, as *scullion*, another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*. MALONE.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

Her richeſt lockram[4] 'bout her reechy neck,[5]
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamens[6]
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation:[7] our veil'd dames

" Put on the ſhape of order and humanity,
" Or you muſt marry *Moltyn, the May-Lady.*"

Maux, a corruption of *moltin*, is a low term, ſtill current in ſeveral counties, and always indicative of a coarſe vulgar wench. STEEVENS.

[4] *Her richeſt* lockram, *&c.*] *Lockram* was ſome kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Viſion*, deſcribing the dreſs of a man, ſays; " His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, ſtitched very faire with Coventry blue."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego ſays:

" I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,
" That there be no ſtrait dealings in their linnens."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" Thou thought'ſt, becauſe I did wear *lockram* ſhirts,
" I had no wit." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *her* reechy *neck*] *Reechy* is greaſy, ſweaty. So, in *Hamlet*: " —— a pair of *reechy* kiſſes." Lancham, ſpeaking of " three pretty puzels" in a morris-dance, ſays they were " as *bright* as a *breaſt of bacon*," that is, bacon hung in the *chimney*: and hence *reechy*, which in its primitive ſignification is *ſmoky*, came to imply *greaſy*. RITSON.

[6] —— ſeld-ſhown *flamens* —] i. e. prieſts who *ſeldom* exhibit themſelves to publick view. The word is uſed in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

" O *ſeld-ſeen* metamorphoſis."

The ſame adverb likewiſe occurs in the old play of *Hieronimo*:

" Why is not this a ſtrange and *ſeld*-ſeen thing?"

Seld is often uſed by antient writers for *ſeldom*. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *a* vulgar *ſtation*:] A ſtation among the rabble. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" A *vulgar* comment will be made of it." MALONE.

A *vulgar ſtation*, I believe, ſignifies only a common ſtanding-place, ſuch as is diſtinguiſhed by no particular convenience. STEEVENS.

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Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, [8] to the wanton ſpoil
Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, [9] who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

[8] *Commit the* war *of white and damaſk, in*
Their nicely-gawded cheeks,] Dr. Warburton, for *war*, abſurdly reads — *ware*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roſes *contending* with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *oppoſition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakſpeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:
" The ſilent *war* of lilies and of roſes,
" Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."
Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
" Such *war* of white and red," &c.
Again, in *Chaucer's Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1040:
" For with the roſe colour *ſtrof* hire hewe."
Again, in *Damœtas' Madrigal in Praiſe of his Daphnis*, by John Wootton; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:
" Amidſt her cheekes the roſe and lilly *ſtrive*."
Again, in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:
" —— the lilies
" *Contending with the roſes* in her cheek." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*,
" To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,
" How *white* and *red* each other did deſtroy." MALONE.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:
" —— her cheeks,
" Where roſes mix: no civil war
" Between her York and Lancaſter." FARMER.

[9] *As if that whatſoever god,*] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatſoever* god he be. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet:
" Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
" Points on me *graciouſly* with fair aſpect."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" — he hath fought to-day,
" As if a god in hate of mankind had
" Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape." MALONE.

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SIC. On the ſudden,
I warrant him conſul.
BRU. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.
SIC. He cannot temperately tranſport his honours
From where he ſhould begin, and end; [a] but will
Loſe thoſe that he hath won.
BRU. In that there's comfort.
SIC. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we ſtand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't. [3]
BRU. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for conſul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put

[a] *From where he ſhould begin, and end;*] Perhaps it ſhould be read:

From where he ſhould begin t'an end. —— JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expreſſed himſelf moſt licentiouſly, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he ſhould begin *to where he ſhould end.* The word *tranſport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from* the ſpot *where he ſhould begin, and* to the ſpot where he ſhould *end.* I have no doubt that the text is right.

The reading of the old copy is ſupported by a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, where we find exactly the ſame phraſeology:

" ——————— the gap
" That we ſhall make in time, *from our hence going*
" AND *our return*, to excuſe."

where the modern editors read — *Till* our return. MALONE.

[3] *As he is* proud *to do't.*] *Proud to do*, is the ſame as, *proud of doing.* JOHNSON.

As means here, as *that.* MALONE.

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The napleſs veſture[4] of humility;
Nor, ſhowing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their ſtinking breaths.
SIC. 'Tis right.
BRU. It was his word: O, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' the gentry to him,
And the deſire of the nobles.
SIC. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.
BRU. 'Tis moſt like, he will.
SIC. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills;
A ſure deſtruction.[5]
BRU. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people,[6] in what hatred

[4] *The* napleſs *veſture* —] The players read — the *Naples*, —— STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napleſs* Shakſpeare means *thread-bare*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II. "*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade their clothier means to dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new *nap* upon it. *John.* So he had need; for 'tis *thread-bare*."

Plutarch's words are, "with a *poore* gowne on their backes." See p. 293, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *It ſhall be to him then, as our good* wills;
A ſure deſtruction.] This ſhould be written *will's*, for *will is*. TYRWHITT.

It ſhall be to him of the ſame nature as our diſpoſitions towards him; *deadly*. MALONE.

[6] —— ſuggeſt *the people*,] i. e. *prompt*, them. So, in *King Richard II.*:

"*Suggeſt* his ſoon-believing adverſaries."

The verb — to *ſuggeſt*, has, in our author, many different ſhades of meaning. STEEVENS.

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He ſtill hath held them; that, to his power,[5] he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul, nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war;[6] who have their provand[7]
Only for bearing burdens, and ſore blows

[5] —— *to his power;*] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmoſt of it. STEEVENS.

[6] *Of no more ſoul, nor fitneſs for the world,*
Than camels in their war;] In what war? Camels are mere beaſts of burthen, and are never uſed in war. — We ſhould certainly read,
As camels in their *way*. M. MASON.
I am far from certain that this amendment is neceſſary. Brutus means to ſay that Coriolanus thought the people as uſeleſs expletives in the world, as camels would be in *the* war. I would read *the* inſtead of *their*. *Their*, however, may ſtand, and ſignify the war undertaken for the ſake of the people. STEEVENS.
Their war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I ſuſpect Shakſpeare wrote — in *the* war. MALONE.

[7] —— *their* provand —] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. The following inſtances may ſerve to eſtabliſh the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "—— the *provaunte* was cut off, and every ſoldier had half a crowne a weeke." Again: "The horſmenne had foure ſhillings the weeke loane, to find them and their horſe, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again, in *Sir Walter Raleigh's Works*, 1751, Vol. II. p. 229. Again, in Hakevil *on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. ſect 1: "—— At the ſiege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was ſo cold, that the *provant*, wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided with hatchets," &c. Again, in *Paſquil's Nightcap*, &c. 1623:
"Sometimes ſeeks change of paſture and *provant*,
"Becauſe her commons be at home ſo ſcant."
The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, provender. STEEVENS.

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For ſinking under them.

SIC. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the people,[8] (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep,) will be his fire[9]
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

BRU. What's the matter?

MES. You are ſent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius ſhall be conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak: The matrons flung their gloves,[2]

[8] *Shall* teach *the people,*] Thus the old copy. "When his ſoaring inſolence ſhall *teach* the people," may mean,—When he with the inſolence of a proud patrician ſhall inſtruct the people in their duty to their rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think without neceſſity,—ſhall *reach* the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

The word—*teach*, though left in the text, is hardly ſenſe, unleſs it means—*inſtruct the people in favour of our purpoſes.*

I ſtrongly incline to the emendation of Mr. Theobald. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *will be* his *fire* —] Will be a fire lighted by himſelf. Perhaps the author wrote—*as* fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

[2] *To hear him ſpeak:* The *matrons flung* their *gloves,*] The words —*The* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the verſe. STEEVENS.

Matrons flung gloves—

Ladies — their ſcarfs —] Here our author has attributed ſome of the cuſtoms of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of faſhion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and ſometimes

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Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower, and thunder, with their caps, and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,[3]
But hearts for the event.

SIC. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers,[4] *to lay cuſhions.*

1. OFF. Come, come, they are almoſt here: How many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2. OFF. Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. OFF. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, ſome of the fair ſpectators uſed to *fling a ſcarf* or glove "upon him as he paſs'd." MALONE.

[3] —— *carry with us ears and eyes* &c.] That is, let us obſerve what paſſes, but keep our hearts fixed on our deſign of cruſhing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

[4] *Enter two officers*, &c.] The old copy reads: "Enter two officers to lay cuſhions, *as it were*, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

This *as it were* was inſerted, becauſe there being no ſcenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inſide of the capitol could be given. See *The Account of our old theatres*, Vol. III. MALONE.

In the ſame place, the reader will find this poſition controverted. STEEVENS.

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2. Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved[5] indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.[6] Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

1. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,[7] who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,[8] without any further deed

[5] —— *he wav'd*—] That is, *he would have waved indifferently.* JOHNSON.

[6] —— *their* opposite.] That is, their adversary. See Vol. V. p. 308, n. 9, and p. 327, n. 7. MALONE.

[7] —— *as those*,] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

[8] — *supple and courteous to the people*, bonnetted, &c.] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academic style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. M. MASON.

—— *who*, having *been supple and courteous to the people*, *bonnetted*, *without any further deed to* have *them at all* into *their estimation and report*:] I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*,

to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice, that, giving itſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. OFF. No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Conſul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Senators,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs alſo by themſelves.*

MEN. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To ſend for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent conſul, and laſt general

reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a ſubſequent part of the ſentence, reads *heave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatſoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to inſinuate themſelves into the good opinion of the people. To *have them*, for to have *themſelves* or to wind themſelves into, — is certainly very harſh; but to *heave* themſelves, &c. is not much leſs ſo. MALONE.

I continue to read — *heave*. *Have*, in *King Henry VIII.* (See Vol. XVI. p. 71, n. 8) was likewiſe printed inſtead of *heave*, in the firſt folio, though corrected in the ſecond. The phraſe in queſtion occurs in Hayward: "The Scots *heaved* up *into* high hope of victory" &c. Many inſtances of Shakſpeare's attachment to the verb *heave*, might be added on this occaſion. STEEVENS.

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In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank,[9] and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1. SEN. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out.[2] Maſters o' the people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,[3]
To yield what paſſes here.

SIC. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our aſſembly.[4]

[9] —— *whom*
We meet here, both to thank, &c.] The conſtruction, I think, is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpoſe of thanking whom) we met or aſſembled here. MALONE.

[2] — — *and make us think,*
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out.] I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the ſtate rather wants inclination or ability to requite his ſervices, than that we are blameable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more ſimple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his ſervices. MALONE.

The plain ſenſe, I believe, is:—Rather ſay that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his ſervices, than ſuppoſe our wiſhes to ſtretch out thoſe means are defective. STEEVENS.

[3] *Your loving motion toward the common body,*] Your kind interpoſition with the common people. JOHNSON.

[4] *The theme of* our *aſſembly.*] Here is a fault in the expreſſion: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I ſhould have adjudged it to his tranſcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge of hiſtory, I ſuppoſe it to be his own. He ſhould have ſaid *your* aſſembly. For till the *Lex Attinia*, (the

BRU. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſs'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
MEN. That's off, that's off;[4]
I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you
To hear Cominius ſpeak?
BRU. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
MEN. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, ſpeak.—Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS *riſes, and offers to go away.*
1. SEN. Sit, Coriolanus; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
COR. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
BRU. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not.
COR. No, ſir: yet oft,

author of which is ſuppoſed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiæ Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the ſenate, but had ſeats placed for them near the door on the outſide of the houſe. WARBURTON.

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I am now convinced that Shakſpeare, had he been aware of the circumſtance pointed out by Dr. Warburton, might have conducted this ſcene without violence to Roman uſage. The preſence of Brutus and Sicinius being neceſſary, it would not have been difficult to exhibit both the outſide and inſide of the Senate-houſe in a manner ſufficiently conſonant to theatrical probability. STEEVENS.

[4] *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpoſe. JOHNSON.

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When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not:[5] But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

MEN. Pray now, ſit down.

COR. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' the ſun,[6]
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd.

[*Exit* CORIOLANUS.

MEN. Maſters o' the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,[7]
(That's thouſand to one good one,) when you now ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

COM. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,[8] he fought

[5] *You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] You *did not* flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly uſed by our author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *ſooth'd* reads *ſooth*, which was adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[6] —— *have one ſcratch my head i' the ſun,*] See Vol. XIII. p. 100, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *how can he flatter,*] The reaſoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practiſe flattery to others, who abhors it ſo much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himſelf? JOHNSON.

[8] *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, *raiſed a power* to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin [9] he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſs'd Roman,[a] and i' the conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: Tarquin's ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: [3] in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,[4]

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the conſular age in his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but ſixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and ſhould therefore ſeem to be incapable of ſtanding for the conſulſhip. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as ſubſiſting in his time, was not eſtabliſhed at this early period of the republick. MALONE.

[9] —— *his Amazonian* chin ——] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *ſhinne*. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *he* beſtrid

An o'er-preſs'd Roman,] This was an act of ſingular friendſhip in our old Engliſh armies: [See Vol. XII. p. 383, n. 9, and Vol. XIV. p. 373, n 7.] but there is no proof that any ſuch practice prevailed among the legionary ſoldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himſelf any trouble on that ſubject. He was led into the error by North's tranſlation of Plutarch, where he found theſe words: "The Roman ſouldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him. Martius ſtraight *beſtrid* him, and ſlew the enemy." The tranſlation ought to have been, "Martius haſtened to his aſſiſtance, and *ſtanding before him*, ſlew his aſſailant." See the next note, where there is a ſimilar inaccuracy. See alſo p. 285, n. 4. MALONE.

Shakſpeare may, on this occaſion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable that any Roman ſoldier was ſo far diveſted of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperaſpiſts*) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the preſent incident, which muſt have been as familiar to Roman as to Britiſh warfare STEEVENS.

[3] *And ſtruck him on his knee:*] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him ſuch a blow as occaſioned him *to fall on his knee*:

—— *ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.* STEEVENS.

[4] *When he might act the woman in the ſcene,*] It has been more

He prov'd beſt man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a ſea;
And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince, [5]
He lurch'd all ſwords o' the garland.[6] For this laſt,
Before and in Corioli, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: He ſtopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into ſport: as waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,

than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakſpeare's time, repreſented by the moſt ſmooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

Here is a great anachroniſm. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

[5] *And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,*] The number *ſeventeen*, for which there is no authority, was ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this cuſtome, ſhowed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *ſeventeene* yeeres ſervice at the warres, and in many ſundry battels." So alſo the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's firſt campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years. MALONE.

[6] *He lurch'd all ſwords o' the garland.*] Ben Jonſon has the ſame expreſſion in *The Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*" STEEVENS.

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakſpeare uſes it in the ſenſe of to *deprive*. So, in *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, by Tho. Naſhe, 1594: "I ſee others of them ſharing halfe with the bawdes, their hoſteſſes, and laughing at the punies they had *lurched*."

I ſuſpect, however, I have not rightly traced the origin of this phraſe. To *lurch* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified to win a maiden ſet at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco marzo*. A maiden ſet, or *lurch*, at any game." See alſo Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria.*"

"To lurch all ſwords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with eaſe, and inconteſtable ſuperiority. MALONE.

And fell below his ſtem:[7] his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries:[8] alone he enter'd

[7] —— *as* waves *before*
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtem:] [Firſt folio—*weeds.*] The editor of the ſecond folio, for *weeds* ſubſtituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. In the ſame page of that copy, which has been the ſource of at leaſt one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *deſamy* for *deſtiny*, *ſir* Coriolanus, for "*ſit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting:* but luckily none of the latter ſophiſtications have found admiſſion into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Ruſhes* falling below a veſſel paſſing over them is an image as expreſſive of the proweſs of Coriolanus as well can be conceived.

A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —— there the ſtrawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
" Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath."

MALONE.

Waves, the reading of the ſecond folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, inſtead of *falling below* a veſſel under ſail, cling faſt about the *ſtem* of it. The juſtice of my remark every ſailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adverſary, valour would be depreciated. The ſubmerſion of *weeds* reſembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *ſoup aux herbes;* but to riſe above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watry bulwark, is a conqueſt worthy of a ſhip, and furniſhes a compariſon ſuitable to the exploits of Coriolanus. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,
" Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
" Like Perſeus' horſe."

If Shakſpeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding ſuch an image leſs appoſite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

The *ſtem* is that end of the ſhip which leads. From *ſtem* to *ſtern* is an expreſſion uſed by Dryden in his tranſlation of *Virgil:*

" Orontes' bark ——
" From *ſtem* to *ſtern* by waves was overborne." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *his ſword* &c.] Old copy—

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The mortal gate[9] o' the city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny;[2] aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet:[3] Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

MEN. Worthy man!

1. SEN. He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours[4]

——*His ſword, death's ſtamp,*
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries.

This paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

——His ſword (death's ſtamp)
"Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

——*every motion*
Was tim'd with dying cries.] The cries of the ſlaughter'd regularly followed his motion, as muſick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

[9] *The mortal gate* ——] The gate that was made the ſcene of death. JOHNSON.

[2] *With ſhunleſs* deſtiny:] The ſecond folio reads, whether by accident or choice:

With ſhunleſs *deſamy*.

Deſamie is an old French word ſignifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.

It occurs often in John Bale's *Engliſh Votaries*, 1550. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *ſtruck*
Corioli, like a planet:] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Be as a *planetary* plague, when Jove
"Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
"In the ſick air." STEEVENS.

[4] *He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours* —] That is, no honour

Which we deviſe him.

COM. Our ſpoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets leſs
Than miſery itſelf would give;[2] rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.[3]

MEN. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. SEN. Call for Coriolanus.[4]

OFF. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

MEN. The ſenate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee conſul.

COR. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.

will be too great for him; he will ſhow a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

[2] *Than* miſery *itſelf would give;*] *Miſery* for avarice; becauſe a *miſer* ſignifies an avaricious. WARBURTON.

[3] —— *and is content*
To ſpend the time, to end it.] I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus:

——— he *rewards*
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time, to ſpend *it.*

To do great acts, for the ſake of doing them; to ſpend his life, for the ſake of ſpending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration. MALONE.

[4] *Call* for *Coriolanus.*] I have ſupplied the preposition—*for*, to complete the meaſure. STEEVENS.

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MEN. It then remains
That you do ſpeak to the people.[5]
COR. I do beſeech you
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrage: pleaſe you,
That I may paſs this doing.
SIC. Sir, the people
Muſt have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
MEN. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the cuſtom; and
Take to you, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.[6]

[5] *It then remains,*
That you do ſpeak to the people.] Coriolanus was baniſhed U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the ſenate choſe *both* the conſuls: And then the people, aſſiſted by the ſeditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakſpeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect ariſtocracy; he ſets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an ariſtocracy. But it would be unjuſt to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it ſometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and diſappear before it. For ſometimes again we find him, when occaſion ſerves, not only writing up to the truth of hiſtory, but fitting his ſentiments to the niceſt manners of his peculiar ſubject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expreſsly ſays, in his life of Coriolanus, that "it was the cuſtome of Rome *at that time*, that ſuch as dyd ſue for *any* office, ſhould for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election.*" North's tranſlation, p. 244. MALONE.

[6] *Your honour with* your *form.*] I believe we ſhould read "Your honour with *the* form."—That is, the uſual form. M. MASON.

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COR. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting and might well
Be taken from the people.
BRU. Mark you that?
COR. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—
MEN. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; [7]—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
SEN. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*
BRU. You see how he intends to use the people.
SIC. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
BRU. Come, we'll inform them

Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes *to you*. STEEVENS.

[7] *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*
Our purpose to them;] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship. MALONE.

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false punctuation. It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense will be clear:—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose;—to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

To *them*, means *to the people*, whom Menenius artfully joins to the consul, in the good wishes of the senate. M. MASON.

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Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. The Forum.

Enter ſeveral Citizens.

1. CIT. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. CIT. We may, ſir, if we will.

3. CIT. We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:[9] for if he ſhow us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak

[8] *Once,*] *Once* here means the ſame as when we ſay, *once for all.* WARBURTON.

This uſe of the word *once* is found in *The Suppoſes* by Gaſcoigne:

"*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he coſt me." FARMER.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"*Once* this, your long experience of her wiſdom ——." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether *once* here ſignifies *once for all.* I believe, it means, "if he do but *ſo much as* require our voices;" as in the following paſſage in Holinſhed's *Chronicle:* "— they left many of their ſervants and men of war behind them, and ſome of them would not *once* ſtay for their ſtandards." MALONE.

[9] *We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:*] *Power* firſt ſignifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right.* Davies has uſed the ſame word with great variety of meaning:

Uſe all thy powers *that heavenly* power *to praiſe,*
That gave thee power *to do.*—— JOHNSON.

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for them; ſo, if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1. CIT. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve; for once, when we ſtood up about the corn,[2] he himſelf ſtuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.[3]

3. CIT. We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn,[4] ſome bald, but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſkull,[5] they would fly eaſt, weſt,

[2] —— *for* once, when *we ſtood up about the corn*,] [Old copy—once *we ſtood up*] That is, *as ſoon as ever* we ſtood up. This word is ſtill uſed in nearly the ſame ſenſe, in familiar or rather vulgar language, ſuch as Shakſpeare wiſhed to allot to the Roman populace. "*Once* the will of the monarch is the only law, the conſtitution is deſtroyed." Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors read—for once, *when* we ſtood up, &c. MALONE.

As no deciſive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time ſignified—*as ſoon as ever*, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgement, is neceſſary to the ſpeaker's meaning. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— many-headed *multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed* monſter, but without neceſſity. To be *many-headed* includes *monſtrouſneſs*. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *ſome* auburn,] The folio reads, ſome *Abram*. I ſhould unwillingly ſuppoſe this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

[5] —— *if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſkull*, &c.] Meaning though our having but one intereſt was moſt apparent, yet our wiſhes and projects would be infinitely diſcordant. WARBURTON.

To ſuppoſe all their wits to iſſue from one ſcull, and that their common conſent and agreement to go all one way, ſhould end in

north, ſouth; and their conſent of one direct way[6] ſhould be at once to all the points o' the compaſs.

2. Cit. Think you ſo? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. Cit. Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure, ſouthward.

2. Cit. Why that way?

3. Cit. To loſe itſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. Cit. You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.[7]

3. Cit. Are you all reſolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *and* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to ſtay all together,

their flying to every point of the compaſs, is a juſt deſcription of the variety and inconſiſtency of the opinions, wiſhes, and ations of the multitude. M. Mason.

[6] —— *and their* conſent *of one direct way* —] See Vol. XI. p. 85, n. 3; and Vol. XIV. p. 6, n. 5. Steevens.

[7] *You may, you may.*] This colloquial phraſe, whichſeems to ſignify—*You may divert yourſelf, as you pleaſe, at my expence*,— has occurred already in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Hel.* By my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine forehead.

"*Pan.* Ay, *you may, you may.*" Steevens.

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but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars; wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

ALL. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

MEN. O ſir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthieſt men have done't?

COR. What muſt I ſay?—
I pray, ſir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace:——Look, ſir;——my wounds;—
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums.

MEN. O me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

COR. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by them.[6]

MEN. You'll mar all;
I'll have you: Pray you, ſpeak to them, I pray you,
In wholeſome manner.[7] [*Exit.*

[6] *I wiſh they would forget me, like the virtues*
Which our divines loſe by them.] i. e. I wiſh they would forget me as the do thoſe virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and loſe by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice. THEOBALD.

[7] *In* wholeſome *manner.*] So, in *Hamlet:* "If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a *wholeſome* anſwer." STEEVENS.

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Enter two Citizens.

COR. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1. CIT. We do, sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

COR. Mine own desert.

2. CIT. Your own desert?

COR. Ay, not
Mine own desire.[a]

1. CIT. How! not your own desire?

COR. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet, to trouble
The poor with begging.

1. CIT. You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

COR. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

[a] ——— not

Mine own desire.] The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without*. STEEVENS.

But is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading. RITSON.

The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often confounded in these plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 203, n. 7. and Vol. XII. p. 393, n. 6.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 276, n. 7, from the reluctance which I always feel to depart from the original copy, I have suffered *not* to remain, and have endeavoured to explain the words as they stand, but I am now convinced that I ought to have printed—

"By earth, she is *but* corporal; there you lie." MALONE.

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1. CIT. The price is, ſir,[7] to aſk it kindly.

COR. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhow you,
Which ſhall be yours in private.—Your good voice, ſir;
What ſay you?

2. CIT. You ſhall have it, worthy ſir.

COR. A match, ſir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1. CIT. But this is ſomething odd.[8]

2. CIT. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt two* Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

COR. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1. CIT. You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

COR. Your enigma?

1. CIT. You have been a ſcourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

COR. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will,

[7] *The price is*, ſir, &c.] The word—*ſir*, has been ſupplied by one of the modern editors to complete the verſe. STEEVENS.

[8] But *this is ſomething odd*,] As this hemiſtich is too bulky to join with its predeceſſor, we may ſuppoſe our author to have written only—

This is ſomething odd;

and that the compoſitor's eye had caught—*But*, from the ſucceeding line. STEEVENS.

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ſir, flatter my ſworn brother the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, ſir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers. Therefore, beſeech you, I may be conſul.

2. CIT. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. CIT. You have received many wounds for your country.

COR. I will not ſeal your knowledge[9] with ſhowing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

BOTH CIT. The gods give you joy, ſir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

COR. Moſt ſweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire[2] which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown[3] ſhould I ſtand here,

[9] *I will not* ſeal *your knowledge*—] I will not ſtrengthen or compleat your knowledge. The ſeal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *the* hire —] The old copy has *higher*, and this is one of the many proofs that ſeveral parts of the original folio edition of theſe plays were dictated by one and written down by another. MALONE.

[3] —— *this woolviſh* gown —] Signifies this *rough hirſute* gown. JOHNSON.

The firſt folio reads—*this wolviſh* tongue. *Gown* is the reading of the ſecond folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract ſome meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb-ſkins. How comes it then to be called *woolviſh*, unleſs in alluſion to the fable of the *wolf in ſheep's clothing*? Perhaps the

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To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needleſs vouches?[4] Cuſtom calls me to't:—

poet meant only, *Why do I ſtand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and ſeem to flatter thoſe whom I would wiſh to treat with my uſual ferocity?* We might perhaps more diſtinctly read:

——*with* this woolviſh tongue,

unleſs *tongue* be uſed for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical miſtake, and the word deſigned be *toge*, which is uſed in *Othello*. Yet, it is as probable, if Shakſpeare originally wrote—*toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for—*gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirſuta* was, becauſe he has juſt before called it the *napleſs* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following paſſage in "A Merye Jeſt of a Man called *Howleglas*," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himſelf to a taylor, who "caſte unto him a huſbande mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut *Howleglas* the huſbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then ſayd the maiſter, I ment that you ſhould have made up the ruſſet gown, for a huſbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolviſh* gown, therefore, Shakſpeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dreſs of a Roman candidate* to the *coarſe frock of a ploughman*, who expoſed himſelf to ſolicit the votes of his fellow ruſticks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this paſſage cited the romance of *Howleglas* to ſhow that a huſbandman's gown was called a *wolf*; but quære if it be called ſo in this country? it muſt be remembered that *Howleglas* is literally tranſlated from the *French* where the word "loup" certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the ſame ſignification in that language. The French copy alſo may be *literally* rendered from the *German*. DOUCE.

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right, in ſuppoſing the alluſion to be to the "wolf in ſheep's clothing;" not indeed that Coriolanus means to call himſelf a wolf; but merely to ſay, "Why ſhould I ſtand here playing the hypocrite, and ſimulating the humility which is not in my nature?" RITSON.

Why in this woolviſh gown *ſhould I ſtand here,*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, Why ſhould I ſtand in this gown of humility, which is little expreſſive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the ſheep's cloathing on a wolf is expreſſive of his diſpoſition. I believe *woolviſh* was uſed by our author for falſe or deceitful and that the phraſe was ſuggeſted to him, as Mr. Steevens ſeems to think, by the common expreſſion,—"a wolf in ſheep's cloathing." Mr. Maſon ſays, that

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What cuſtom wills, in all things ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

this is "a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as ſuch." I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the preſent edition, and therefore I am ſure he will pardon me when I obſerve that ſpeculative criticiſm on theſe plays will ever be liable to error, unleſs we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predeceſſors and contemporaries of Shakſpeare. If Mr. Maſon had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolſey, *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, 1587, inſtead of conſidering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and juſt explication of the epithet before us:

"O fye on *wolves*, that march in *maſking clothes*."

The *woolviſh* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he ſhall appear in *maſquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

Woolviſh cannot mean *rough*, *hirſute*, as Dr. Johnſon interprets it, becauſe the gown Coriolanus wore has already been deſcribed as *napleſs*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compoſitor at the preſs to fall into, who almoſt always ſubſtitutes a familiar Engliſh word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not underſtand. The very ſame miſtake has happened in *Otbello*, where we find "*tongued* conſuls," for *toged* conſuls.—The particle *in* ſhows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the ſecond folio ſolved the difficulty as uſual, by ſubſtituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy. MALONE.

'*To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,*
Their needleſs vouches?] Why ſtand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and ſuch others as *make their appearance* here, their unneceſſary *voices?* JOHNSON.

By ſtrange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the cuſtoms) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minſheu's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAINE, that theſe were ſome of the moſt common names among the people in Shakſpeare's time. "A QUINTAINE or QUINTELLE, a game in requeſt at marriages, where Jac and Tom, *Dic*, *Hob*, and Will, ſtrive for the gay garland." MALONE.

Again, in an old equivocal Engliſh prophecy:

"The country gnuffs, *Hob*, *Dick*, and Hick,
"With ſtaves and clouted ſhoon" &c. STEEVENS.

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For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have ſought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice ſix[5]
I have ſeen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1. CIT. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2. CIT. Therefore let him be conſul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

ALL. Amen, amen.——
God ſave thee, noble conſul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

COR. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

MEN. You have ſtood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate.

[5] —— *battles thrice ſix* &c.] Coriolanus ſeems now, in earneſt, to petition for the conſulate: perhaps we may better read:
— battles thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

COR. Is this done?
SIC. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
COR. Where? at the ſenate-houſe;
SIC. There, Coriolanus.
COR. May I then [6] change theſe garments?
SIC. You may, ſir,
COR. That I'll ſtraight do; and, knowing myſelf again,
Repair to the ſenate-houſe.
MEN. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
BRU. We ſtay here for the people.
SIC. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
BRU. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you diſmiſs the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

SIC. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?
1. CIT. He has our voices, ſir.
BRU. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves.
2. CIT. Amen, ſir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3. CIT. Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

[6] *May I then &c.*] *Then*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied, for the ſake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

1. CIT. No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2. CIT. Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhow'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

SIC. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

CIT. No; no man ſaw 'em. [*Several ſpeak.*

3. CIT. He ſaid, he had wounds, which he could ſhow in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be conſul, ſays he: *aged cuſtom*,[6]
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your moſt ſweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

SIC. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?[7]
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?

[6] ——— *aged cuſtom*,] This was a ſtrange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the conſular government: for Coriolanus was baniſhed the eighteenth year after the expulſion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged* cuſtom, that Coriolanus ſhould ſay, the cuſtom which requires the conſul to be *of a certain preſcribed age*, will not permit that I ſhould be elected, unleſs by the voice of the people that rule ſhould be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 287, n. 8; but I doubt much whether Shakſpeare knew the preciſe conſular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged cuſtom* were uſed by our author in their ordinary ſenſe, however inconſiſtent with the recent eſtabliſhment of conſular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged cuſtom*. See p. 293, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] ——— *ignorant to ſee't?*] *Were you* ignorant *to ſee it*, is, did you want knowledge to diſcern it? JOHNSON.

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BRU. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy: ever ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency,[8] and ſway o'the ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curſes to yourſelves? You ſhould have ſaid,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you[9] for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

SIC. Thus to have ſaid-
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not article
Tying him to aught; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

BUT. Did you perceive
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,[2]

[8] ——*arriving*
A place of potency,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI.* Act. V. ſc. iii:
" —— thoſe powers that the queen
" Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd our coaſt.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Would think upon you*—] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

[2] ——*free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unreſtrained. JOHNSON.

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When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgement?

SIC. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the aſker? and, now again,
On him,[2] that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?[3]

3. CIT. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. CIT. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1. CIT. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

BRU. Get you hence inſtantly; and tell thoſe friends,—
They have choſe a conſul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

SIC. Let them aſſemble;
And, on a ſafer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,[4]

[2] On *him*,] Old copy—*of* him—. STEEVENS.

[3] *Your ſu'd-for* tongues?] Your voices that hitherto have been ſolicited. STEEVENS.

Your voices, not ſolicited, by verbal application, but ſued-for by this man's merely ſtanding forth as a candidate.—*Your ſued-for tongues*, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *ſo many* make *ſuit* to you; and perhaps the latter is the more juſt interpretation. MALONE.

[4] —— *Enforce his pride*,] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

So afterwards:

"*Enforce* him with his envy to the people—." STEEVENS.

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And his old hate unto you: beſides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,[5]
Which gibingly,[6] ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you muſt
Caſt your election on him.

SIC. Say, you choſe him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do
Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To voice him conſul: Lay the fault on us.

BRU. Ay, ſpare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued: and what ſtock he ſprings of.
The noble houſe o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's ſon,
Who, after great Hoſtilius, here was king:
Of the ſame houſe Publius and Quintus were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither;
And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,[7]

[5] —— *his preſent* portance,] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello*:
"And *portance* in my travels' hiſtory." STEEVENS.

[6] *Which gibingly,*] The old copy, redundantly,
Which moſt *gibingly*, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,*] This verſe I have ſupplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who conſults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this paſſage is directly tranſlated. POPE.

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And nobly nam'd ſo, being cenſor twice,[6]
Was his great anceſtor.[7]

SIC. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought

The paſſage in North's tranſlation, 1579, runs thus: "The houſe of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath ſprong many noble perſonages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughter's ſonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hoſtilius. Of the *ſame houſe* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their beſt water they had by conduits. Cenſorinus alſo *came of that familie*, that was ſo ſurnamed becauſe the people had choſen him cenſor twice."—Publius and Quintus and Cenſorinus were not the anceſtors of Coriolanus, but his deſcendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Cenſorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be ſuppoſed, that he who would diſregard ſuch anachroniſms, or rather he to whom they were not known, ſhould have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 239. MALONE.

[6] *And nobly nam'd ſo, being* cenſor twice,] The old copy reads: —— being *twice cenſor*; but for the ſake of harmony, I have arranged theſe words as they ſtand in our author's original,—Sir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "— the people had choſen him *cenſor twice*." STEEVENS.

[7] *And Cenſorinus——*

Was his great anceſtor.] Now the firſt cenſor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was baniſhed U. C. 262. The truth is this: the paſſage, as Mr. Pope obſerves above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, ſpeaking of the houſe of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *anceſtors* and of his *poſterity*, which our author's haſte not giving him leave to obſerve, has here confounded one with the other. Another inſtance of his inadvertency, from the ſame cauſe, we have in the firſt part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the priſoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten Douglas——.

But the earl of Fife was not ſon to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinſhed*, whoſe words are, *And of priſoners amongſt others were theſe, Mordack earl of Fife, ſon to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas*, &c. And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the ſame perſon. WARBURTON.

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To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found.
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,[8]
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

BRU. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that ſtill,) but by our putting on:[9]
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

CIT. We will ſo: almoſt all [*ſeveral ſpeak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

BRU. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay, paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.[2]

SIC. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the ſtream o' the people;[3]
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,*] That is *weighing* his paſt and preſent behaviour. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *by our* putting on:] i. e. incitation. So, in *King Lear:*

" —— you protect this courſe
" And *put* it *on* by your allowance." STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— as *putter on*
" Of theſe exactions."—

See Vol. XVI. p 29, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] —— *obſerve and anſwer*
The vantage of his anger.] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his haſty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *the* ſtream *of the people;*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" — The rich *ſtream*
" Of lords and ladies having brought the queen
" To a prepar'd place in the choir," &c. MALONE.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

COR. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
LART. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.
COR. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt;
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
COM. They are worn, lord conſul,[3] ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their banners wave again.
COR. Saw you Aufidius?
LART. On ſafe-guard he came to me;[4] and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
COR. Spoke he of me?
LART. He did, my lord.
COR. How? what?
LART. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:

[3] —— lord *conſul,*] Shakſpeare has here, as in other places, attributed the uſage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of ſtate who were not peers; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambaſſador, *lord* general, &c. MALONE.

[4] *On* ſafe-guard *he came to me;*] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.

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That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* Lartius.

Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! theſe are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth, I do deſpiſe them;
For they do prank them in authority,[5]
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

SIC. Paſs no further.

COR. Ha! what is that?

BRU. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

COR. What makes this change?

MEN. The matter?

COM. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles, and the commons?[6]

[5] —— prank *them in authority*,] *Plume, deck, dignify* themſelves. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. ii:
" *Dreſt* in a little brief *authority*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Hath he not paſs'd the nobles, and the commons?*] The firſt folio reads: " — *noble*," and " *common*." The ſecond has— commons. I have not heſitated to reform this paſſage on the authority of others in the play before us. Thus:
" —— the nobles bended
" As to Jove's ſtatue:—"
" —— the commons made
" A ſhower and thunder," &c. STEEVENS.

BRU. Cominius, no.
COR. Have I had children's voices?
1. SEN. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to the market-place.
BRU. The people are incens'd againſt him.
SIC. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
COR. Are theſe your herd?—
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth? [6]
Have you not ſet them on?
MEN. Be calm, be calm.
COR. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
BRU. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.
COR. Why, this was known before.
BRU. Not to them all.
COR. Have you inform'd them ſince? [7]
BRU. How! I inform them!
COR. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.

[6] —— *why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's ſetting a bull-dog or maſtiff upon any one. WARBURTON.
[7] ——*ſince?*] The old copy—*ſithence.* STEEVENS.

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BRU. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.[8]
COR. Why then ſhould I be conſul? By yon clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
SIC. You ſhow too much of that,[9]
For which the people ſtir: If you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a conſul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
MEN. Let's be calm.
COM. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome;[2] nor has Coriolanus
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſely[3]

[8] —— *Not unlike,*
Each way, to better yours. *&c.*] i. e. likely to provide better for the ſecurity of the commonwealth than you (whoſe *buſineſs* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:
"Why then ſhould I be conſul?" WARBURTON.

[9] SIC. *You ſhow too much of that,* &c.] This ſpeech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] —— *This* palt'ring
Becomes not Rome;] That is, this trick of diſſimulation: this ſhuffling:
"And be theſe juggling friends no more believ'd,
"That *palter* with us in a double ſenſe." *Macbeth.*
JOHNSON.

Becomes not Rome;] I would read—
Becomes not Roman*s*;
Coriolanus being accented on the *firſt*, and not the ſecond ſyllable, in former inſtances. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *rub, laid falſely* &c.] *Falſely* for *treacherouſly*. JOHNSON.
The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.

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I' the plain way of his merit.

COR. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again;—

MEN. Not now, not now.

1. SEN. Not in this heat, ſir, now.

COR. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-ſcented many,[4] let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themſelves:[5] I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our ſenate
The cockle of rebellion,[6] inſolence, ſedition,
Which we ourſelves have plough'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

MEN. Well, no more.

1. SEN. No more words, we beſeech you.

COR. How! no more?

[4] —— *many*,] i. e. the populace. The Greeks uſed πολλοὶ exactly in the ſame ſenſe. HOLT WHITE.

[5] ——*Let them*
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themſelves:] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and ſee themſelves. JOHNSON.

[6] *The* cockle *of rebellion*,] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he ſaid, that they nouriſhed againſt themſelves the naughty ſeed and *cockle* of inſolency and ſedition, which had been ſowed and ſcattered abroad among the people" &c. STEEVENS.

The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,] Here are three ſyllables too many. We might read, as in North's *Plutarch*:
"The cockle of inſolency and ſedition." RITSON.

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As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, againſt thoſe meazels,[7]
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.

BRU. You ſpeak o' the people,
As if you were a god to puniſh, not
A man of their infirmity.

SIC. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

MEN. What, what? his choler?

COR. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

SIC. It is a mind,
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.

COR. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?[8] mark you
His abſolute *ſhall*?

COM. 'Twas from the canon.[9]

COR. *Shall!*

[7] —— *meazels,*] *Meſell* is uſed in *Pierce Plowman's Viſion* for a *leper*. The ſame word frequently occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *minnows?*] i. e. ſmall fry. WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the ſmalleſt river fiſh, called in ſome counties a *pink*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—— that baſe *minnow* [of thy mirth,—." STEEVENS.

[9] *'Twas from the canon.*] Was contrary to the eſtabliſhed rule; it was a form of ſpeech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

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O good, but moſt unwiſe patricians,[2] why,
You grave, but reckleſs ſenators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chooſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe[3] o'the monſters, wants not ſpirit

Theſe words appear to me to imply the very reverſe. Cominius means to ſay, "that what Sicinius had ſaid, was according to the rule," alluding to the abſolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a ſtop to every proceeding:—and, accordingly, Coriolanus, inſtead of diſputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue againſt the power itſelf, and to inveigh againſt the Patricians for having granted it. M. MASON.

[2] *O* good, *but moſt unwiſe patricians*, &c.] The old copy has—O *God*, but &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens aſks, "when the only authentick ancient copy makes ſenſe, why ſhould we depart from it?"—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I truſt I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by reſtoring and eſtabliſhing many ancient readings in every one of theſe plays, which had been diſplaced for modern innovations: and if in the paſſage before us the ancient copy had afforded ſenſe, I ſhould have been very unwilling to diſturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*" as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſed, but O *God*, an adjuration ſurely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a ſmall initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "*good but unwiſe*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckleſs* in the ſubſequent line. On a re-conſideration of this paſſage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predeceſſor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

I have not diſplaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be obſerved, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Chriſtians will not appear deciſive on this occaſion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Creſſida* the Trojan Pandarus ſwears, "by *God's* lid," the Greek Therſites exclaims—"*God-a-mercy*;" and that, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God* ſhield us!" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver.—I lately met with a ſtill more glaring inſtance of the ſame impropriety in another play of Shakſpeare, but cannot, at this moment, aſcertain it. STEEVENS.

[3] *The horn and noiſe*——] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

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To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: [4] if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be ſenators: and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs.[5] They chooſe their magiſtrate;
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! by Jove himſelf,
It makes the conſuls baſe: and my ſoul akes,[6]

[4] *Then vail your* ignorance:] *If this man has power, let the* ignorance *that gave it him* vail *or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew:*

" Then *vail* your ſtomachs—."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" —— *vail* your regard
" Upon a wrong'd" &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *You are plebeians,*
If they be ſenators: and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs.] Theſe lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very ſlight correction:

—— *they no leſs* [*than ſenators*]
When, both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Muſt palate *theirs.*

When the *taſte* of the *great*, the patricians, muſt *palate*, muſt *pleaſe* [or muſt *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, *that ſenators and plebeians are equal, when the higheſt taſte is beſt pleaſed with that which pleaſes the loweſt.* STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no leſs than ſenators, when, the voices of the ſenate and the people being blended together, the predominant taſte of the compound ſmacks more of the populace than the ſenate. MALONE.

[6] —— *and my ſoul akes,*] The miſchief and abſurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expreſſed. WARBURTON.

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To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by t'other.

COM. Well,—on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counſel,[7] to give forth
The corn o'the ſtorehouſe gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

COR. (Though there the people had more abſolute power,)
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.

BRU. Why, ſhall the people give

[7] *Whoever gave that counſel*, &c.] So in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore, ſayed he, they that gaue counſell, and perſuaded that the Corne ſhould be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vſed to doe in cities of Græce, where the people had more abſolute power, dyd but only nouriſhe their diſobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole ſtate. For they will not thincke it is done in recompenſe of their ſervice paſt, fithence they know well enough they haue ſo often refuſed to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forſaken their countrie: neither for their accuſations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they have receyued, and made good againſt the ſenate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abaſing our ſelues, and ſtanding in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their diſobedience will ſtill grow worſe and worſe; and they will neuer leave to practiſe newe ſedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it: yea, ſhall I ſaye more? we ſhould if we were wiſe, take from them their tribuneſhippe, which moſt manifeſtly is the embaſing of the conſulſhippe, and the cauſe of the diuiſion of the cittie. The ſtate whereof as it ſtandeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth diſmembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill diſſention and diſcorde betwene vs, and will neuer ſuffer us againe to be vnited into one bodie." STEEVENS.

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One, that ſpeaks thus, their voice?
COR. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompenſe; reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't: Being preſs'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:[8] this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhow'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them: The accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the ſenate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native[9]
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom multiplied[a] digeſt
The ſenate's courteſy? Let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words: — *We did requeſt it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands: — Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope

[8] *They would not* thread *the gates:*] That is, *paſs* them. We yet ſay, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.
So, in *King Lear:*
" —— *threading* dark-ey'd night." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *could never be the* native —] *Native* for natural birth. WARBURTON.
Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cauſe of birth.* JOHNSON.
So, in a kindred ſenſe, in *King Henry V:*
" As many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
" Find *native* graves." MALONE.

[a] —— *this boſom* multiplied —] This *multitudinous* boſom; the boſom of that great monſter, the people. MALONE.

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The locks o' the ſenate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —
MEN. Come, enough.[2]
BRU. Enough, with over-meaſure.
COR. No, take more:
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worſhip,[3] —
Where one part[4] does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable ſlightneſs: purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe: Therefore, beſeech you, —
You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet;
That love the fundamental part of ſtate,
More than you doubt the change of't; [5] that prefer

[2] *Come*, enough.] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed by a repetition of — *enough*. STEEVENS.

[3] *No, take more:*
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!] The ſenſe is, No, let me add this further; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witneſs to the truth of what I ſhall conclude with.

The Romans ſwore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and aſhes of their parents, &c. See Briſſon de *formulis*, p. 808 — 817. HEATH.

[4] *Where* one *part* —] In the old copy we have here, as in many other places, *on* inſtead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See Vol. XI. p. 390. n. 6. MALONE.

[5] *That love the fundamental part of ſtate,*
More than you doubt the change of't;] To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whoſe zeal predominates over your terrours; you

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A noble life before a long, a wiſh
To jump a body [6] with a dangerous phyſick
That's ſure of death without it, —at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon: [7] your diſhonour
Mangles true judgement, [8] and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become it; [9]
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

BRU. He has ſaid enough.

who do not ſo much fear the danger of violent meaſures, as wiſh the good to which they are neceſſary, the preſervation of the original conſtitution of our government. JOHNSON.

[6] *To* jump *a body* ——] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:

To vamp ——

To *jump* anciently ſignified to *jolt*, to give a rude concuſſion to any thing *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.*

So, in Phil. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219: "If we looke for good ſucceſſe in our cure by miniſtring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

From this paſſage in Pliny, it ſhould ſeem that "to *jump* a body," meant to *riſk* a body; and ſuch an explication ſeems to me to be ſupported by the context in the paſſage before us.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"We'd *jump* the life to come."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. viii:

"—— our fortune lies
"Upon this *jump*." MALONE.

[7] —— *let them not lick*
The ſweet which is their poiſon:] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"Like rats that ravin up their proper bane—."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Mangles true* judgement,] *Judgement* is the faculty by which right is diſtinguiſhed from wrong. JOHNSON.

[9] *Of that* integrity *which ſhould* become it;] *Integrity* is in this place *ſoundneſs*, uniformity, conſiſtency, in the ſame ſenſe as Dr. Warburton often uſes it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *ſuit*, to *befit*. JOHNSON.

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SIC. He has ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.
COR. Thou wretch! deſpite o'erwhelm thee! —
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet, [9]
And throw their power i' the duſt.
BRU. Manifeſt treaſon.
SIC. This a conſul? no.
BRU. The ædiles, ho! —Let him be apprehended.
SIC. Go, call the people; [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whoſe name, myſelf
Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
COR. Hence, old goat!
SEN. *and* PAT. We'll ſurety him.
COM. Aged ſir, hands off.
COR. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments. [a]
SIC. Help, ye citizens.

[9] *Let what is meet, be ſaid, it* muſt be *meet*,] Let it be ſaid by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *muſt* be meet, i. e. *ſhall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was eſtabliſhed, when irreſiſtible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legiſlature. MALONE.

[a] —— *ſhake thy bones*
Out of thy garments.] So, in *King John*:
" ——— here's a ſtay,
" That *ſhakes the rotten carcaſe* of old death
" *Out of his rags!*" STEEVENS.

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Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

MEN. On both ſides more reſpect.
SIC. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
BRU. Seize him, Ædiles.
CIT. Down with him, down with him!
[*Several ſpeak.*
2. SEN. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
CIT. Peace, peace, peace; ſtay, hold, peace!
MEN. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near; I cannot ſpeak: — You, tribunes
To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: [3] —
Speak, good Sicinius.
SIC. Hear me, people; — Peace.
CIT. Let's hear our tribune: — Peace. Speak,
ſpeak, ſpeak.
SIC. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

[3] *To the people, — Coriolanus, patience:*] I would read:
Speak *to the people. — Coriolanus, patience: —*
Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt propoſes an amendment to this paſſage, but nothing is neceſſary except to point it properly.

Confuſion's near, — I cannot. Speak you, tribunes,
To the people.

He deſires the tribunes to ſpeak to the people, becauſe he was not able; and at the end of the ſpeech repeats the ſame requeſt to Sicinius in particular. M. MASON.

I ſee no need of any alteration. MALONE.

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Whom late you have nam'd for conſul.
MEN. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1. SEN. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
SIC. What is the city, but the people?
CIT. True,
The people are the city.
BRU. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
CIT. You ſo remain.
MEN. And ſo are like to do.
COR. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
SIC. This deſerves death.
BRU. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it:— We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of preſent death.
SIC. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.
BRU. Ædiles, ſeize him.
CIT. Yield, Marcius, yield.
MEN. Hear me one word.
Beſeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
ÆDI. Peace, peace.
MEN. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

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BRU. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous[4]
Where the diſeaſe is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
COR. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his ſword.*
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourſelves what you have ſeen me.
MEN. Down with that ſword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
BRU. Lay hands upon him.
MEN. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
CIT. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people, are beat in.*
MEN. Go, get you to your houſe;[5] be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2. SEN. Get you gone.
COR. Stand faſt;[6]
We have as many friends as enemies.
MEN. Shall it be put to that?
1. SEN. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe;

[4] —— *very poiſonous* ——] I read:
—— *are very* poiſons. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *get you to* your *houſe*;] Old Copy — *our* houſe. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. So below:
"I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to *thy* houſe." MALONE.

[6] *Stand faſt*; &c.] [Old copy — Com. *Stand faſt*; &c.] This ſpeech certainly ſhould be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends perſuade him to retire. So, Cominius preſently after:
"Come, ſir, along with us." WARBURTON.

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Leave us to cure this cauſe.

MEN. For 'tis a ſore upon us,[6]
You cannot tent yourſelf: Be gone, 'beſeech you.

COM. Come, ſir, along with us.

COR. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,) —

MEN. Be gone;[7]
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.[8]

[6] *For 'tis a ſore upon us,*] The two laſt impertinent words, which deſtroy the meaſure, are an apparent interpolation. STEEVENS.

[7] COR. *I would they were barbarians (as they are,*
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—
Be gone; &c.] The beginning of this ſpeech, [attributed in the old copy to *Menenius,*] I am perſuaded, ſhould be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to Menenius:
"Be gone;
"Put not your worthy rage" &c. TYRWHITT.

I have divided this ſpeech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEEVENS.

The word, *begone,* certainly belongs to Menenius, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away.— In the preceding page he ſays,
"Go, get you to your houſe; begone, away,—."
And in a few lines after, he repeats the ſame requeſt.
"Pray you, be gone:
"I'll try whether my old wit be in requeſt
"With thoſe that have but little;" M. MASON.

[8] *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *poſſeſs by right,* or to *be indebted.* Either ſenſe may be admitted. *One time,* in which the people are ſeditious, will *give us power* in ſome *other time:* or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt:* that is, will lay them open to the law, and expoſe them hereafter to more ſervile ſubjection. JOHNSON.

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COR. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
MEN. I could myself
Take up a brace of the beſt of them; yea, the two tribunes.
COM. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd fooſery, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return?[9] whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
MEN. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
COM. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and Others.*
1. PAT. This man has marr'd his fortune.
MEN. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*

I believe Menenius means, "This time will owe us one more fortunate." It is a common expreſſion to ſay, "This day is yours, the next may be mine." M. MASON.

The meaning ſeems to be, One time will compenſate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our preſent diſgrace. Let us truſt to futurity. MALONE.

[9] *Before the tag return?*] The loweſt and moſt deſpicable of the populace are ſtill denominated by thoſe a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

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Here's goodly work!
2. PAT. I would they were a-bed!
MEN. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not ſpeak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

SIC. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?
MEN. You worthy tribunes,—
SIC. He ſhall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
Than the ſeverity of the publick power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.
1. CIT. He ſhall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
CIT. He ſhall, ſure on't. [9]
[*Several ſpeak together.*
MEN. Sir, [a]—
SIC. Peace.

[9] *He ſhall, ſure* on't.] The meaning of theſe words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He ſhall, that's ſure. I am inclined to think that the ſame error has happened here and in a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *ſure* is printed inſtead of *ſore*. He ſhall ſuffer for it, he ſhall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the ſecond folio reads—He ſhall, ſure *out*; and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any queſtion concerning the expulſion of Coriolanus. What is now propoſed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is abſurd therefore that the rabble

MEN. Do not cry, havock,[3] where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holp to make this reſcue?

MEN. Hear me ſpeak:—

ſhould by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had ſaid, propoſe a puniſhment he has not ſo much as mentioned and which, when he does *afterwards* mention it, he diſapproved of:

" — to *eject* him hence,
" Were but one danger."

I have therefore left the old copy undiſturbed. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote — with reference to the foregoing ſpeech,

He ſhall, *he* ſure on't.

i. e. be aſſured that he ſhall be taught the reſpect due to both the tribunes and the people. STEEVENS.

[2] *Sir,*] Old copy—redundantly, Sir, *ſir*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Do not* cry, havock, *where you ſhould but hunt*
With modeſt warrant.] i. e. Do not give the ſignal for unlimited ſlaughter, &c. See Vol. XI. p. 341, n. 5. STEEVENS.

To cry havock, was, I believe, originally a ſporting phraſe, from *haſoc*, which in Saxon ſignifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards uſed in war. So, in *King John*:

" —— *Cry havock*, kings."

And in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Cry *havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war."

It ſeems to have been the ſignal for general ſlaughter, and is expreſsly forbid in *The Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

" Item, que nul ſoit ſi hardy de crier *havock* ſur peine d'avoir la teſt coupe."

The ſecond article of the ſame *Ordinances* ſeems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

" Item, que nul ſoit ſi hardy *de toucher* le corps de noſtre Seigneur, *ni le veſſel en quel il eſt*, ſur peyne d'eſtre trainez & pendu, & le teſte avoir coupe." MS. *Cotton.* Nero D. VI.

TYRWHITT.

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As I do know the conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults:—

SIC. Conſul!—what conſul?

MEN. The conſul Coriolanus.

BRU. He a conſul!

CIT. No, no. no, no, no.

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to[3] no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.

SIC. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to deſpatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

MEN. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerved children[4] is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

SIC. He's a diſeaſe, that muſt be cut away.

MEN. O, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath loſt,

[3] —— *ſhall* turn you to —] This ſingular expreſſion has already occurred in *The Tempeſt*:

"—— my heart bleeds
"To think o'the teen that I have *turn'd you to*."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Towards her* deſerved *children*—] *Deſerved*, for *deſerving*. So, *delighted* for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

"If virtue no *delighted beauty* lack,"— MALONE.

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(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

SIC. This is clean kam.[5]

BRU. Merely awry:[6] When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

MEN. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was?[7]

[5] *This is clean* kam.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked ſtick, or the bend in a horſe's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following paſſage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Camocks* muſt be bowed with ſleight not ſtrength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean cam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preſerved in that great repoſitory of ancient vulgariſms, Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum ſtudia in contraria vulgus.*"

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* ſectes are haled."

STEEVENS.

In the old tranſlation of *Guſman de Alfarache* the words *kim*, *kam*, occur ſeveral times. Amongſt others, take the following inſtance: "All goes topſie turvy; all *kim*, *kam*; all is tricks and devices: all riddles and unknown myſteries." P. 100. REED.

[6] *Merely awry:*] i. e. abſolutely. See Vol. IV. p. 9, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected*
For what before it was?] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be ſaid by Coriolanus's apologiſt, and that it was ſaid by one of the tribunes; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. WARBURTON.

I have reſtor'd it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at

BRU. We'll hear no more:—
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
MEN. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcann'd ſwiftneſs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by proceſs;
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great Rome with Romans.
BRU. If it were ſo,—
SIC. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our ædiles ſmote? ourſelves reſiſted?—Come:—
MEN. Conſider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him[8]

the concluſion of the ſpeech. Mr. Malone, conſidering it as an imperfect ſentence, gives it thus:

For what before it was;— STEEVENS.

You alledge, ſays Menenius, that being diſeaſed, he muſt be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be reſpected for what it was before it was gangrened.—"*Is this juſt?*" Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any ſuch addition, from his ſtate of the argument theſe words are underſtood. MALONE.

[8] —— *to bring him* —] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the MS. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the tranſcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

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Where he ſhall anſwer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.

1. SEN. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.[9]

SIC. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

BRU. Go not home.

SIC. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

MEN. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me deſire your company. [*to the* Senators.] He muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.

1. SEN. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *the end of it*
Unknown to the beginning.] So, in *The Tempeſt*, A& II. ſc. i: "The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning."
STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's *Houſe.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears; preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;[a]

[a] *Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;*] Neither of theſe puniſhments was known at Rome. Shakſpeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who aſſaſſinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horſes; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conſpiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the puniſhment which Tullus Hoſtilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deſerting the Roman ſtandard, had eſcaped my memory:

" Haud procul inde citæ Metium in diverſa quadrigæ
" Diſtulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)
" Raptabatque viri mendacis viſcera Tullus
" Per ſylvam; & ſparſi rorabant ſanguine vepres."
Æn. VIII. 642.

However, as Shakſpeare has coupled this ſpecies of puniſhment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the ſtory of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other inſtances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts: (for in 1594 John Chaſtel had been thus executed in France for attempting to aſſaſſinate Henry the Fourth:) more eſpecially as we know from the teſtimony of Livy that this cruel capital puniſhment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this ſingle inſtance.

" Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum diſtentum illigat Mettium. Deinde in diverſum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæſerant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertêre omnes a tantâ fœditate ſpectaculi oculos *Primum ultimumque* illud ſupplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit: in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuiſſe pœnas." Liv. lib. I. xxviii. MALONE.

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Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1. PAT. You do the nobler.

COR. I muſe,[3] my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats; to ſhow bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance[4] ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
[*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.[5]

VOL. O, ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

COR. Let go.[6]

[3] I *muſe*,] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loſs*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:
"Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt noble friends—."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *my ordinance* —] My *rank*. JOHNSON.

[5] *The man I am*.] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the defect in this line, very judiciouſly in my opinion, by reading:
Truly *the man I am*.
Truly is properly oppoſed to *Falſe* in the preceding line.
STEEVENS.

[6] *Let go*.] Here again Sir Thomas Hanmer, with ſufficient propriety, reads — *Why*, let *it* go. — Mr. Ritſon would complete the meaſure with a ſimilar expreſſion, which occurs in *Othello*, — "Let *it* go *all*."—Too many of the ſhort replies in this and other plays of Shakſpeare, are apparently mutilated. STEEVENS.

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VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo: Leſſer had been
The thwartings of your diſpoſitions,[4] if
You had not ſhow'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.
COR. Let them hang.
VOL. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators.

MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough;
You muſt return, and mend it.
1. SEN. There's no remedy;
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.
VOL. Pray, be counſel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of anger,
To better vantage.
MEN. Well ſaid, noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd,[5] but that

[4] *The* thwartings *of your diſpoſitions,*] The old copies exhibit it: *The* things *of your diſpoſitions.*
A few letters replac'd, that by ſome careleſſneſs dropp'd out, reſtore us the Poet's genuine reading:
The thwartings *of your diſpoſitions.* THEOBALD.
Mr. Theobald only improved on Mr. Rowe's correction —
That things *that thwart* your diſpoſitions. MALONE.

[5] *Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the* herd,] [Old copy — ſtoop to the *heart.*] But how did Coriolanus ſtoop to his *heart?* He rather, as we vulgarly expreſs it, made his proud heart ſtoop to the neceſſity of the times. I am perſuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So before in this play:
"Are theſe your *herd?*"
So, in *Julius Cæſar:* "— when he perceived, the common *herd* was glad he refus'd the crown," &c. THEOBALD.

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The violent fit o' the time craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

COR. What muſt I do?

MEN. Return to the tribunes.

COR. Well,
What then? what then?

MEN. Repent what you have ſpoke.

COR. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods;
Muſt I then do't to them?

VOL. You are too abſolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak.[6] I have heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſe,
That they combine not there.

COR. Tuſh, tuſh!

MEN. A good demand.

VOL. If it be honour, in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, (which, for your beſt ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a paſſage, in which Coriolanus thus deſcribes the people:

"You ſhames of Rome! you *herd* of——"

Herd was anciently ſpelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy. MALONE.

[6] *You are too abſolute;*
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak.] Except in caſes of urgent neceſſity, when your reſolute and noble ſpirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occaſion. MALONE.

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COR. Why force you[7] this?
VOL. Becauſe that now it lies you on to ſpeak
To the people; not by your own inſtruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,[8]
But with ſuch words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.[9]

[7] *Why force you*] Why *urge* you. JOHNSON.
So, in *King Henry VIII*:
" If you will now unite in your complaints,
" And *force* them with a conſtancy—." MALONE.

[8] *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you* to,] [Old copy — *prompts you*,] Perhaps, the meaning is, which your heart prompts you *to*. We have many ſuch elliptical expreſſions in theſe plays. See Vol. XVI. p. 185, n. 2. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:
" Thy honourable metal may be wrought
" From what it is diſpoſs'd [*to*]."
But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart ſuggeſts *to* you; which your heart furniſhes you with, as a prompter furniſhes the player with the words that have eſcaped his memory. So afterwards: "Come, come, we'll *prompt you*." The editor of the ſecond folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads— prompts you *to*, and ſo all the ſubſequent copies read. MALONE.
I am content to follow the ſecond folio; though perhaps we ought to read:
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts in *you*.
So, in a *Sermon preached at St. Paul's Croſſe*, &c. 1589: "— for often meditatyon *prompteth in* us goode thoughtes, begettyng theren goode workes," &c.
Without ſome additional ſyllable the verſe is defective.
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *baſtards and ſyllables*
Of no allowance, *to your boſom's truth.*] I read: "*of no* alliance;" therefore *baſtards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough ſtand, as meaning *legal right*, *eſtabliſhed rank*, or *ſettled authority*.
JOHNSON.
Allowance is certainly right. So in *Othello*, A& II. ſc. i:
" —— his pilot
" Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*."

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Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town[2] gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you[3] will rather show our general lowts[4]
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want[5] might ruin.

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of a Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be "of *no kindred*." STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance, i. e. approbation, *to* your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is — though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, "and syllables of no allowance," are put in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

[2] *Than to take in a town* —] To subdue or destroy. See p. 228, n. 9. MALONE.

[3] —— *I am in this,*
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you &c.] Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks, as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their* condition, I am *at stake*, together with *your wife, your son*. JOHNSON.

I am in this, means, I am in this predicament. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, *In this* advice, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake*. MALONE.

[4] —— *our general lowts* —] Our *common clowns*. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *that* want] The *want* of their loves. JOHNSON.

MEN. Noble lady! —
Come, go with us; ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what[6] is dangerous preſent: but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

VOL. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;[7]
And thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones, (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears.) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,[8]

[6] Not *what* ——] In this place *not* ſeems to ſignify *not only*. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *with* this *bonnet in thy hand;*] Surely our author wrote — with *thy* bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot ſuppoſe that he intended that Volumnia ſhould either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When Volumnia ſays — "*this* bonnet," ſhe may be ſuppoſed to *point* at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *waving thy* head,
Which often, *thus*, *correcting thy ſtout heart,*] But do any of the ancient or modern maſters of elocution preſcribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the head correct the ſtoutneſs of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, laſtly, where is the ſenſe or grammar of theſe words, *Which often, thus*, &c? Theſe queſtions are ſufficient to ſhow that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

—— *waving thy* hand,
Which ſoften *thus*, *correcting thy ſtout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action ſuiting the occaſion; Wave thy hand, ſays ſhe, and ſoften the action of it thus, — then ſtrike upon thy breaſt, and by that action ſhow the people thou haſt corrected thy ſtout heart. All here is fine and proper. WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is ſhaken in token of ſorrow. The word *wave* ſuits better to the hand, but in conſidering the author's language, too much ſtreſs

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Now humble, as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, ſay to them,

muſt not be laid on propriety, againſt the copies. I would read thus:

—— *waving thy head,*
With *often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart.*

That is, *ſhaking thy head*, and *ſtriking* thy breaſt. The alteration is ſlight, and the geſture recommended not improper.

JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Hamlet:*

" And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down."

STEEVENS.

I have ſometimes thought that this paſſage might originally have ſtood thus:

—— waving thy head,
(Which *humble* thus;) correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now *ſoften'd* as the ripeſt mulberry. TYRWHITT.

As there is no verb in this paſſage as it ſtands, ſome amendment muſt be made, to make it intelligible; and that which I now propoſe, is to read *bow* inſtead of *now*, which is clearly the right reading. M. MASON.

I am perſuaded theſe lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a ſimilar kind of phraſeology being found in his other plays. *Which*, &c. is the abſolute caſe, and is to be underſtood as if he had written — *It* often, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" — This your ſon-in-law,
" And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in *King John:*

" —— he that wins of all,
" Of kings, and beggars, old men, young men, maids, —
" *Who* having no external thing to loſe
" But the word *maid*, — cheats the poor maid of that."

In the former of theſe paſſages, "*whom* heavens directing," is to be underſtood as if Shakſpeare had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum dei ducentes*) and in the latter, "*who* having" has the import of *They* having. *Nihil quod amittere poſſint, præter nomen virginis, poſſidentibus.* See Vol. XI. p. 356, n. 4.

This mode of ſpeech, though not ſuch as we ſhould now uſe, having been uſed by Shakſpeare, any emendation of this conteſted paſſage becomes unneceſſary. Nor is this kind of phraſeology peculiar to our author: for in R. Raignold's *Lives of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5. b. I find the ſame conſtruction: "— as Pom-

Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way,[8] which, thou doſt confeſs,

pey was paſſing in a ſmall boate toward the ſhoare, to fynde the kynge Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement ſlayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who hoping* by killing of him to purchaſe the friendſhip of Cæſar.—Who now being come unto the ſhoare, and entering Alexandria, had ſodainly preſented unto him the head of Pompey the Great," &c.

Again, in The Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, Signat Mm. ij. "And now was the kyng within twqo daies journey of Saliſbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompaignied with great ſtrength of Welſhemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire: whiche thyng was in deede the cauſe that thei fell from hym and forſoke him. Wherefore he," &c. See alſo Vol. X. p. 204, n. 2.

Mr. M. Maſon ſays, that there is no verb in the ſentence, and therefore it muſt be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and in the ſentence, not more abrupt than many others in theſe plays. Go to the people, ſays Volumnia, and appear before them in a ſupplicating attitude,—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in ſuch caſes action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (ſuch as thoſe that I now make,) ſubduing thy ſtout heart, which now ſhould be as humble as the ripeſt mulberry: or, if theſe ſilent geſtures of ſupplication do not move them, add words, and ſay to them, &c.

Whoever has ſeen a player ſupplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cauſe, has ariſen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy *head*."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be neceſſary in theſe lines. MALONE.

All I ſhall obſerve reſpecting the validity of the inſtances adduced by Mr. Malone in ſupport of his poſition, is, that as ancient preſs-work ſeldom received any correction, the errors of one printer may frequently ſerve to countenance thoſe of another, without affording any legitimate deciſion in matters of phraſeology. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *humble, as the ripeſt mulberry.*] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æſchylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preſerved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) ſays of Hector that he was ſofter than *mulberries*.

Ἁνὴρ δ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μόρων. MUSGRAVE.

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Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf, forſooth, hereafter theirs, ſo far
As thou haſt power, and perſon.

MEN. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours:[3]
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free
As words to little purpoſe.

VOL. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'ſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,[4]
Than flatter him in a bower.[5] Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. I have been i' the market-place: and, ſir, 'tis fit

[2] —— *and being bred in broils,*
Haſt not the ſoft way,] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):
" —— Rude am I in my ſpeech,
" And little bleſs'd with the *ſoft* phraſe of peace;
" And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
" More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles."
MALONE.

[3] *Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why,* all *their hearts were yours:*] The word *all* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not ſure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritſon propoſes:
Even as ſhe ſpeaks it, *why their hearts were yours.*
STEEVENS.

[4] —— in *a fiery gulf,*] i. e. *into.* So, in *King Richard III:*
" But firſt, I'll turn you fellow *in* his grave." STEEVENS.

[5] *Than flatter him in a* bower.] A *bower* is the ancient term for a *chamber.* So Spenſer, Prothalam. ſt. 8. ſpeaking of *The Temple:*
" Where now the ſtudious lawyers have their *bowers.*"
See alſo Chaucer &c. paſſim. STEEVENS.

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You make ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence; all's in anger.

MEN. Only fair ſpeech.

COM. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

VOL. He muſt, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, ſay, you will, and go about it.

COR. Muſt I go ſhow them my unbarb'd ſconce?[4]
Muſt I
With my baſe tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? Well, I will do't:

[4] —— *my unbarb'd ſconce?*] The ſuppliants of the people uſed to preſent themſelves to them in ſordid and neglected dreſſes. JOHNSON.

Unbarbed, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry, when a horſe was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was ſaid to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uſes for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

Unbarbed ſconce is *untrimm'd* or *unſhaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to ſhave him. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"*Grim.* —— you are ſo clean a young man.
"*Row.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?
"*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Roſco.
"*Row.* I know him not, is he a geaſt *barber*?"

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XIII:

"The labring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds."

Again, in *The Malcontent*, by Marſton:

"The ſtooping ſcytheman that doth *barbe* the field."

But (ſays Dean Milles, in his comment on *The Pſeudo-Rawlg*, p. 215.) "would that appearance [of being *unſhaved*,] have been particular at Rome in the time of Coriolanus?" Every one, but the Dean, underſtands that Shakſpeare gives to all countries the faſhions of his own.

Unbarbed may, however, bear the ſignification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy* ſpeaking of a *hooded Lewt*, ſays:

"*Barbyd* like a nonne, for hurtynge of the ſonne."

STEEVENS.

Yet were there but this ſingle plot [5] to loſe,
This mould of Marcius, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw it againſt the wind. — To the market-place: —
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never [6]
I ſhall diſcharge to the life.

COM. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL. I pr'ythee now, ſweet ſon; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier, ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.[7]

[5] —— *ſingle* plot —] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcaſe.
WARBURTON.

[6] —— ſuch *a part*, which *never* &c.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Vol. XV. p. 89:
" — he would avoid *ſuch* bitter taunts
" *Which* in the time of death he gave our father."
Again, in the preſent ſcene:
" But with *ſuch* words *that* are but roted," &c.
Again, in Act V. ſc. iv:
" —— the benefit
" Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is *ſuch* a name,
" *Whoſe* repetition will be dogg'd with curſes."
i. e. the repetition of which—.
Again, in Act V. ſc. iii:
" — no, not with *ſuch* friends,
" *That* thought them ſure of you."
This phraſeology was introduced by Shakſpeare in the firſt of theſe paſſages, for the old play on which the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded, reads — *As* in the time of death. The word *as* has been ſubſtituted for *which* by the modern editors in the paſſage before us. MALONE.

[7] —— *perform a part*
Thou haſt not done before.] Our author is ſtill thinking of his theatre. Cominius has juſt ſaid, Come, come, we'll *prompt* you.
MALONE.

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COR. Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum,[8] into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! The ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks;[9] and ſchoolboys' tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my ſtirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,[a]
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

VOL. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs;[3] for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt.
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me;
But owe[4] thy pride thyſelf.

[8] *Which quired with my drum,*] Which *played in concert* with my drum. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins." STEEVENS.

[9] *Tent in my cheeks;*] To *tent* is *to take up reſidence.* JOHNSON.

[a] —— *to honour mine own truth,*]

Πάντων δὲ μάλιϛ' αἰσχύνεο σ'ὰυτόν. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *let*
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs;] This is obſcure. Perhaps, ſhe means, *Go, do thy worſt; let me rather feel the* utmoſt *extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obſtinacy.* JOHNSON.

[4] —— *owe* —] i. e. own. REED.

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COR. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return conſul;
Or never truſt to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

VOL. Do your will. [*Exit.*

COM. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourſelf
To anſwer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

COR. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuſe me by invention, I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

MEN. Ay, but mildly.

COR. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

BRU. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,

So, in *Macbeth*:
"To throw away the deareſt thing he *owed*,
"As 'twere a careleſs trifle." STEEVENS.

Enforce him with his envy[3] to the people;
And that the ſpoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er diſtributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

ÆD. He's coming.

BRU. How accompanied?

ÆD. With old Menenius, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.

SIC. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

ÆD. I have; 'tis ready, here.[4]

SIC. Have you collected them by tribes?

ÆD. I have.

SIC. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they hear me ſay, *It ſhall be ſo*
I' the right and ſtrength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment, then let them,
If I ſay, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cauſe.[5]

[3] —— *envy*—] i. e. malice, hatred. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"——no black *envy*
"Shall make my grave."

See Vol. XVI. p. 61, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *'tis ready*, here.] The word—*here*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *i' the truth o' the cauſe.*] This is not very eaſily underſtood. We might read:

—— o'er *the truth o' the cauſe.* JOHNSON.

As I cannot underſtand this paſſage as it is pointed, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the ſpeeches ſhould be thus divided, and then it will require no explanation.

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ÆD. I shall inform them.
BRU. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
ÆD. Very well.
SIC. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
BRU. Go about it.—
[*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: [6] Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; [7] then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck. [8]

Sic. Insisting on the old prerogative
And power.
Æd. In the truth of the cause
I shall inform them.
That is, I will explain the matter to them fully. M. MASON.

[6] —— *and to have his* worth
Of contradiction:] The modern editors substituted *word;* but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now."
MALONE.

[7] *Be rein'd again to* temperance;] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented "holding in hyr hand a *bitt of an horse*." TOLLET.
Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. HENLEY.

[8] —— *which looks*
With us to break his neck.] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN. Calmly, I do beſeech you.

COR. Ay, as an oſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.[9]—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the ſhows of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war![a]

ſenſe I believe is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck.* JOHNSON.

The tribune rather ſeems to mean—The ſentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their ſhare in promoting his deſtruction. STEEVENS.

[9] *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

[a] ——*plant love among us!*
Throng *our large temples with the ſhows of peace,*
And not our ſtreets with war!] [The old copy — *Through.*]
We ſhould read:
Throng *our large temples*———
The other is rank nonſenſe. WARBURTON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *ſhows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably aſſembled, either to hear the determination of cauſes, or for other purpoſes of civil government. MALONE.

The real *ſhows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus; but I queſtion if our author, on the preſent occaſion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's ſuppoſition, however, can hardly be right; becauſe the "temples" (i. e. thoſe of the gods,) were never uſed for the determination of civil cauſes, &c. To ſuch purpoſes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace. STEEVENS.

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1. SEN. Amen, amen!
MEN. A noble wiſh.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

SIC. Draw near, ye people,
ÆD. Liſt to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I ſay.
COR. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.
BOTH TRI. Well, ſay.—Peace, ho.[a]
COR. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
SIC. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?
COR. I am content.
MEN. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhow
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
COR. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
MEN. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier: Do not take
His rougher accents[3] for malicious ſounds,

[a] *Well, ſay.— Peace, ho.*] As the metre is here defective, we might ſuppoſe our author to have written:
Well, *ſir*; ſay *on*.—Peace, ho. STEEVENS.

[3] *His rougher* accents——] The old copy reads—*actions*. Mr. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.
His rougher *accents* are the harſh *terms* that he uſes. MALONE.

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But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy you.[4]

COM. Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter,
That being paſs'd for conſul with full voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

SIC. Anſwer to us.

COR. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd office,[5] and to wind
Yourſelf into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How! Traitor?

MEN. Nay; temperately: Your promiſe.

COR. The fires i' the loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd[6] as many millions, in

[4] *Rather than envy you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

According to the conſtruction of the ſentence, *envy* is evidently uſed as a verb, and ſignifies to *injure*. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Julietta in *The Pilgrim*:

"If I make a lie
"To gain your love, and *envy* my beſt miſtreſs,
"Pin me up againſt a wall," &c. M. MASON.

Rather than envy *you.*] Rather than import ill will to you. See p. 349, n. —; and Vol. XVI. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] —— *ſeaſon'd office,*] All *office eſtabliſhed* and *ſettled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long uſe. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *clutch'd* ——] i. e. graſp'd. So Macbeth, in his addreſs to the "air-drawn dagger:"

"Come, let me *clutch* thee." STEEVENS.

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Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

SIC. Mark you this, people?

CIT. To the rock with him; to the rock with him![7]

SIC. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him; even this,
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves the extremeſt death.

BRU. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

COR. What do you prate of ſervice?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

COR. You?

MEN. Is this
The promiſe that you made your mother?

COM. Know,
I pray you,—

COR. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,

[7] *To the rock* &c.] The firſt folio reads:
To th' rock, to th' rock with him.—
The ſecond only:
To th' rock with him:
The preſent reading is therefore formed out of the two copies. STEEVENS.

To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.

SIC. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people,[5] ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at laſt[6]
Given hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence[7]
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this inſtant, baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.

CIT. It ſhall be ſo,
It ſhall be ſo; let him away: he's baniſh'd,
And ſo it ſhall be.[8]

COM. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends;—

SIC. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.

COM. Let me ſpeak:

[5] *Envy'd againſt the people,*] i. e. behaved with ſigns of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

[6] —— as *now at laſt* —] Read rather:
——— has *now at laſt.* JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this inſtance, has the power of *as well as.* The ſame mode of expreſſion I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

[7] —— not *in the preſence* —] *Not* ſtands again for *not only.* JOHNSON.

It is thus uſed in *The new Teſtament*, 1. Theſſ. iv. 8:
"He therefore that deſpiſeth, deſpiſeth *not* man but God," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *And ſo it ſhall be.*] Old copy, unmetrically—*And it ſhall be ſo.* STEEVENS.

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I have been conſul, and can ſhow from Rome,[9]
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate,[2] her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

SIC. We know your driſt: Speak what?

BRU. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It ſhall be ſo.

CIT. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

COR. You common cry of curs![3] whoſe breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whoſe loves I prize
As the dead carcaſſes of unburied men

[9] ——*ſhow* from *Rome*,] Read—"ſhow *for* Rome." M. MASON.

He either means, that his wounds were got *out* of Rome, in the cauſe of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the ſtate. Mr. Theobald reads—*for* Rome; and ſupports his emendation by theſe paſſages:

"To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows *for* Rome," &c.

Again:

"Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome,"—. MALONE.

[2] *My dear wife's eſtimate*,] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife*. JOHNSON.

[3] *You common cry of curs!*] *Cry* here ſignifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:

"——You have made good work,
"You and your *cry*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Shakſpeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd
"To a deep *cry* of dogs." MALONE.

That do corrupt my air, I baniſh you;[4]
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,[5])
Making not reſervation of yourſelves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as moſt

[4] *I baniſh you;*] So, in Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580: "When it was caſt in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had *baniſhed* him Pontus, yea, ſaid he, *I them*."

Our poet has again the ſame thought in *King Richard II:*

"Think not, the king did baniſh thee,
"But thou the king." MALONE.

[5] —— *Have the power ſtill*
To baniſh your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels, &c.] *Still retain the power of baniſhing your defenders, till your undiſcerning folly, which can foreſee no conſequences, leave none in the city but yourſelves, who are always labouring your own deſtruction.*

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the ſpeculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this ſpeech. *The people*, ſays he, *cannot ſee, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the ſame character of ſtupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

"The people, (to uſe the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious LECTURES ON HISTORY, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely ſcrutiniſe errors in government, but they are rouſed by galling oppreſſion."—Coriolanus, however, means to ſpeak ſtill more contemptuouſly of their judgment. Your ignorance is ſuch, that you cannot ſee the miſchiefs likely to reſult from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.— Inſtead, however, of "Making *but* reſervation of yourſelves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnſon very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourſelves*, I have no doubt that we ſhould read, as I have printed, "Making *not* reſervation of yourſelves," which agrees with the ſubſequent words— "ſtill your own foes," and with the general purport of the ſpeech; which is, to ſhow that the folly of the people was ſuch as was likely to deſtroy the whole of the republick without *any* reſervation, *not only others, but even*

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Abated captives,[6] to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing,[7]
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

ÆD. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

CIT. Our enemy's baniſh'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

SIC. Go, ſee him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpite;
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

CIT. Come, come, let us ſee him out at gates; come:—
The gods preſerve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

themſelves, and to ſubjugate them as abated captives to ſome hoſtile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reſervation of themſelves, while they are deſtroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be ſaid to be in that reſpect "*ſtill their own foes.*" Theſe words therefore deciſively ſupport the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in theſe plays, has already been frequently obſerved. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former ſcene, inſtead of *not*, and the latter word ſubſtituted in all the modern editions. See p. 299, n. 8. MALONE.

Mr. Capell reads:

"Making *not* reſervation of your ſelves." STEEVENS.

[6] Abated *captives*,] *Abated* is dejected, ſubdued, depreſſed in ſpirit. So, in *Craſhaw*, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

i. e. *Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos. Abated* has the ſame power as the French *abattu*. See Vol. IX. p. 52, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[7] *Deſpiſing*,] As this line is imperfect, perhaps our author originally gave it—

Deſpiſing therefore,
For you, the city, &c. STEEVENS.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and ſeveral young Patricians.*

COR. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beaſt
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd maſterſhip in floating: [6] fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: [7] you were us'd to load me

[6] *—— you were us'd*
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd maſterſhip in floating:] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt reads:
"To ſay, extreamities *was* the trier of ſpirits."
Extremity, in the ſingular number, is uſed by our author in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Troilus and Creſſida*, &c.
The general thought of this paſſage has already occurred in *Troilus and Creſſida*. See Vol. XVI. p. 245:
"—— In the reproof of chance
"Lies the true proof of men: The ſea being ſmooth,
"How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
"Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
"With thoſe of nobler bulk?" STEEVENS.

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With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
VIR. O heavens! O heavens!
COR. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
VOL. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in Rome,
And occupations periſh!
COR. What, what, what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My ſometime general
I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning ſpectacles; tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond[8] to wail inevitable ſtrokes,

[7] —— *fortune's blows,*
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning:] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, ſilently ſubſtituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be ſure of our author's words before we go to explain their meaning.

The ſenſe is, When Fortune ſtrikes her hardeſt blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmneſs *cunning*, becauſe it is the effect of reflection and philoſophy. Perhaps the firſt emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and inſtruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON

[8] *'Tis fond* ——] i. e. 'tis fooliſh. See our author, paſſim. STEEVENS.

As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen,) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.[9]

VOL. My firſt ſon,[a]
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſture to each chance
That ſtarts i' the way before thee.[3]

COR. O the gods!

COM. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,

[9] —— *cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and falſe tricks, and treaſon. JOHNSON.

Cautelous, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies—*inſidious*. In the ſenſe of *cautious* it occurs in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Swear prieſts and cowards, and men *cautelous*."

STEEVENS.

[a] *My* firſt *ſon*,] *Firſt*, i. e. nobleſt, and moſt eminent of men. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath would read:
My fierce *ſon*. STEEVENS.

[3] *More than a wild* expoſture *to each chance*
That ſtarts i' the way before thee.] I know not whether the word *expoſture* be found in any other author. If not, I ſhould incline to read *expoſure*. MALONE.

We ſhould certainly read—*expoſure*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"And when we have our naked frailties hid
"That ſuffer in *expoſure*,—."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"To weaken and diſcredit our *expoſure*—."

Expoſture is, I believe, no more than a typographical error. STEEVENS.

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And we of thee: ſo, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the abſence of the needer.
COR. Fare ye well:—
Thou haſt years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch,[4] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
MEN. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
COR. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

[4] *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor from trying gold on the touchſtone. WARBURTON.

The nobility are vex'd, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.
BRU. Now we have ſhown our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
SIC. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.
BRU. Diſmiſs them home.
[*Exit* Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
SIC. Let's not meet her.
BRU. Why?
SIC. They ſay, ſhe's mad.
BRU. They hav'd ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.
VOL. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods
Requite your love!
MEN. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.
VOL. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear,—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone?
[*to* Brutus.
VIR. You ſhall ſtay too: [*to* Sicin.] I would, I had the power
To ſay ſo to my huſband.
SIC. Are you mankind?
VOL. Ay, fool; Is that a ſhame?—Note but this fool.—

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Was not a man my father?[5] Hadſt thou foxſhip[6]
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for Rome,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?

SIC. O bleſſed heavens!

VOL. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words?
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too:—I would my ſon
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.

SIC. What then?

VIR. What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity.

VOL. Baſtards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MEN. Come, come, peace.

[5] Sic. *Are you* mankind?
Vol. *Ay, fool; Is that a ſhame?—Note but this fool.—*
Was not a man my father?] The word *mankind* is uſed maliciouſly by the firſt ſpeaker, and taken perverſely by the ſecond. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughneſs of a man, and, in an aggravated ſenſe, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to ſhed blood. In this ſenſe Sicinius aſks Volumnia, if ſhe be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:

"——Note but this fool.—
"Was not a man my father?" JOHNSON.

So, Jonſon, in *The Silent Woman:*

"O *mankind* generation!"

Shakſpeare himſelf, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——a *mankind* witch."

Fairfax, in his tranſlation of *Taſſo:*

"See, ſee this *mankind* ſtrumpet; ſee, ſhe cry'd,
"This ſhameleſs whore."

See Vol. X. p. 68, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[6] *Hadſt thou foxſhip*—] Hadſt thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to baniſh Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

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SIC. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began; and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
BRU. I would he had.
VOL. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
BRU. Pray, let us go.
VOL. Now, pray, ſir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo far, my ſon,
(This lady's huſband here, this, do you ſee,)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
BRU. Well, well, we'll leave you.
SIC. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
VOL. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing elſe to do,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
MEN. You have told them home,[7]
And by my troth, you have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?
VOL. Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf,

[7] *You have told them home,*] So again, in this play:
"I cannot ſpeak him home." MALONE.

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And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.[8]—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
MEN. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

ROM. I know you well, ſir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

VOL. It is ſo, ſir: truly, I have forgot you.

ROM. I am a Roman; and my ſervices are, as you are, againſt them: Know you me yet?

VOL. Nicanor? No.

ROM. The ſame, ſir.

VOL. You had more beard, when I laſt ſaw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.[9]

[8] *And ſo ſhall* ſtarve with feeding.] This idea is repeated in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. ſc. ii. and in *Pericles*:
"Who *ſtarves* the ears ſhe *feeds*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *but your favour is well* appear'd *by your tongue.*] This is ſtrange nonſenſe. We ſhould read:
—— *is well* appeal'd,
i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.
I would read:
—— *is well* affear'd.
That is, *ſtrengthened, atteſted*, a word uſed by our author.
"*His title is* affear'd." Macbeth.
To *repeal* may be *to bring to remembrance*, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian ſtate, to find you out there: You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

ROM. There hath been in Rome ſtrange inſurrection: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

VOL. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo; they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

ROM. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

VOL. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd *by your tongue*,

i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, ſc. i:

"That if again this apparition come,
"He may *approve* our eyes, and ſpeak to it."

STEEVENS.

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakſpeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifeſted*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

In ſupport of the old copy it may be obſerved, that *becomed* was formerly uſed as a participle. So, in North's tranſlation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla*, p. 622. edit. 1575: "—which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Ariſtides." We have, I think, the ſame participle in *Timon of Athens*.

So Chaucer uſes *diſpaired*:

"Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be
"That thou *diſpaired* art," &c. MALONE.

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ROM. Baniſh'd, ſir.

VOL. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

ROM. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, The fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her huſband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer Coriolanus being now in no requeſt of his country.

VOL. He cannot chooſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROM. I ſhall, between this and ſupper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

VOL. A moſt royal one: the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,[9] and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

ROM. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, ſir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

VOL. You take my part from me, ſir; I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

ROM. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 40, n. 8. MALONE.

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SCENE VI.

Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, diſguiſed, and muffled.*

COR. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle ſlay me.—Save you, ſir.
CIT. And you.
COR. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?
CIT. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate,
At his houſe this night.
COR. Which is his houſe, beſeech you?
CIT. This, here, before you.
COR. Thank you, ſir; farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.
O, world, thy ſlippery turns! [a] Friends now faſt ſworn,

[a] *O, world, thy ſlippery turns!* &c.] This fine picture of common friendſhips, is an artful introduction to the ſudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no leſs artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

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Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together, who twin, as 'twere, in love [3]
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity: So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, [4] and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: [5] if he ſlay me,

[3] *Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,*
Are ſtill together, who twin, *as 'twere, in love* —] Our author has again uſed this verb in *Othello:*

"And he that is approv'd in this offence,
"Though he had *twinn'd* with me,—" &c.

Part of this deſcription naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
"Have with our needls created both one flower,
"Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
"Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key:
"As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
"Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
"Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
"But yet a union in partition,
"Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem:
"So, *with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;*
"Two of the firſt," &c. MALONE.

[4] — hate *I*,] The old copy inſtead of *hate* reads—*have*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. "I'll enter," means I'll enter the houſe of Aufidius. MALONE.

[5] *This* enemy *town.—I'll enter:*] Here, as in other plates, our author is indebted to Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch:*

"For he diſguiſed him ſelfe in ſuche arraye and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knowen him for the perſone he was, ſeeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe: and as *Homer* ſayed of *Vlyſſes*,

He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Hall in Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick within. Enter a Servant.

1. SERV. Wine, wine, wine! What ſervice is here! I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2. SERV. Where's Cotus? my maſter calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

COR. A goodly houſe: The feaſt ſmells well: but I Appear not like a gueſt.

Re-enter the firſt Servant.

1. SERV. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

COR. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.[4]

"*So dyd he* enter *into* the enemies towvne."
Perhaps, therefore, inſtead of enemy, we ſhould read—enemy's or enemies' town. STEEVENS.

[4] *In being* Coriolanus.] i. e. in having derived that ſurname from the ſack of Corioli. STEEVENS.

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Re-enter ſecond Servant.

2. SERV. Whence are you, ſir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions?[5] Pray, get you out.

COR. Away!

2. SERV. Away? Get you away.

COR. Now thou art troubleſome.

2. SERV. Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The firſt meets him.*

3. SERV. What fellow's this?

1. SERV. A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the houſe: Pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3. SERV. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the houſe.

COR. Let me but ſtand; I will not hurt your hearth.[6]

[5] —— *that he gives entrance to ſuch* companions?] *Companion* was formerly uſed in the ſame ſenſe as we now uſe the word *fellow*. MALONE.

The ſame term is employed in *All's well that ends well*, *King Henry VI.* P. II. *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Let me but ſtand; I will not hurt your* hearth.] Here our author has both followed and deſerted his original, the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*. The ſilence of the ſervants of Aufidius, did not ſuit the purpoſes of the dramatiſt:

" So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* houſe, and when he came thither, he got him vp ſtraight to the chimney harthe, and ſat him downe, and ſpake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the houſe ſpying him, wondered what he ſhould be, and yet they durſt not byd him riſe. For ill fauoredly

3. SERV. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

3. SERV. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, ſo I am.

3. SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

COR. Follow your function, go.
And batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away.*

3. SERV. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my maſter what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2. SERV. And I ſhall. [*Exit.*

3. SERV. Where dwell'ſt thou?

COR. Under the canopy.

3. SERV. Under the canopy?

COR. Ay.

3. SERV. Where's that?

COR. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. SERV. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an aſs it is!—Then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

COR. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3. SERV. How, ſir! Do you meddle with my maſter?

COR. Ay; 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs:
Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

muffled and diſguiſed as he was, yet there appeared a certaine maieſtie in his countenance, and in his ſilence: whereupon they went to *Tullus* who was at ſupper, to tell him of the ſtraunge diſguiſing of this man." STEEVENS.

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Enter AUFIDIUS *and the ſecond* Servant.

AUF. Where is this fellow?

2. SERV. Here, ſir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the lords within.

AUF. Whence comeſt thou? what wouldeſt thou? Thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

COR. If, Tullus,[6] [*unmuffling.*

[6] *If, Tullus*, &c.] Theſe ſpeeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*:

"Tullus roſe preſently from the borde, and comming towards him, aſked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius vnmuffled him ſelfe, and after he had pauſed a while, making no aunſwer, he ſayed vnto him:

"If thou knoweſt me not yet, Tullus, and ſeeing me, doſt not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am in dede, I muſt of neceſſitee bewraye myſelfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy ſelf particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and miſchief, which I cannot denie for my ſurname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynefull ſeruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only ſurname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and diſpleaſure thou ſhouldeſt bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the reſt the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the ſufferance of the daſtardly nobilitie and magiſtrates, who haue forſaken me, and let me be baniſhed by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore ſuter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to ſaue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with ſpite and deſire I haue to be reuenged of them that have baniſhed me, whom now I begin to be reuenged on, putting my perſone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou haſt any harte to be wreeked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, ſpede thee now, and let my miſerie ſerue thy turne, and ſo vſe it, as my ſeruice maye be a beneſit to the Volces: promiſing thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was againſt you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemie,

Not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not
Think me for the man I am, neceſſity
Commands me name myſelf.

AUF. What is thy name?

[Servants *retire.*

COR. A name unmuſical to the Volcians' ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

AUF. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhow'ſt a noble veſſel:[5] What's thy name?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'ſt thou me yet?

AUF. I know thee not:—Thy name?

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My ſurname, Coriolanus: The painful ſervice,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſurname; a good memory,[6]

than ſuch as haue neuer proued it. And if it be ſo that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then am I alſo weary to liue any longer. And it were no wiſdome in thee, to ſaue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whoſe ſeruice now can nothing helpe nor pleaſure thee." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *though thy tackle's torn,*
Thou ſhow'ſt a noble veſſel:] A correſponding idea occurs in *Cymbeline:*

" The ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
" It was a worthy building." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *a good* memory.] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was uſed at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.

See the preceding note. MALONE.
And Vol. VIII. p. 211, n. 8. REED.

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And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by the voice of ſlaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Miſtake me not, to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: [7] but in mere ſpite,
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, [8] that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame [9] ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn; ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. [1] But if ſo be

[7] —— *of all the men i' the world*
I would have 'voided thee:] So, in *Macbeth:*
"Of all men elſe I have avoided thee." STEEVENS.

[8] *A heart of* wreak *in thee,*] A heart of reſentment. JOHNSON.
Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."
Again, in Gower, *De confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83:
"She ſaith that hir ſelfe ſhe ſholde
"Do *wreche* with hir own houde." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *maims*
Of ſhame ——] That is, diſgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *with the ſpleen.*
Of all the under fiends.] Shakſpeare, by imputing a ſtronger

Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhow thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

AUF. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,

degree of inveteracy to ſubordinate fiends, ſeems to intimate, and very juſtly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper claſſes of ſociety. This circumſtance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under* fiends in this paſſage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *ſubordinate*, or in an *inferior* ſtation, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

" Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are call'd
" Out of the powerful regions *under* earth," &c.

In Shakſpeare's time ſome fiends were ſuppoſed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

As Shakſpeare uſes the word *under*-ſkinker, to expreſs the *loweſt* rank of waiter, I do not find myſelf diſpoſed to give up my explanation of *under* fiends. Inſtances, however, of " too much refinement" are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.

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And ſcar'd the moon[3] with ſplinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my ſword;[4] and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath;[5] but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold.[6] Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

[3] *And ſcar'd the moon* ——] [Old copy — ſcarr'd,] I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *ſcar'd*, that is, *frightened*; a reading to which the following line in *King Richard III.* certainly adds ſome ſupport:

"*Amaze* the welkin with your broken ſtaves." MALONE.

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhotonthological idea of *ſcarifying* the moon. The verb to *ſcare* is again written *ſcarr*, in the old copy of *The Winter's Tale*: "They have *ſcarr'd* away two of my beſt ſheep." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Here I* clip
The anvil of my ſword;] To *clip* is to embrace. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Enter the city, *clip* your wives —"

Aufidius ſtyles Coriolanus the *anvil of his ſword*, becauſe he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a ſmith ſtrikes on his *anvil*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
"On Mars's armour ——
"With leſs remorſe that Pyrrhus' bleeding ſword
"Now falls on Priam." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *never man*
Sigh'd truer breath;] The ſame expreſſion is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"I'll *ſigh* celeſtial *breath*, whoſe gentle wind
"Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Shakſpeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"Lover never yet made *ſigh*
"*Truer* than I." MALONE.

[6] Beſtride *my threſhold.*] Shakſpeare was unaware that a Roman

We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe mine arm for't: Thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times,[5] and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead[6] with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel elſe to Rome, but that[7]
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat.[8] O, come, go in,
And take our friendly ſenators by the hands;

bride, on her entry into her huſband's houſe, was prohibited from *beſtriding* his threſhold; and that, leſt ſhe ſhould even touch it, ſhe was always lifted over it. Thus, *Lucan*, B. II. 359:

Tralata vetuit contingere limina planta. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Thou haſt beat me* out
Twelve ſeveral times,] *Out* here means, I believe, *full, complete.* MALONE.

So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" —— for then thou waſt not
" *Out* three years old. STEEVENS.

[6] *And wak'd half dead* —] Unleſs the two preceding lines be conſidered as parenthetical, here is another inſtance of our author's concluding a ſentence, as if the former part had been conſtructed differently. " *We* have been down," muſt be conſidered as if he had written — I have been down *with you*, in my ſleep, and *wak'd*, &c. See Vol. XVI. p. 110, n. 9; and Vol. XI. p. 9, n. 9, and p. 179, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] *Had we no quarrel elſe to Rome, but that* —] The old copy, redundantly, and unneceſſarily,—

Had we no other *quarrel elſe* &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Like a bold flood o'er-beat.*] Though this is intelligible, and the reading of the old copy, perhaps our author wrote—o'er-bear. So, in *Othello:*

" Is of ſuch flood-gate and o'er—bearing nature —." STEEVENS.

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Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for Rome itſelf.

COR. You bleſs me, Gods!

AUF. Therefore, moſt abſolute ſir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commiſſion; and ſet down,—
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock againſt the gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say, *yea*, to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Moſt welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1. SERV. [*advancing.*] Here's a ſtrange alteration!

2. SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1. SERV. What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2. SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him: He had, ſir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1. SERV. He had ſo; looking, as it were,—— 'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2. SERV. So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i' the world.

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1. SERV. I think, he is: but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2. SERV. Who? my maſter?

1. SERV. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. SERV. Worth ſix of him.

1. SERV. Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2. SERV. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. SERV. Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3. SERV. O, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

1. 2. SERV. What, what, what? let's partake.

3. SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

3. SERV. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. SERV. Why do you ſay, thwack our general?

3. SERV. I do not ſay, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

3. SERV. Come, we are fellows, and friends; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1. SERV. He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the truth on't: before Corioli, he ſcotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. SERV. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.[7]

[7] —— *he might have* broil'd *and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boil'd.* The change was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

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1. SERV. But, more of thy news?

3. SERV. Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to Mars: ſet at upper end o' the table: no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him: Our general himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him; ſanctifies himſelf with's hand, [8] and turns up the white o'the eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: [9] He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd. [a]

[8] —— *ſanctifies himſelf with's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *croſſing* upon any ſtrange event. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, conſiders the touch of his hand as holy; claſps it with the ſame reverence as a lover would claſp the hand of his miſtreſs. If there be any religious alluſion, I ſhould rather ſuppoſe it to be the impoſition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

Perhaps the alluſion is (however out of place) to the degree of ſanctity anciently ſuppoſed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a ſaint or a martyr. STEEVENS.

[9] *He'll*—— ſowle *the porter of Rome gate by the ears:*] That is, I ſuppoſe, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's ſuppoſition, though not his derivation, is juſt. Skinner ſays the word is derived from *ſow*, i. e. *to take hold of a perſon by the ears, as a dog ſeizes one of theſe animals.* So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636:

"Venus *will ſowle me by the ears* for this."

Perhaps Shakſpeare's alluſion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus*. STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *ſowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the laſt century. Lord Strafford's correſpondent, Mr. Garrard, uſes it as Shakſpeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. "A lieutenant *ſoled him well by the ears*, and

2. SERV. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. SERV. Do't? he will do't: For, look you, ſir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, ſir, (as it were,) durſt not (look you, ſir,) ſhow themſelves (as we term it,) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.[3]

1. SERV. Directitude! What's that?

3. SERV. But when they ſhall ſee, ſir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood,[4] they will out of their

drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himſelf uſes it in another ſenſe, Vol. II. p. 138. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caſter *ſoles* his bowl well." In this paſſage to *ſole* ſeems to ſignify what, I believe, is uſually called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem ſumma vi vellere*. MALONE.

To *ſowle* is ſtill in uſe for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the Weſt of England. S. W.

[2] —— *his paſſage poll'd*. That is *bared, cleared*. JOHNSON.

To *poll* a perſon anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damætas' Madrigall in praiſe of his Daphnis*, by J. Wooton, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, quarto, 1600:

"Like Niſus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd*."

It likewiſe ſignified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical hiſtory of the battle of *Floddon Field*:

"But now we will withſtand his grace,
"Or thouſand heads ſhall there be *polled*." STEEVENS.

So, in *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, by Thomas Naſhe, 1594: "— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houſes ſhould be environed, or any in them prove unruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconſcionably."—*Poul'd* is the ſpelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* alſo. MALONE.

[3] —— *whilſt he's in* directitude.] I ſuſpect the author wrote:—whilſt he's in *diſcreditude*; a made word, inſtead of *diſcredit*. He intended, I ſuppoſe, to puſ an uncommon word into the mouth of this ſervant, which had ſome reſemblance to ſenſe: but could hardly have meant that he ſhould talk abſolute nonſenſe. MALONE.

[4] —— *in blood*,] See p. 216, n. 3. MALONE.

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burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. SERV. But when goes this forward?

3. SERV. To-morrow; to-day; preſently. You ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. SERV. Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.[5]

1. SERV. Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſpritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.[6] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd,[7] deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible; a getter of more baſtard children, than wars a deſtroyer of men.[8]

[5] *This peace is nothing, but to ruſt* &c.] I believe a word or two have been loſt. Shakſpeare probably wrote:
This peace is good for *nothing but*, &c. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—is *worth* nothing, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *full of* vent.] Full of *rumour*, full of materials for *diſcourſe*. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *mull'd*,] i. e. ſoften'd and diſpirited, as wine is when burnt and ſweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

[8] — *than* wars *a deſtroyer of men.*] i. e. than *wars are* a deſtroyer of men. Our author almoſt every where uſes *wars* in the plural. See the next ſpeech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—than *war's*, &c. which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this ſpeech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

I ſhould have perſiſted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope, had not a ſimilar irregularity in ſpeech occurred in *All's well that ends well*, Act II, ſc. i. where the ſecond Lord ſays — "O, *'tis* brave *wars!*" as we have here — "*wars* may be ſaid to be *a raviſher.*"

2. SERV. 'Tis ſo: and as wars, in ſome ſort, may be ſaid to be a raviſher; ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. SERV. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. SERV. Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to ſee Romans as cheap as Volcians. — They are riſing, they are riſing.

ALL. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the preſent peace[9]
And quietneſs o' the people, which before

Perhaps, however, in all theſe inſtances, the old blundering tranſcribers or printers, may have given us *wars* inſtead of *war*. STEEVENS.

[9] *His remedies are tame i' the preſent peace* —] The old reading is,
His remedies are tame, the preſent peace.
I do not underſtand either line, but fancy it ſhould be read thus:
—— *neither need we fear him;*
His remedies are ta'en, *the preſent peace*
And quietneſs o' the people, ——
The meaning, ſomewhat harſhly expreſſed, according to our author's cuſtom, is this: *We need not fear him*, the proper *remedies* againſt him *are taken*, by reſtoring *peace and quietneſs*. JOHNSON.

I rather ſuppoſe the meaning of Sicinius to be this:
His remedies are tame,
i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like theſe. When the people were

Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtering ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

BRU. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

SIC. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind
Of late.—Hail, ſir!

MEN. Hail to you both![a]

SIC. Your Coriolanus, ſir, is not much miſs'd,[3]
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth ſtand;
And ſo would do, where he more angry at it.

in commotion, his friends might have ſtrove to remedy his diſgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit ſubjects for the factious to work upon.

Mr. M. Maſon would read, *lame;* but the epithets *tame* and *wild* were, I believe, deſignedly oppoſed to each other.

STEEVENS.

In, [*i*' the preſent peace] which was omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[a] *Hail to you* both!] From this reply of Menenius, it ſhould ſeem that *both* the tribunes had ſaluted him; a circumſtance alſo to be inferred from the preſent deficiency in the metre, which would be reſtored by reading (according to the propoſal of a modern editor)

Of late.—Hail, ſir!
Bru. Hail, ſir!
Men. *Hail to you both!*

STEEVENS.

[3] *Your Coriolanus*, ſir, *is not much miſs'd,*] I have admitted the word—*ſir*, for the ſake of meaſure. STEEVENS.

MEN. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
SIC. Where is he, hear you?
MEN. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

CIT. The gods preserve you both!
SIC. Good-e'en, our neighbours.
BRU. Good-e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.
1. CIT. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
SIC. Live, and thrive:
BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
CIT. Now the gods keep you!
BOTH. TRI. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
SIC. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.
BRU. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
SIC. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.[a]

[a] —— *affecting one sole throne,*
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.

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MEN. I think not ſo.

SIC. We ſhould by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth conſul, found it ſo.

BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

ÆD. Worthy tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports,—the Volces with two ſeveral powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before them.

MEN. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inſhell'd, when Marcius ſtood for Rome,[3]
And durſt not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

BRU. Go ſee this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,

Without aſſiſtance.] For the ſake of meaſure I ſhould wiſh to read—

Without aſſiſtance in't.

This hemiſtich, joined to the following one, would then form a regular verſe.

It is alſo not improbable that Shakſpeare inſtead of aſſiſtance wrote aſſiſtants. Thus in the old copies of our author, we have ingredience for ingredients, occurrence for occurrents, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —— ſtood for *Rome*,] i. e. ſtood up in its defence. Had the expreſſion in the text been met with in a learned author, it might have paſſed for a Latiniſm:

—— ſummis *ſtantem pro* turribus Idam. Æneid IX. 575.

STEEVENS.

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The Volces dare break with us.

MEN. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,[3]
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

SIC. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

BRU. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESS. The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going
All to the ſenate houſe: ſome news is come,[4]
That turns their countenances.[5]

SIC. 'Tis this ſlave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raiſing!

[3] —— reaſon *with the fellow,*] That is, have ſome *talk* with him. In this ſenſe Shakſpeare often uſes the word. See Vol. IV. p. 200, n. 3. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *ſome news is come,*] Old copy—redundantly,—ſome news is come *in*. The ſecond folio—*coming*; but, I think, erroneouſly. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *ſome news is come,*
That turns *their countenances.*] i. e. that renders their aſpect *ſour*. This alluſion to the aceſcence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

"Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and *milky* heart,
"It *turns* in leſs than two nights?" MALONE.

I believe nothing more is meant than—*changes* their countenances. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"*Change* you, madam?
"The noble Leonatus is in ſafety." STEEVENS.

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Nothing but his report!

MES. Yes, worthy ſir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful?

MES. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainſt Rome;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

SIC. This is moſt likely!

BRU. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good Marcius home again.

SIC. The very trick on't.

MEN. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[6]
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter another Meſſenger.

MES. You are ſent for to the ſenate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Aſſociated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already

[6] —— *can no more* atone,] To *atone*, in the active ſenſe, is to *reconcile*, and is ſo uſed by our author. To *atone* here, is, in the neutral ſenſe, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*.

JOHNSON.

The etymology of this verb may be known from the following paſſage in the ſecond Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Neceſſitie made us ſee, that a common enemie ſets *at one* a civill warre."

STEEVENS.

Atone ſeems to be derived from *at* and *one*;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In ſome books of Shakſpeare's age I have found the phraſe in its original form, "— to reconcile and make them *at one*." MALONE.

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O'er-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. O, you have made good work!
MEN. What news? what news?
COM. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads[6] upon your pates;
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes;—
MEN. What's the news? what's the news?
COM. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.[7]
MEN. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius ſhould be join'd with Volcians,—
COM. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better: and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

[6] —— *the city leads* —] Our author, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

The ſame phraſe has occurred already, in this play. See p. 276. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houſes of conſequence were without them. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *confin'd*
Into an augre's bore.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"—our fale hid in an augre-hole." STEEVENS.

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MEN. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation,[8] and
The breath of garlick-eaters![9]
COM. He will ſhake
Your Rome about your ears.
MEN. As Hercules
Did ſhake down mellow fruit:[a] You have made
fair work!

[8] *Upon the voice of* occupation,] *Occupation* is here uſed for *mechanicks*, men *occupied* in daily buſineſs. So, again in *Julius Cæſar*, Act. I. ſc. ii. "An I had been a man of any *occupation*," &c.

So, Horace uſes *artes* for *artifices*:

Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas. MALONE.

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is uſed in the like manner, where Menenius ſays,

"——you have made fair hands,
"You, and your *crafts!*" M. MASON.

[9] *The breath of garlick-eaters!*] To ſmell of garlick was once ſuch a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spaniſh knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "— he would mouth with a beggar, *though* ſhe ſmell'd brown bread and *garlick*." MALONE.

To ſmell of *leeks* was no leſs a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

——*quis tecum ſectile porrum*
Sutor, & elixi vervecis labra comedit?

And from the following paſſage in Deckar's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it ſhould appear that *garlick* was once much uſed in England, and afterwards as much out of faſhion.

"Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now; yet ſhe has ſtrong reaſon to love it: for though *garlick* made her ſmell abominably in the noſtrils of the gallants, yet ſhe had ſmelt and ſtunk worſe for *garlick*."

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deſerted fellow, a perſon left to ſuffer without friends to aſſiſt him. STEEVENS.

[a] *As Hercules* &c.] A ludicrous alluſion to the apples of the Heſperides. STEEVENS.

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BRU. But is this true, ſir?
COM. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt;[2] and, who reſiſt,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,[3]
And periſh conſtant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find ſomething in him.
MEN. We are all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.
COM. Who ſhall aſk it?
The tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: for his beſt friends, if they
Should ſay, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him[4] even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhow'd like enemies.
MEN. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face

[2] *Do ſmilingly revolt;*] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *ſeemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To revolt ſmilingly is to revolt with ſigns of pleaſure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

[3] *Are only mock'd for* valiant ignorance,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a *valiant ignorance*."

The adverb—*only*, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the verſe. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *they charg'd him* &c.] Their *charge* or injunction would ſhow them inſenſible of his wrongs, and make them *ſhow like enemies*. JOHNSON.

They charg'd, and therein ſhow'd, has here the force of *They would charge, and therein ſhow*. MALONE.

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To ſay, '*Beſeech you, ceaſe.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
COM. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
TRI. Say not, we brought it.
MEN. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And cowardly nobles,[5] gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
COM. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again.[6] Tullus Aufidius,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

MEN. Here come the cluſters.—
And is Aufidius with him!—You are they
That made the air unwholeſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;

[5] *And cowardly nobles.*] I ſuſpect that our author wrote—*coward*, which he ſometimes uſes adjectively. So, in *King John:*
"Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win."
STEEVENS.

[6] *They'll roar him in again.*] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with ſcoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

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If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

CIT. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. CIT. For mine own part,
When I ſaid, baniſh him, I ſaid, 'twas pity.

2. CIT. And ſo did I.

3. CIT. And ſo did I; and, to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us: That we did, we did for the beſt: and though we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

COM. You are goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made
Good work, you and your cry![6]—Shall us to the Capitol?

COM. O, ay; what elſe?

[*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.

SIC. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd;
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhow no ſign of fear.

1. CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i' the wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2. CIT. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth

[6]—*you and your* cry!] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuouſly called a *cry* of players. See p. 357, n. 3. STEEVENS.

This phraſe was not antiquated in the time of Milton, who has it in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. II:

"A *cry* of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd." STEEVENS.

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Would buy this for a lie!
SIC. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

AUF. Do they ſtill fly to the Roman?
LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, ſir,
Even by your own.
AUF. I cannot help it now;
Unleſs by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudlier[7]
Even to my perſon, than I thought he would,
When firſt I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
LIEU. Yet I wiſh, ſir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him: but either
Had borne[8] the action of yourſelf, or elſe
To him had left it ſolely.

[7] —— *more* proudlier —] We have already had in this play—more *worthier*, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. i. we have *more kinder*; yet the modern editors read—more *proudly*. MALONE.

[8] Had *borne*—] The old copy reads—*have* borne; which cannot be right. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. MALONE.

I ſuppoſe the word—*had*, or *have*, to be alike ſuperfluous, and that the paſſage ſhould be thus regulated:

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AUF. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him. Although it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhows good huſbandry for the Volcian ſtate;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That, which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEU. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

AUF. All places yield to him ere he ſits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The ſenators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the oſprey[9] to the fiſh, who takes it

——— *but either borne*
The action of yourſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely. STEEVENS.

[9] *As is the* oſprey ——] *Oſprey*, a kind of eagle, *oſſifraga*. POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *oſprey*, which ſhows the juſtneſs and beauty of the ſimile:

"The *oſprey* oft here ſeen, though ſeldom here it breeds,
"Which over them the *fiſh* no ſooner doth eſpy,
"But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
"Turning their bellies up, as though their death they ſaw,
"They at his pleaſure lie, to ſtuff his gluttonous maw."
LANGTON.

So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"I will provide thee with a princely *oſprey*,
"That as ſhe flieth over fiſh in pools,
"The fiſh ſhall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,
"And thou ſhalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Such is the fabulous hiſtory of the *oſprey*. I learn, however,

By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt he was
A noble ſervant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether[a] defect of judgement,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the caſque to the cuſhion, but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb
As he countroll'd the war: but, one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,[3]
For I dare ſo far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.[4] So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,

from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The Battle of Floddon*, that the *oſprey* is a "rare, large, blackiſh hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fiſh, and it is ſometimes ſeen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

[a] ——— *whether 'twas pride,*
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether &c.] Aufidius aſſigns three probable reaſons of the miſcarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which eaſily follows an uninterrupted train of ſucceſs; unſkilfulneſs to regulate the conſequences of his own victories; a ſtubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper tranſition from the *caſque* or *helmet* to the *cuſhion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the ſame deſpotiſm in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

[3] *As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,*] I. e. not all complete, not all *in their full extent*. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— for all
"Thy by-gone fooleries were but *ſpices* of it." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *he has a merit,*
To choke it in the utterance.] He has a merit, for no other purpoſe than to deſtroy it by boaſting it. JOHNSON.

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Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.[5]
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,[6] ſtrengths by ſtrengths, do fail.

[5] *And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,*
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.] This is a common thought, but miſerably ill expreſſed. The ſenſe is, the virtue which delights to commend itſelf, will find the ſureſt *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations:

" — unto itſelf moſt commendable,"

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itſelf. WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this *chair*, he muſt have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Maſon has juſtly obſerved, he has already been deſcribed as one who was ſo far from being a boaſter, that he could not endure to hear " his nothings monſter'd." But I rather believe, "in the utterance" alludes not to Coriolanus himſelf, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends; and then the lines of Horace quoted in p. 393, may ſerve as a comment on the paſſage before us.

A paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*, however, may be urged in ſupport of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

" The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
" If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth."

Yet I ſtill think that our poet did not mean to repreſent Coriolanus as his own eulogiſt. MALONE.

[6] Rights *by rights fouler*,] Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with leſs obſcurity—Right's by right fouler, &c. i. e. What is already right, and is received as ſuch, becomes leſs clear when ſupported by ſupernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this paſſage, which may be applied with too much juſtice to many of my own comments on Shakſpeare.

Dr. Warburton would read—*fouled*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. There is undoubtedly ſuch a word in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441: but it is not eaſily applicable to our preſent ſubject:

" Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the ſight."

The ſame word likewiſe occurs in the following proverb—*York doth* foul *Sutton*—i. e. *exceeds it on compariſon, and makes it appear mean and poor.* STEEVENS.

Right's by right fouler, may well mean, " That one right or title, when produced, makes another leſs fair." All the ſhort

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Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

MEN. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,
Which was ſometime his general; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that baniſh'd him,

ſentences in this ſpeech of Aufidius are obſcure, and ſome of them nonſenſical. M. MASON.

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonſenſe; and would read, with the ſlighteſt poſſible variation from the old copies:

Rights by rights foul are, *ſtrengths* &c. RITSON.

Rights *by rights fouler*, &c.] Theſe words, which are exhibited exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, *to the rivalſhip ſubſiſting between Aufidius and Coriolanus, not to the preceding obſervation concerning the ill effect of extravagant encomiums. As one nail*, ſays Aufidius, *drives out another, ſo the ſtrength of Coriolanus ſhall be ſubdued by my ſtrength, and his pretenſions yield to others, leſs fair perhaps, but more powerful.* Aufidius has already declared that he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will deſtroy him.

I ſuſpect that the words, "Come let's away," originally completed the preceding hemiſtich, "To extol what it hath done;" and that Shakſpeare in the courſe of compoſition, regardleſs of his original train of thought, afterwards moved the words—*Come let's away*, to their preſent ſituation, to complete the rhyming couplet with which the ſcene concludes. Were theſe words replaced in what perhaps was their original ſituation, the paſſage would at once exhibit the meaning already given. MALONE.

A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd[7]
To hear Cominius ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not ſeem to know me.

MEN. Do you hear?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not anſwer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd himſelf a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

MEN. Why, ſo; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,[8]
To make coals cheap: A noble memory![9]

COM. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition[a] of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

[7] —— *coy'd* ——] i. e. condeſcended unwillingly, with reſerve, coldneſs. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *that have* rack'd *for Rome,*] To *rack* means *to harraſs by exactions*, and in this ſenſe the poet uſes it in other places:

"The commons haſt thou *rack'd*; the clergy's bags
"Are lank and lean with thy extortions."

I believe it here means in general, You that have been ſuch good ſtewards for the Roman people, as to get their houſes burned over their heads, to ſave them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *memory!*] *for* memorial. See p. 376, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[a] *It was a* bare *petition* ——] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the conſequence of verbal ſupplication againſt that of actual puniſhment. See Vol. IV. p. 238, n. 6. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but we ſhould read,—

It was a *baſe* petition &c.

meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a ſtate, to petition a man whom they had baniſhed. M. MASON.

In *King Henry IV.* P. I. and in *Timon of Athens*, the word *bare* is uſed in the ſenſe of *thin*, eaſily ſeen through; having only a ſlight

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MEN. Very well:
Could he ſay leſs?
COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſome, muſty chaff: He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe the offence.
MEN. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of thoſe; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon: We muſt be burnt for you.
SIC. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.
MEN. No; I'll not meddle.
SIC. I pray you,[3] go to him.
MEN. What ſhould I do?
BRU. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
MEN. Well, and ſay that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

ſuperficial covering. Yet, I confeſs, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the paſſages alluded to, the editor of the firſt folio ſubſtituted *baſe* for *bare*, improperly. In the paſſage before us perhaps *baſe* was the authour's word. MALONE.

[3] *I pray you*, &c.] The pronoun perſonal—*I*, is wanting in the old copy. STEEVENS.

Unheard; what then?—
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs? Say't be ſo?
SIC. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
MEN. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:[9]
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts:[a] therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.
BRU. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.
MEN. Good faith, I'll prove him,

[9] *He was not taken well; he had not din'd:* &c.] This obſervation is not only from nature, and finely expreſſed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope ſeems to have borrowed this idea. See Epiſt. I. ver. 127:

"Perhaps was ſick, in love, or *had not din'd.*"

STEEVENS.

[a] —— *our* prieſt-like faſts:] I am afraid, that when Shakſpeare introduced this compariſon, the religious abſtinence of modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts. STEEVENS.

Prieſts are forbid, by the diſcipline of the church of Rome, to break their faſt before the celebration of maſs, which muſt take place after ſun-riſe, and before mid-day. C.

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Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs.[3] [*Exit.*

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not?

COM. I tell you, he does ſit in gold,[4] his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, *Riſe;* diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand: What he would do,
He ſent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:[5]

[3] *Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge*
Of my ſucceſs.] There could be no doubt but Menenius himſelf would ſoon have knowledge of his own ſucceſs. The ſenſe therefore requires that we ſhould read,

Speed how it will, *you* ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. M. MASON.

That Menenius at *ſome time* would have knowledge of his ſucceſs, is certain; but what he aſſerts, is, that he would *ere long* gain that knowledge. MALONE.

All Menenius deſigns to ſay, may be — *I ſhall not be kept long in ſuſpence* as to the reſult of my embaſſy. STEEVENS.

[4] *I tell you, he does ſit in gold,*] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial ſplendour.

——— χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη. Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*, "——he was ſet in his chaire of ſtate, with a marvellous and unſpeakable majeſtie." Shakſpeare has a ſomewhat ſimilar idea in *King Henry VIII.* A& I. ſc. i:

"All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:*] This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Haumer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

Bound with an oath not *yield to* new *conditions.*

They might have read more ſmoothly:

——*to yield* no *new conditions.*

But the whole ſpeech is in confuſion, and I ſuſpect ſomething left out. I ſhould read:

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So, that all hope is vain,
Unleſs his noble mother, and his wife;

——*What he would do,*
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.—

Here is, I think, a chaſm. The ſpeaker's purpoſe ſeems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *ſo that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I ſuppoſe, Coriolanus means, that he had ſworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. FARMER.

The amendment which I have to propoſe, is a very ſlight deviation from the text—the reading "*in* his conditions," inſtead of "*to* his conditions."—To *yield*, in this place, means to *relax*, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe, in the next ſcene but one, by Coriolanus himſelf, where, ſpeaking of Menenius, he ſays,

"—— to grace him only,
"That thought he could do more, a very little
"I have *yielded* too:"——

What Cominius means to ſay, is, "That Coriolanus ſent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himſelf by an oath not to depart from them."

The additional negative which Hanmer and Warburton wiſh to introduce, is not only unneceſſary, but would deſtroy the ſenſe; for the thing which Coriolanus had ſworn *not* to do, was to *yield in his conditions.* M. MASON.

What he would do, i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he ſent in writing after Cominius, intending that he ſhould have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not*, i. e. his reſolution of *neither diſmiſſing his ſoldiers*, nor *capitulating* with *Rome's mechanicks*, in caſe the terms he preſcribed ſhould be refuſed, he bound himſelf by an oath to maintain. If theſe conditions were admitted, the oath of courſe, being grounded on that proviſo, muſt *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper ſenſe of the paſſage, is obvious from what follows:

Cor. "—— if you'd aſk, remember this before;
"The things I have foreſworn to grant, may never
"Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
"*Diſmiſs my ſoldiers*, or *capitulate*
"Again with Rome's mechanicks."— HENLEY.

I believe, two half lines have been loſt; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the concluſion of the next. See Vol. XI. p. 93, n. 3. Perhaps, how-

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Who, as I hear, mean to ſolicit him
For mercy to his country. [6] Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haſte them on.

Exeunt.

ever, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring theſe words to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and ſhould yield to nothing but ſuch a reverſe of fortune as he could not reſiſt. MALONE.

[6] *So, that all hope is vain,*
Unleſs his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to ſolicit him
For mercy to his country.——] *Unleſs his mother and wife*—do what? The ſentence is imperfect. We ſhould read:

Force *mercy to his country.*

and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is ſurely harſh, and may be rendered unneceſſary by printing the paſſage thus:

—— *mean to ſolicit him*
For mercy to his country——*Therefore*, &c.

This liberty is the more juſtifiable, becauſe, as ſoon as the remaining hope croſſes the imagination of Menenius, he might ſuppreſs what he was going to add, through haſte to try the ſucceſs of a laſt expedient.

It has been propoſed to me to read:

So that all hope is vain,
Unleſs in his *noble mother and his wife*, &c.

In his, abbreviated *in's*, might have been eaſily miſtaken by ſuch inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the ſenſe of this paſſage being complete without it. We ſay every day in converſation—, You are my only hope—He is my only hope,—inſtead of—My only hope is in you, or in him. The ſame mode of expreſſion occurs in this ſentence, and occaſions the obſcurity of it. M. MASON.

That this paſſage has been conſidered as difficult, ſurpriſes me. Many paſſages in theſe plays have been ſuſpected to be corrupt, merely becauſe the language was peculiar to Shakſpeare, or the phraſeology of that age, and not of the preſent; and this ſurely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been doubted; and is not this preciſely what Cominius ſays?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unleſs* is here uſed for *except*. MALONE.

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SCENE II.

An advanced poſt of the Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. G. Stay: Whence are you?
2. G. Stand, and go back.[4]
MEN. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with Coriolanus.
1. G. From whence?[5]
MEN. From Rome.
1. G. You may not paſs, you muſt return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
2. G. You'll ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with Coriolanus.
MEN. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,[6]

[4] *Stand, and go back.*] This defective meaſure might be completed by reading—Stand, and go back *again*. STEEVENS.

[5] From *whence?*] As the word—*from* is not only needleſs, but injures the meaſure, it might be fairly omitted, being probably caught by the compoſitor's eye from the ſpeech immediately following. STEEVENS.

[6] —— lots *to blanks,*] A *lot* here is a *prize*. JOHNSON.
Lot, in French, ſignifies *prize*. Le gros *lot*. The capital *prize*. S. W.

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My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1. G. Be it ſo; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

MEN. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: [7] I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read [8]
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the ſize that verity [9]

I believe Dr. Johnſon here miſtakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to ſay, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touch'd their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence. So, in the continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002: "Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threeſcore thouſand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The lots were of courſe more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* ſignified *prize*, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius muſt be ſuppoſed to ſay, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very ſmall; which certainly is not his meaning. MALONE.

Lots to blanks is a phraſe equivalent to another in *K. Richard III.*: "*All the world to nothing.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *The general is my* lover:] This alſo was the language of Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. VIII. p. 96, n. 4. MALONE.

[8] *The book of his good acts, whence men have read* &c.] So, in *Pericles*:

"Her face the book of praiſes, where is read" &c.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
"May read" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *For I have ever* verify'd *my friends,*
—— *with all the ſize that* verity &c.] To *verify*, is *to eſtabliſh by teſtimony*. One may ſay with propriety, *he brought falſe witneſſes* to verify *his title*. Shakſpeare conſidered the word with his uſual laxity, as importing rather *teſtimony* than *truth*, and only meant to ſay, *I bore witneſs to my friends with all the ſize that verity would ſuffer*.

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Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,[9]
I have tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing:[a] Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1. G. 'Faith, ſir, if you had told as many lies in

I muſt remark, that to *magnify*, ſignifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not neceſſarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varniſhed*; but Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the old word renders all change unneceſſary.

To *verify* may, however, ſignify to *diſplay*. Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in poſſeſſion of the late duchess of Northumberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in *The Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 279, 3d edit.

"In hys ſcheld did ſchyne a mone *verifying* her light."
STEEVENS.

The meaning (to give a ſomewhat more expanded comment) is, "I have ever ſpoken the truth of my friends, and in ſpeaking of them have gone as far as I could go conſiſtently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the moſt favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without tranſgreſſing the bounds of truth." MALONE.

[9] —— *upon a* ſubtle *ground*,] *Subtle* means *ſmooth*, *level*. So, Ben Jonſon, in one of his maſques:

"Tityus's breaſt is counted the *ſubtleſt* bowling ground in all Tartarus."

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*?
MALONE.

[a] —— *and in his praiſe*

Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd *the* leaſing:] i. e. given the *ſanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears to be the ſenſe of the paſſage, from what is afterwards ſaid by the 2. *Guard*.

"Howſoever you have been his *liar*, as you ſay you have." — *Leaſing* occurs in our Tranſlation of the Bible. See Pſalm iv. 2.
HENLEY.

Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd *the* leaſing:] I have almoſt given the *lie* ſuch a ſanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.

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his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. G. Howſoever you have been his liar, (as you ſay, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, can'ſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him till after dinner.

1. G. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1. G. Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſy groans [3] of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,[4] or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotant[5] as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow

[3] —— eaſy *groans* ——] i. e. ſlight, inconſiderable. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"theſe faults are *eaſy*, quickly anſwer'd." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *the virginal* palms *of your daughters,*] The adjective *virginal* is uſed in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

"She to them made with mildneſs *virginal*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"—tears *virginal*

"Shall be to me even as the dew to fire." MALONE.

[5] —— *a decay'd* dotant —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read — *dotard*. STEEVENS.

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out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

2. G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

1. G. My general cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go, leſt I let forth your half pint of blood; — back, — that's the utmoſt of your having: — back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

COR. What's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion,[4] I'll ſay an errand for you: you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive that a Jack guardant[5] cannot office me from my ſon Coriolanus: gueſs, but by my entertainment with him,[6] if thou ſtand'ſt

[4] —— *companion,*] See p. 373, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *a* Jack guardant —] This term is equivalent to one ſtill in uſe — a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty conſequence, as an exciſe-man. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 341, n. 7. MALONE.

[6] —— *gueſs, but* by *my entertainment with him,*] [Old copy — *but*] I read, *Gueſs* by *my entertainment with him, if thou ſtandeſt not i' the ſtate of hanging.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards had propoſed the ſame emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. STEEVENS.

The ſame correction had alſo been made by Sir T. Hanmer. Theſe editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* ſhould have been *omitted* at the preſs, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.

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not i' the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod[7] about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does! O, my ſon! my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee.

COR. Away!

MEN. How! away?

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly,[8] my remiſſion lies
In Volcian breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity note how much. — Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,[9]
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake,

[*Gives a letter.*

[7] — *The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod* &c.] So, in *Pericles*:
"The ſenate houſe of planets all did ſit" &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Though I owe*
My revenge properly,] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveneſs the Volcians are conjoined.
JOHNSON.

[9] —— for *I lov'd thee*,] i. e. becauſe. So, in *Othello*:
"—— Haply, *for* I am black——." STEEVENS.

And would have ſent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee ſpeak. — This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt —

AUF. You keep a conſtant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1. G. Now, ſir, is your name Menenius.

2. G. 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: You know the way home again.

1. G. Do you hear how we are ſhent [8] for keeping your greatneſs back?

2. G. What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, you are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, [9] fears it not from another. Let your general do his worſt. For you, be that you are long; and your miſery increaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away! [*Exit.*

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *how we are* ſhent —] *Shent* is *brought to deſtruction.* JOHNSON.

Shent does not mean *brought to deſtruction*, but *ſhamed, diſgraced*, made *aſhamed of himſelf*. See the old ballad of *The Heir of Linne*, in the ſecond volume of *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*:

" Sorely *ſhent* with this rebuke
" Sorely *ſhent* was the heir of Linne;
" His heart, I wis, was near-to braſt
" With guilt and ſorrow, ſhame and ſinne." PERCY.

See Vol. V p. 49, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders to *ſhend*, *increpo*. It is ſo uſed by many of our old writers. MALONE.

[9] —— *by himſelf,*] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

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SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our hoſt. — My partner in this action,
You muſt report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this buſineſs.[2]

AUF. Only their ends
You have reſpected; ſtopp'd your ears againſt
The general ſuit of Rome; never admitted
A private whiſper, no, not with ſuch friends
That thought them ſure of you.

COR. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love,[3] I have
(Though I ſhow'd ſourly to him,) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Freſh embaſſies, and ſuits,
Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter

[2] —— *how plainly*
I have borne this buſineſs.] That is, *how openly, how* remotely from artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *for whoſe old love,*] We have a correſponding expreſſion in *King Lear*:
" —— to *whoſe young love*
" The vines of France," &c. STEEVENS.

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Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* Marcius, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.—
What is that curt'ſy worth? or thoſe doves' eyes,[3]
Which can make gods forſworn?—I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand,
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

VIRG. My lord and huſband!

COR. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

VIRG. The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.[4]

[3] —— *thoſe doves's eyes,*] So, in the Canticles, v. 12: "—his eyes are as the *eyes of doves.*" Again, in *The Interpretacion of the names of goddes, and goddeſſes*, &c. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde: He ſpeaks of Venus:

"Cryſpe was her ſkyn, her *eyen Columbyne.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*
Makes you think ſo.] Virgilia makes a voluntary miſinterpre-

COR. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.[5] Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven,[6] that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,[7]
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
VOL. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*kneels.*
COR. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

tation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

[5] Cor. *Like* a dull actor *now*,
I have forgot my part, *and I am out*,
Even to a full disgrace.] So, in our author's 23d *Sonnet*:
"As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,
"Who with his fear is *put beside his part*,—." MALONE.

[6] *Now by the jealous queen of heaven*,] That is, *by Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

[7] *I* prate,] The old copy—I *pray*. The merit of the alteration is Mr. Theobald's. So, in *Othello*: "I *prattle* out of fashion." STEEVENS.

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Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach [9]
Fillip the ſtars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.

VOL. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. [9] Do you know this lady?

COR. The noble ſiſter of Publicola, [2]
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the icicle, [3]
That's curded by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,

[8] —— *on the* hungry *beach* ——] I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach. MALONE.

The *hungry* beach is the *ſterile unprolifick* beach. Every writer on huſbandry ſpeaks of *hungry* ſoil, and *hungry* gravel; and what is more barren than the ſands on the ſea ſhore? If it be neceſſary to ſeek for a more recondite meaning, — the ſhore, on which veſſels are ſtranded, is as *hungry* for ſhipwrecks, as the waves that caſt them on the ſhore. Shakſpeare, on this occaſion meant to repreſent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent *object*. STEEVENS.

The beach hungry, or eager, for ſhipwrecks. Such, I think, is the meaning. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" mine is all as *hungry* as the *ſea*." MALONE.

[9] I holp *to frame thee.*] Old copy—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many inſtances, in which corruptions have ariſen from the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

[2] *The noble ſiſter of Publicola,*] Valeria, methinks, ſhould not have been brought only to fill up the proceſſion without ſpeaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet deſigned the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compoſe this ſpeech might be given to the ſiſter of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the ſcheme to ſolicit Coriolanus was originally propoſed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no addreſs when ſhe appears with his wife and mother on this occaſion. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *chaſte as the* icicle, *&c.*] I cannot forbear to cite the following beautiful paſſage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praiſe of a lady's chaſtity is likewiſe attempted:

" —— *thou art chaſte*
" *As the white down of heaven, whoſe feathers play*

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And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

VOL. This is a poor epitome of yours,[4]
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

COR. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,[5] inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,[6]

"*Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,*
"*Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.*"

Some Roman lady of the name of *Valeria*, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. So, in *The Dialoges of Creatures moralysed*, bl. l. no date: "The secounde was called *Valeria:* and when inquysicion was made of her for what cawse she toke notte the secounde husbonde, she sayde" &c. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's extravagant praise of her namesake's chastity. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read *curdled;* but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *All's well that ends well.*— "I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood." We should now write *mudded*, to express *begrimed, polluted with mud.*

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-craftied* him."

MALONE.

I believe, both curdied, muddied, &c. are mere false spellings of *curded*, *mudded*, &c. *Mudded* is spelt, as at present, in *The Tempest*, first folio, p. 13, col. 2. three lines from the bottom; and so is *crafted*, in *Coriolanus*, first fol. p. 24, col. 2. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *epitome of* yours,] I read:

—— *epitome of* you.

An epitome of you, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time*, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

[5] *With the consent of supreme Jove,*] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

[6] *Like a great sea-mark, standing every* flaw,] That is, every *gust*, every *storm*. JOHNSON.

And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!

VOL. Your knee, ſirrah.

COR. That's my brave boy.

VOL. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf
Are ſuitors to you.

COR. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The things, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.

VOL. O, no more, no more!
You have ſaid, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will aſk;
That, if you fail in our requeſt,[7] the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs: therefore hear us.

COR. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your requeſt?

VOL. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment,[8]

So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"O no! it is an *ever-fixed mark*,
"*That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken.*" MALONE.

[7] *That, if* you fail *in our requeſt*,] That is, if you fail to grant us our requeſt; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our requeſt ſhall have been made to you, the blame &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phraſe that was not conformable to modern phraſeology, changed *you* to *we*; and his alteration has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

[8] *Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment*, &c.] "The ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (ſays Mr. Pope)

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And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts.
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake[9] with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee

be as well made an inſtance of the learning of Shakſpeare, as thoſe copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonſon's." Let us inquire into this matter, and tranſcribe a *ſpeech* for a ſpecimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verſe.

"If we helde our peace (my ſonne) and determined not to ſpeake, the ſtate of our poore bodies, and preſent ſight of our rayment, would eaſely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, ſince thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy ſelfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, conſidering that the ſight which ſhould be moſt pleaſaunt to all other to beholde, ſpitefull fortune hath made moſt fearfull to us: making my ſelfe to ſee my ſonne, and my daughter here, her huſband, beſieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adverſitie and miſerie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into moſt deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for ſafety of thy life alſo: but a worlde of grievous curſes, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter ſoppe of moſt hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to loſe the perſone of thy ſelfe, or the nurſe of their natiue countrie. For my ſelfe (my ſonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perſuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and deſtroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite of warres; thou ſhalt ſee, my ſonne, and truſt unto it, thou ſhalt no ſoner marche forward to aſſault thy countrie, but thy foote ſhall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee firſt into this world." FARMER.

[9] *Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake* ——] That is, *conſtrains* the eye to *weep*, *and* the heart to *ſhake*. JOHNSON.

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The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital: thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine:[9] if I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhow a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

VIRG. Ay, and on mine,[a]
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

BOY. He ſhall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

[9] *Theſe wars* determine: i. e. conclude, end. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Till thy friend ſickneſs have *determin'd* me."

STEEVENS.

[a] —— *and* on *mine*,] *On* was ſupplied by ſome former editor, to complete the meaſure. STEEVENS.

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COR. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long. [*riſing.*
VOL. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhow'd;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſs'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the enſuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains [3] of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy ſulphur [4] with a bolt

[3] —— *the fine ſtrains* ——] The niceties, the refinements. JOHNSON.

The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnſon. I ſhould not have mentioned ſuch a manifeſt error of the preſs, but that it juſtifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. another in *Timon of Athens*; and a third that has been made in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. VII. p. 125, n. 7. MALONE.

[4] *And yet to* charge *thy ſulphur* ——] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. ſc. i. *charge* is printed inſtead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the paſſage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

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That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the ſtocks.[5] Thou haſt never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen!) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But, if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees,
To his ſurname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the laſt;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition[6] with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—You give us our deſpatch:
I am huſh'd until our city be afire,

[5] *Like one i' the ſtocks.*] Keep me in a ſtate of ignominy talking to no purpoſe. JOHNSON.

[6] *Does reaſon our petition*——] Does *argue for* us and our petition. JOHNSON.

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And then I'll ſpeak a little.

COR. O mother, mother![7]
[*holding* Volumnia *by the hands, ſilent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your ſon,—believe it, O, believe it,
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard[8]
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, Aufidius?

AUF. I was mov'd withal.

COR. I dare be ſworn, you were:
And, ſir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good ſir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cauſe.—O mother! wife!

AUF. I am glad, thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work

[7] *O mother, mother!*] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, ſayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortal and unhappy for your ſonne: for I ſee myſelf vanquiſhed by you alone." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *heard* ——] is here uſed as a diſſyllable. The modern editors read—*ſay*, would you have heard—. MALONE.

As my ears are wholly unreconciled to the diſſyllabifications—*e-arl*, *he-ard*, &c. I continue to read with the modern editors. *Say*, in other paſſages of our author, is prefatory to a queſtion. So, in *Macbeth*:

"*Say*, if thou hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
"Or from our maſters'?" STEEVENS.

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Myſelf a former fortune.[9] [*Aſide.*

[*The ladies make ſigns to* Coriolanus.

COR. Ay, by and by;

[*To* Volumnia, Virgilia, *&c.*

But we will drink together;[2] and you ſhall bear
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you:[3] all the ſwords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

MEN. See you yond' coign o' the capitol; yond' corner-ſtone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of Rome, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him.

[9] —— *I'll work*
Myſelf a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this conceſſion to reſtore myſelf to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

[2] —— drink *together;*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*think.* FARMER.

Our author, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. having introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation:

" Let's *drink together* friendly, and embrace —;"

the text may be allowed to ſtand; though at the expence of female delicacy, which, in the preſent inſtance, has not been ſufficiently conſulted. STEEVENS.

[3] *To have a temple built you:*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occaſion by order of the ſenate. STEEVENS.

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But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenced, and ſtay upon execution.[4]

SIC. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

MEN. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He lov'd his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horſe.[5] The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate,[6] as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SIC. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MEN. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that ſhall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you?

SIC. The gods be good unto us!

[4] —— *ſtay* upon *execution:*] i. e. ſtay but *for* it. So, in *Macbeth*: "Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay *upon* your leiſure." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *than an eight year old horſe.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

[6] *He ſits in his* ſtate, &c.] In a foregoing note he was ſaid to ſit *in gold.* The phraſe, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to reſemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

His *ſtate* means his *chair of ſtate.* See the paſſage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 405, n. 4; and Vol. XI. p. 156, n. 4. MALONE.

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MEN. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MES. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

SIC. What's the news?
MES. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are diſlodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.
SIC. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?
MES. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates,[6] Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and hautboys ſounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting alſo within.*

[6] *Ne'er* through an arch *ſo hurry'd the* blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
" As *through an arch* the violent roaring *tide*
" Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte."

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The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

MEN. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and muſick.*

SIC. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

MES. Sir, we have all
Great cauſe to give great thanks.

SIC. They are near the city?

MES. Almoſt at point to enter.

SIC. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Blown in the text is *ſwell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— here on her breaſt
"There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."

The effect of a high or ſpring tide, as it is called, is ſo much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is ſubject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a ſpring tide, appears ſwoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when paſſing through the narrow ſtrait of an arch.

MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and conſequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays:

"My boat ſails ſwiftly both with *wind* and tide."

STEEVENS.

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Enter the ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1. SEN. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
ALL. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

AUF. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,[6]
The city ports[7] by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

[6] —— Him *I accuse*, &c.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"I am appointed *him* to murder you."
Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read — *He* I accuse—. MALONE.

[7] —— *ports* ——] See p. 249, n. 7. STEEVENS.

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Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius' *faction.*

Moſt welcome!

1. CON. How is it with our general?

AUF. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms empoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2. CON. Moſt noble ſir,
If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

AUF. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.

3. CON. The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

AUF. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3. CON. Sir, his ſtoutneſs,
When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping,—

AUF. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments

In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; [8] and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, [9] as if
I had been mercenary.

1. CON. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory,—

AUF. There was it;—
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd [a] upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

[8] *Which he did* end *all his;*] In Johnſon's edition it was, "Which he did *make* all his," which ſeems the more natural expreſſion, though the other be intelligible. M. MASON.

End is the reading of the old copy, and was changed into *make* by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[9] *He* wag'd *me with his countenance,*] This is obſcure. The meaning, I think, is, he *preſcribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages;* thought me ſufficiently rewarded with good looks. JONHSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is uſed in this ſenſe in *The Wife Woman of Hogſden*, by Heywood, 1638:

"—— I receive thee gladly to my houſe,
"And *wage* thy ſtay."——

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "——by cuſtom common to all that could *wage* her honeſty with the appointed price."

To *wage a taſk* was, anciently, to undertake a taſk for *wages*. So, in George Withers's *Verſes* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Good ſpeed befall thee who haſt *wag'd a taſk*,
"That better cenſures, and rewards doth aſk."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

"—— muſt *wage*
"Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in Holinſhed's *Reign of King John*, p. 168: "——the ſumme of 28 thouſand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thouſand men." STEEVENS.

[a] *For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd* —] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmoſt abilities. JOHNSON.

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As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1. CON. Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2. CON. And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. CON. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

AUF. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

LORDS. You are moſt welcome home.

AUF. I have not deſerv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?[3]

LORDS. We have.

1. LORD. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,

[3] *What I have written* to you?] If the unneceſſary words—*to you*, are omitted (for I believe them to be an interpolation) the metre will become ſufficiently regular:

What I have written?
Lords. *We have.*
1. Lord. *And grieve to hear it.*
STEEVENS.

Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge;[3] making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuſe.

AUF. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

COR. Hail, lords! I am return'd your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our ſpoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no leſs honour to the Antiates,
Than ſhame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subſcrib'd by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'the ſenate, what
We have compounded on.

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

COR. Traitor!—How now?—

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

COR. Marcius!

AUF. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Doſt thou think

[3] —— *anſwering us*
With our own charge;] That is, *rewarding us with our own expences;* making the coſt of war its recompence. JOHNSON.

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt,[4] your city Rome
(I ſay, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk; never admitting
Counſel o' the war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'ſt thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

COR. Ha!

AUF. No more.[5]

COR. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O ſlave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſs'd on him; that muſt bear
My beating to his grave;) ſhall join to thruſt
The lie unto him.

1. LORD. Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

COR. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! Falſe hound!

[4] *For certain drops of ſalt,*] For certain tears. So, in *King Lear*:

"Why this would make a man, a man of *ſalt*." MALONE.

[5] Auf. *No more.*] This ſhould rather be given to the *firſt lord*. It was not the buſineſs of *Aufidius* to put a ſtop to the altercation. TYRWHITT.

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

AUF. Why, noble lords.
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

CON. Let him die for't. [*ſeveral ſpeak at once.*

CIT. [*ſpeaking promiſcuouſly.*] Tear him to pieces, do it preſently. He kill'd my ſon;—my daughter;—He kill'd my couſin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2. LORD. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth.[5] His laſt offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.[6]—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

COR. O, that I had him,
With fix Aufidiuſes, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!

AUF. Infolent villain!

CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the Conſpirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *ſtands on him.*

[5] —— *his fame* folds in
This orb o' the earth.] His fame overſpreads the world. JOHNSON.

So, before:

"The fires i' the loweſt hell *fold in* the people." STEEVENS.

[6] —— judicious *hearing.*] Perhaps *judicious*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *judicial*; ſuch a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus imperious is uſed by our author for imperial. STEEVENS.

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LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
AUF. My noble maſters, hear me ſpeak.
1. LORD. O Tullus,—
2. LORD, Thou haſt done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3. LORD. Tread not upon him.—Maſters all, be quiet;
Put up your ſwords.
AUF. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours
To call me to your ſenate, I'll deliver
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.
1. LORD. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the moſt noble corſe, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.[7]
2. LORD. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the beſt of it.
AUF. My rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

[7] —— *that ever* herald
Did follow to his urn.] This alluſion is to a cuſtom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but obſerved in the publick funerals of Engliſh princes, at the concluſion of which a herald proclaims the ſtyle of the deceaſed. STEEVENS.

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Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.[8]—
Aſſiſt. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Coriolanus. *A dead march ſounded.*[9]

[8] —— *a noble* memory.] *Memory* for *memorial*, See p. 673, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[9] The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the moſt amuſing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modeſty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtineſs in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian inſolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleaſing and intereſting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curioſity. There is, perhaps, too much buſtle in the firſt act, and too little in the laſt. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

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AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
VOL. XVII.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.

JOHNSON'S
AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
VOL. XVIII.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANT. AND CLEO.

JOHNSON'S
AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
VOL. XIX.
CYMBELINE
TIT. ANDRONICUS.

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AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
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PERICLES.
KING LEAR.

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AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
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AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
VOL. XXII.
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AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
VOL. XXIII.
OTHELLO.

JOHNSON'S
AND
STEEVENS'S
SHAKSPEARE.
VOL. XXIV.
POEMS.

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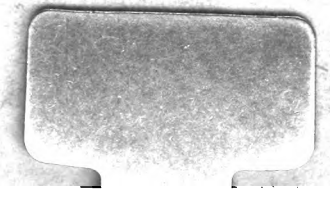
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